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GETTING INTO KHIVA

BY LANGDON WARNER

IN the spring of 1904 one of the younger members of Prof. Raphael Pumpelly's archæological expedition set off on a private adventure in emulation of the few other successful attempts at reaching Khiva. So far as is known, Mr. Warner was among the first Christians (Russians excepted) to accomplish this journey. Burnaby came and went from Orenburg in the north, and Vámbéry came in from the west; none of the other Western visitors went over the Kara Kum (Black Sands). His account naturally divides into three parts: (I) That of his successful effort to reach the city of Khiva; (II) A description of this ancient and isolated city; and (III) his return ride across the desert of Kara Kum, amid the "Black Sands" of which he and his servant nearly perished of thirst.—THE EDITOR.

PART ONE

BOKHARA is fallen, Samarkand is the seat of a Russian provincial governor, and Merv is a manufacturing town with a cast-iron drinking-fountain. Khiva, too, was swallowed in its turn, but disgorged again; though the kingdom fell, it was handed back to its owners, and no Russian may now enter except by invitation.

The Khivan nobles still ride a-hawking, and caravans in the Kara Kum sands still fear the armed horsemen who dash down from the north.

Though compassed about on every side by Russian territory, and in sight of the breaches made by the Russian guns in 1873, the Khivan Khan still screws his

revenue from a trembling people, joyously cuts throats in the open market, and dispenses the high, the middle, and the low justice from a raised dais in his courtyard.

Burnaby rode to the city from the north, and underwent dreadful privations to spend three days there. Arminius Vámbéry, nearly the most courageous traveler of modern times, reached there disguised as a holy man. The American McGahan entered with General Kauffmann in 1873, Dr. Landsell and Captain Abbott made the journey, and, lastly, Mr. Robert L. Jefferson, as recorded in his book called "*A Second Ride to Khiva*," made a long bicycle-ride across the Rus-

sian steppes, and a camel-ride down to Khiva from Orenburg, in the north. But other than these, I know only of Russian officers who have been within the gates.

Since the Russians themselves have agreed to keep out, they have done all in their power to prevent others from going into the city or even crossing the boundaries of the little kingdom. What they fear from visitors it is not easy to imagine. Four antiquated, muzzle-loading smooth-bore cannon, and a corrupt and unintelligent court circle revolving about a stupid ruler, would not repay a second thought even from the spies of the Viceroy of India. But the fact is that foreigners are not allowed access to the state, and the eighteenth regiment of chasseurs is quartered at Petro Alexandrovsk in such a way as to control the Khivan water-supply along the canal from the Oxus.

In the old days, caravans from Merv and Bokhara were frequent. Carpets and stuffs were sent both west and east from the city in exchange for drugs and tea. To-day some cotton is sent up the river to the railroad, and occasionally a small party of merchants comes from the south; but more and more Khiva is becoming forgotten and isolated. Modern improvements, instead of carrying her into the current with the world, have left her in slack water; the deserts are a more effective barrier to-day than they were two centuries ago; and a great city is left to feed upon itself, till it shall waste away and become part of the sands that compass it.

One day in the spring of 1904 I rode from our excavation camp at Anau, in Transcaspia, to the near-by town of Askhabad. In the rooms of a young Russian officer on whom I called there sat, erect and moody, a splendid hunting falcon. Two days after my visit to the hawk and his master, a sedate Turcoman rode into our camp on a high camel, bearing the falcon on his wrist, and in his belt a note from Vasili Gregorovitch, begging me to accept the bird which I had admired. He had been called to the wars, and must leave it behind.

We placed a perch in the shade of my tent, with an earthen bowl of water beneath it, and there my visitor sat and

gravely accepted daily offerings of plucked sparrows, with an occasional choice bit of lamb or a sheep's eye for a delicacy. My friend the officer had visited Khiva and had been entertained by the crown prince, whose parting present had been this gift from his father's perches. I remembered my Burnaby, and wished that I, too, might visit those royal hawks and their royal master; that I might go down the great Oxus and pass the shores where Sohrab lay slain by the mighty Rustum, and through "lone Khiva in the waste" pass on to the sea of Aral.

After my work was finished near Merv and I had been to Samarkand and Bokhara, I set out to make at least a start for Khiva. The beginning seemed the simplest thing in the world, for though at Samarkand the officials knew very little about it, yet they put no barriers in my way, and confined themselves to a polite surprise that any one should care to visit such a place. They told me that twice every month a boat went down the Oxus from Chardjui, the point where the railway crosses the river, as far as Fort Petro Alexandrovsk, on the right bank. From this point, they said, it was only sixty versts (about forty miles) across the river to the city of Khiva.

A second-class ticket entitled me to a linen sofa and a quarter of the space in one of the compartments of the pleasantly arranged Russian cars. Opposite me in the compartment sat a merry-faced little Sart of about twenty, and above him, on the upper shelf, as it were, two handsome boys lay fanning themselves. Those who think it must be a hardship to travel with "natives" in the hot weather have never seen the Sarts. My little man had on a tight-fitting dust-coat of pongee-like Samarkand silk that reached his knees, a pair of baggy purple-silk breeches, and high, soft, black-leather boots without heels. Near him on the floor was a neat little pair of stiff-heeled slippers, into which he stepped whenever it was necessary to put foot to the ground. He had a mere suspicion of a mustache, a black pencil-mark that fitted well with his clear, olive skin and the snowy turban which was wound about a little gold-embroidered skull-cap. The boys above had on scarlet-and-brown khalatts, with baggy

sleeves, and purple drawers tucked into soft boots, while their slippers hung neatly on hooks above their heads. Around their waists were wide leather belts clasped with huge chased-silver disks. The whole party was as jolly and clean a trio as one would care to meet. I felt out-classed in my riding-boots and

"I do not speak Russian, but you speak Turcoman."

"No," I said; "I can speak neither Russian nor Turcoman, but I understand a little Turcoman. I am an American."

This sounded so like a German reader that I was tempted to add, "Though the aunt of the Frenchman wears a red



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

TURCOMAN WITH A HAWK

heavy, felt sombrero. As we pulled out of Samarkand, the three greeted me smilingly with "Salaam," which I returned, and we all fell to fanning ourselves again. Soon noticing that I used my hat for a fan, the little man reached up to the berth above and drew from a linen bag with a silk lining a fiber fan, which he handed to me. I thanked him in Turcoman, saying:

"That is much better."

At this he eagerly said in Turcoman.

dress, the gardener of the German is an early-riser," but my vocabulary would not admit.

After this we got along famously, and I added to my knowledge of the language every minute. I found that my friends were Bokharans, as I had guessed by their costume, and that they were going back after a week's stay in Samarkand. The little man did not like Samarkand very much,—it was too dusty, he said,—but on the subject of his own city he grew

eloquent, and the two little round-eyed boys above him leaned down from their perch on the upper berth to smile applause.

After a while the train pulled up at a small station with a row of polished samovars in front, presided over by white-shawled Russian women. I got out my teapot from my saddle-bags and was about to go out to get it filled, when the little Bokharan politely took it from my hand and gave it, together with his own, to a Sart who stood at the open window. When the man came back with the full teapots I gave him two kopeks, but he gravely returned me one, taking only the exact price of the boiling water.

As the train pulled out of the station and began rolling over the desert, we had a pleasant little tea-party. I offered my friends some of the Russian black tea that I had in my saddle-bags, but he smilingly produced his green tea in a little silk bag, saying in Turcoman:

"The Russian thinks Russian tea is very good, and the Mussulman thinks Mussulman tea is very good."

Then I, with a supreme effort, added: "Yes; and the American thinks both kinds very good."

The casual reader may think this a platitude, but let him utter some such statement in a language with which he is as unfamiliar as I was with Turcoman, and he will regard it as a masterpiece of complicated syntax, pithy wit, and graceful tact. At any rate, that is how I regarded this essay, and on the strength of it I sipped many bowls of tea in silence, regarding further conversation as impertinent.

After tea came hours of alternately dozing and watching the sand-dunes slip by. Sometimes a group of black Turcoman tents with their felted domes, showed in sharp relief against the soft gray of the desert. Then the stations came closer together, and the desert seemed no longer absolute and hopeless. At one place I purchased five kopeks' worth of Muscat grapes that tasted delicious, though we four in the compartment were not enough to finish the armful that my reckless expenditure of two and a half cents procured.

Soon after this my companion showed me in the distance a grove of poplars and

black elm-trees, from the middle of which stuck up towers and domes and minarets of brick. These, he said, with a rather bitter smile, showed the palace of the Emir of Bokhara, who spent his winters there and his summers in a great place granted to him by the Russians in the Caucasus Mountains. In five years, said my friend, the Emir had been seen in the city only twice, and then for a day or two. I gathered from what I later heard that the ruler was not popular with his people, and lived in dread of a knife in the back or of poison.

From seeing the palace, it was not long before we reached the station of "new" Bokhara, where a little side line branches off a dozen miles or so to the old city. Here my three friends bade me an elaborate farewell, and mingled with the crowd. There were richly dressed Bokharan merchants, who wore clothes like my friends, and seemed clean and well-groomed down to their delicate finger-nails; there were loutish Russian peasants in smocks and clumsy boots; there were Turcomans in mulberry-colored khalatts and towering sheepskin busbies; there were greasy, dark, little Persians, with embroidered caps and stained dressing-gowns, who clumped about with their toes thrust into high-heeled slippers; there were a few white-jacketed, be-sabered Russian officials, with their white caps and clinking spurs; and there was I, in a worn khaki suit and riding-bréeches, with a Western sombrero, and hailing from a country of which the greater part of this crowd had never even heard,—mistrusted by the Russians and ignored by the Orientals.

As I stood by the great hogshead of water to which two iron cups were chained, these varied people came and drank the lukewarm stuff, and I reflected, as I watched, what disease must be transmitted by the contact of so many lips, and could not wonder that when the cholera or the fever did come it mowed men down and left a broad swath behind it.

When I got back into the compartment, I found the other half again occupied. This time, where the pleasant, merry little Bokharan had been seated, a huge Russian soldier sprawled. His epaulets and sword-knot showed him to be a ser-

geant; his tunic, which had once been white, was grimy and spotted down the front with food-stains; and the poor man gasped and sweated as he surveyed me over a huge stomach.

I saluted him in Russian, at which he started a long sentence in that tongue, of which I understood no part except the

starting out to the buffet car when my friend waked and asked me where I was going. I said to the buffet, at which he said he would come, too, and started feverishly to tug at the strap around his *boorka*, a shaggy Cossack cape, which was rolled into a bundle, his sole baggage. From the roll he extracted a white tunic,



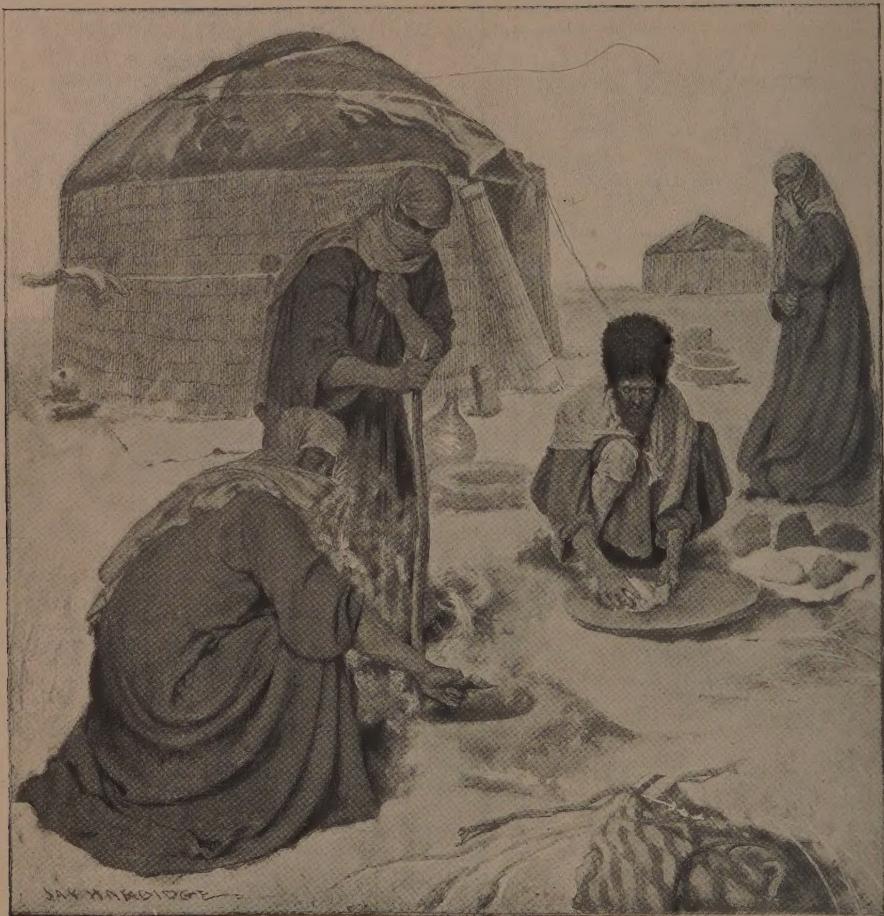
CARNELIAN RINGS SET IN SILVER AND CONNECTED BY
A SILVER CHAIN. WORN BY TURCOMAN
WOMEN OF THE DESERT

question at the end—"Are you English?" I answered in French, saying that I was an American; but he growled: "Non, monsieur; ich spreche nicht Franzoesisch, nur ein wenig Deutsch." Then with all the German at my command, a vocabulary of a dozen or so words, we conversed. In the middle of the talk he went abruptly to sleep, and snored like a pig, waking up occasionally with a start to look suspiciously at me.

Soon I began to feel hungry, and was

—this one really white,—and with much puffing and blowing put it on. Then he took down his sword from the hook, buttoned his belt, settled his white cap, and came with me to the buffet. Here were five white-coated army men, each of whom the fat sergeant saluted as he entered, clicking his spurs, and drawing himself up stiffly.

While we were eating our little chickens, nicely browned and tender, I tried to bring my German up to the point of



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DOMESTIC LIFE ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA. PEASANTS MAKING BREAD

answering or staving off the questions of my companion. I found that his errand was carrying orders and making reports from towns along the river, and that he was now bound, as I was, to Chardjui, the station on the Oxus, whence he was to take the steamer up the river to some Turcoman towns and Russian posts. After all, his company was not so bad, for he told me about the famous battle of Geok-Tepe, and drew plans on the table-cloth with his fork, lining up ranks of Russian bread-crums with his knife, to make them fall bloodthirstily on a round Turcoman soup-stain in the middle of the fortifications—most of them women and children, he said, for the greater part

of the fighting men were killed at the walls.

After an hour or so over lunch and cigarettes, we went back to our compartment, I to doze, study the map, and smoke my pipe, and he to lie ponderously on his back and mix his snores with the incessant train-rattle. We passed in and out of the desert, through little villages with brick stations, their white-coated natchalniks (military commandants) standing in front of each, and generally a Russian woman or two taking care of the youngest child and calling shrilly to its elder brothers and sisters to keep them from running under the train.

At last, in the gathering gloom, the

train stopped, backed, went on, and stopped again, and I saw ahead the steel spans of the great Oxus bridge. Soon we were creeping over it to Chardjui with the noise of a thousand smiths working trip-hammers on anvils, and a hundred thousand tinkers mending pans. Below my window, as I leaned out, ran the boiling, yellow Oxus, curling and churning by the piles that fretted and choked it, and at last hurrying on to the north.

The fat sergeant woke up with a start, and regarding me solemnly in the light of our compartment lamp, asked me in German where I was going after leaving Chardjui. I told him seriously, as the train drew up in the station and I tugged at my saddle-bags, "Nach Orgunjé. Auf wiedersehen." Now, a sergeant in the Russian army of Turkestan is not likely to know either Matthew Arnold or the ancient Persian name for Khiva, so to this day that particular sergeant is probably ignorant of my intended destination.

By this time the train had pulled out, westward bound. I had chosen the best-looking horses of the many phætons that charged up to me, and had thrown in my kit-bag and my saddle-bags and climbed on top of them, telling my Usbeg driver to go to the best Russian "numero." It was a ten-minutes' gallop through streets lined with poplars and lindens and then up a long street, with bright little shops on each side, before we stopped at my hotel. Here I was shown to a room, but found some difficulty in getting any information about the departure of the boat, which I knew was to start next day. At last I remembered a slip of paper given me by a Georgian doctor in Samarkand containing the magic sentence, "'V katoro schusu otkadit parachod?" the Russian for "What time does the boat go?" This charm I tried, and very soon got my information, and made it plain that I must be waked at five o'clock to get on board. As I did not trust the greasy, sleepy little Russian at the hotel, I told my phæton-driver to come back for me in the morning and wake me up. Then, while my supper of cabbage soup was being cooked, I went out for a stroll about town.

Chardjui owes its importance to its place at the junction of the Amu Daria and the Transcaspian road. Here the

cotton from the river towns is loaded upon cars from the long, high-prowed viking ships that come up from Khiva, with twenty-five men on the tow-line on the cliffs above the stream, all leaning against the wooden crossbars of the line and singing a dull chant. The song tells that cotton and melons must come up, and that men must haul; but it is ill breasting the Amu when he flings out from the Pamirs, and it is ill breasting him when he winds the Aral Sea and rushes snorting for the salt. Men tell me that the song is different on the boats coming empty down to Chardjui from above. Then one hears a jubilant croon from the sunny decks, which changes to a shout when the big boat runs on a sand-bar and the lazy crew bend the long elm poles as they shove her off.

After the purchase of two bottles of claret to use in my tea, I went back to the rooms and found a samovar steaming and hot soup ready.

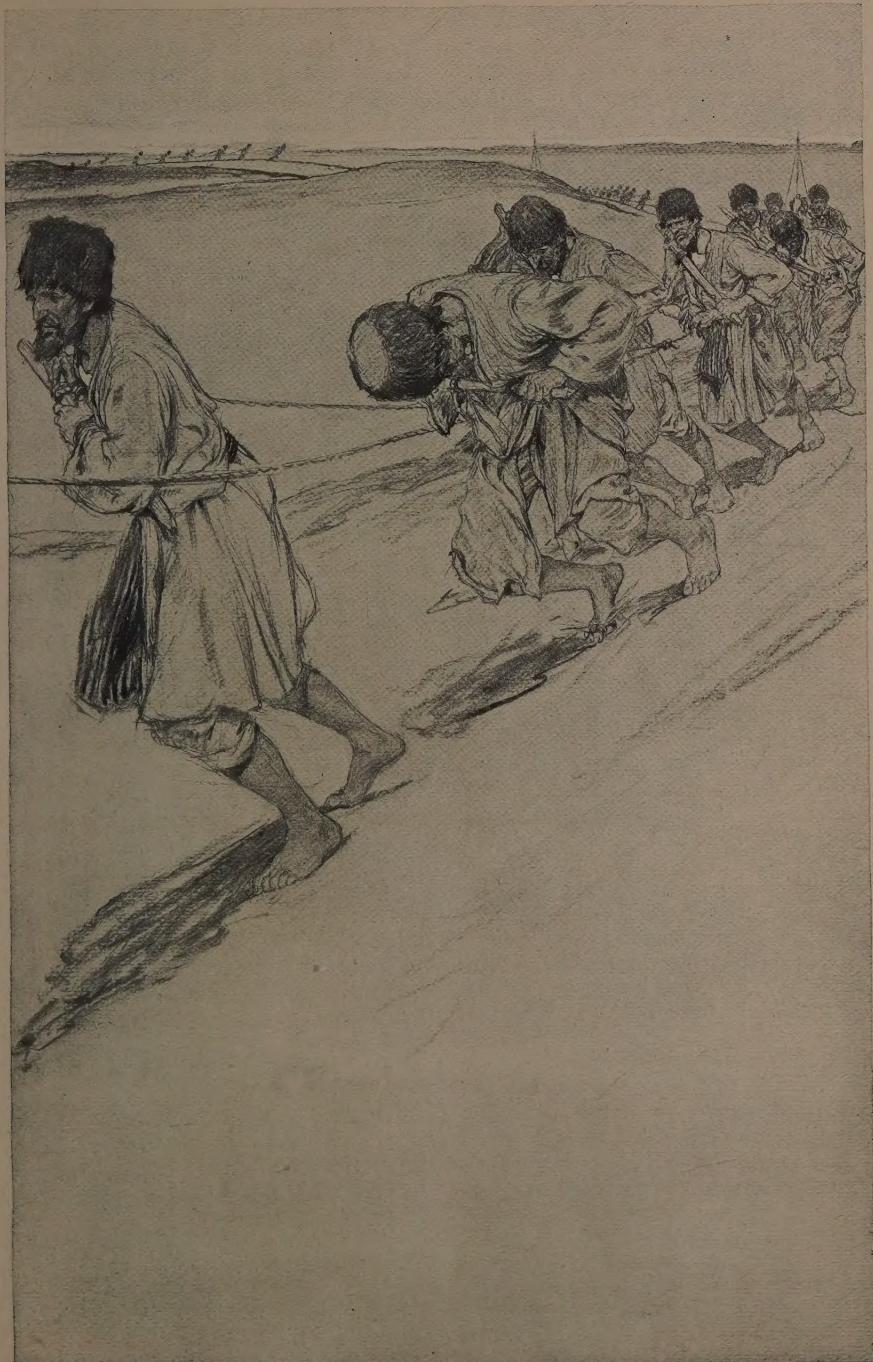
The first thing I knew in the morning it was daylight and the phæton-driver and the greasy Russian were standing in the room conversing in whispers. Looking at my watch, I found it was five o'clock, and as the boat was to start at five-thirty and must be reached by carriage and by tug, too, I made haste. Of course there was no samovar ready, and it would take half an hour to heat one, so I did without breakfast, and making arrangements to leave my kit-bag at the hotel, and taking merely my saddle-bags with a change of underclothing, a tooth-brush, and a revolver, I slung my camera over my shoulder, paid my bill, and drove rapidly off. The cabby took me to the river, and then along the bank through the rushes at full gallop, till we came alongside a little tug moored to the shore. Here he dumped me and my bags and drove off indignantly when I stuck to the fee of one ruble (seventy-seven cents), an unheard-of over-payment, which encouraged him to look for more.

I boarded the tug and demanded of the young Russian in white-duck trousers and a moderately clean sailor blouse when we were to start. He of course said, "Sichass" ("At once"), and left me sure that my haste had been unnecessary. This was borne in upon me more and more strongly as I sat on the rail of the



Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

HAULING COTTON-



Half-tone plates engraved by C. W. Chadwick

SHIPS FROM KHIVA

tug and saw the larger paddle-wheel steamer anchored in the lee of a tiny island in mid-stream about a thousand yards below us, her steam not even up. From my arrival at twenty minutes past five I drummed my heels till half-past nine, when some one leisurely threw a mail-bag aboard, and we cast off and allowed ourselves to swing into the current and be whisked down under the lee of the island astern of the larger boat. Here, after ten minutes of hard work against the stream, we came up to the island, and I and my bags and two claret bottles and camera were bundled on to the beach and then up a gang-plank to the steamer's deck. The boat must have been about a hundred feet long, with side-paddles, and with a pleasant little glassed-in cabin perched on the forward deck. Below were six state-rooms, one of which was allotted to me.

The traveling companions I had greeted in the cabin were two stout officers, one a colonel with a long gray beard, and the other a fat captain with an evil-looking eye. Also there was a non-military man in a pongee coat and a stiff shirt. He wore no collar, the folds of his neck lapping comfortably over his bone collar-button and seeming to do away with the necessity of further decoration.

As I was finishing my tumbler of tea, which had been refilled for the sixth time, we cast off, and were carried into the main stream, paddling, and riding the rollers and eddies like a lame duck. I looked at my watch and mentally swore never again to hurry in Russia, for the five-thirty boat was starting at ten twenty-five. In five minutes we were well out of sight of Chardjui, and the level shores and continuous beaches had given place on the east bank to colorless terraces, sometimes overhanging the river, sometimes swinging back a mile or so, but always in sight. The water was yellow and lustrous, not with the ordinary yellow of the mud-bearing Oriental river, but bright and gleaming with a golden glint. Though the paddles worked hard, they seemed to add little to our speed and often could not even keep us straight. All about us were rips and curling eddies and places where the swift surface water seemed to dive smoothly under and reappear beyond.

After about half an hour we were brought up all standing on a sand-bank, from which it took us twenty minutes to slip off, in spite of the feverish paddles and six men with poles at the bow. In five-hours' steaming that day we ran on seven sandbars, one of which delayed us two hours and a half, and forced us to mend a paddle. After this I gave up keeping count.

At night I found that the deck-cabin was also the saloon, for it was there we had our dinner, cabbage soup and fish, prefaced by the invariable "sakoufsky" of vodka and such appetizers as raw ham and sardines. While we were dining, the sun went down in a long crimson band that stretched half-way round the heavens, and soon after our little craft neared the bank, landed four men with an anchor, and made fast for the night.

My meal was not a comfortable one, for I could see that my three companions regarded me with suspicion. At the introduction of cigarettes, the non-military member started to question me in German. When I admitted a slight understanding of that tongue, he winked at the others and asked me if I were not English. I replied that I was an American. Then he asked me if I spoke English, and when I said "Yes," wished to know why, since I was not an Englishman.

Then came a steady stream of questions, suggested by the officers and put with great show of cunning by the merchant.

"You say you are not an Englishman?"

(For the third time) "No; an American."

"Do all Englishmen wear boots like that?"

"No."

"Where did you buy them?"

"In Boston."

"Is Boston near London?"

"No."

(With a sly wink at his friends) "About how far?"

"About three thousand miles."

"How much in English currency did you pay for those clothes?"

"I never made the calculation."

"Which do you like best, the British or Russian armies?"



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FERRY ON THE OXUS

"I have seen very few Russian soldiers."

"Well, which do you prefer?"

"The English."

(Scenting treason) "Why?"

"Because they are my cousins."

"Do you like the English or American soldiers best?"

"The American, of course."

"Why?"

"They are my countrymen."

The man stared stupidly and said, "Only one."

"Is that all?" I said without surprise. "How many has the fat man got, and the man with the gray beard? Ask them, will you?" There was a minute of spluttering, indignant Russian, and I was informed that all Russians had only one wife each.

I showed no surprise at the answer, but treated it as if it were one more fact



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"IN A MOMENT WE WERE SURROUNDED"

These were their clumsy questions, and many more like them, which, even if I had been an Englishman and a spy, I should have had no difficulty in avoiding. At last, tiring of the impertinence of the conversation, I strolled out on deck and sat for some time watching the heavens and the moonlit river. When I went in again they were ready for me with a new stock about my family affairs. In spite of previous resolutions, I felt myself getting indignant, and after a few particularly maddening questions, I yawned and said:

"Are you married?"

"Yes," he answered.

"How many wives have you got?"

I had learned, and then lapsed into silence. Soon, however, I saw symptoms of more questions, and I interrupted my quizzzer's first words with the serious inquiry. "How much did that collar cost, and that necktie?" pointing to his fat neck, innocent of either decoration.

He stared again stupidly, put up his hand to his flopping neck, and stammered, "I—I don't know." Then I went to bed.

Next morning I woke up to find that we were under way, a fact that was shown by our being immovable on a sand-bar, with the six Turcomans shoving at their poles in the bow and one paddle-wheel

violently churning in the reverse direction. When I came into the little saloon, none of the others had appeared, so I ordered my tea and bread, thankful to be alone. Soon, however, the colonel with the gray beard came in, and in excellent French (a language of which he had yesterday protested he knew no word) bade me good-morning, and complained of the dullness of the voyage. He said he did not care for his companions; there were no books, and nothing but this eternal river. When, however, the others came up, he stopped conversation, and would not speak French while they were about. I was happy to find that there were no more questions for me then. My companions addressed themselves to their tea, contenting themselves with the ordinary Russian greeting.

That morning I spent on deck, sitting in the shade and out of the hard northeast wind. The banks were bare of vegetation, and on each side as far as I could see lay the desert. This morning the gray cliffs and table-lands that showed yesterday only on the right bank appeared on the left as well, often fifty or sixty feet high and curiously terraced in such a way as to make them look like forts prepared for ordnance.

No towns were in sight, and the only life we saw was on the river itself, where once in a while we met a long, open boat, with a high, red-painted prow, taking advantage of the northeast wind to set a little patch of brown sail, which helped it to struggle up along the eddies and slack water near shore.

At lunch there were more questions, all clumsily framed to prove me a spy. I did not lose my temper this time, but, after answering a few, remarked in French, which I knew one at least of the officers understood, that I saw no reason why I should let such ill-breeding trouble me, and after that merely smiled blandly at the merchant when he addressed me. After two or three tries, to which he got no answer, he took himself off, muttering, with his sinister jaw shot forward and his little pig's eyes glittering with anger.

A few Turcoman Kibitka domes now showed in the distance on the desert, and near the river large flocks of sheep among the reeds, which had begun to appear as we came north.

" for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains
along
Through beds of sand and matted
rushy isles."

That evening when we were made fast to the bank and were dining in the brilliantly lighted deck-saloon, the mosquitoes came in through the open doors and windows, and I recognized with alarm the evil little night-flier that carries fever. He has spotted wings, and can be distinguished as far as he can be seen by the peculiar way in which he rests; for his front legs are so short that his body is tilted, as if he were perpetually sucking and giving his poison. Once they were in the room, shutting windows would do no good, so I finished my meal as quickly as possible, and went to my cabin, where I stuffed my mosquito net in the open port, lighted the lamp, and proceeded on a still hunt with a slipper. Half an hour's chase yielded a bag of one; so I slept comfortably without a stuffy net, taking the precaution, however, to leave it in the port and to shut my door.

The next day passed like the others, without intercourse with my fellow-passengers. The morning of the fourth day I was waked by a shouting outside my port-hole, which I found to come from a crowd of Turcomans and Usbeks arguing with and berating one another and driving their huge *arabas* about on the banks. These arabas are two-wheeled carts, with a smallish body slung between immense wheels eight or nine feet in diameter, towering over the little horse which trots along between them.

Coming on deck, I was hailed with shouts by the cabbies on shore, each man putting in his bid for my fare. Not to be fooled a second time into unnecessary haste, I ate my breakfast while my companions were bidding for carts and getting their baggage off. Then tossing my saddle-bags to a Turcoman driver, I jumped ashore with my camera, and we rattled and jolted off.

My driver sat on a little shelf between the shafts over the horse's back, and kept up a constant drubbing on the poor beast's ribs with his bare heels and a short stick. It was not long before I learned the use of my cart's immense wheels, for we forded a side-water of the Oxus, and

though the horse was almost swimming, the hubs were only just under and the cart went quite dry.

When I put my bags on the araba and climbed aboard, I did so with a blind trust in Providence. This was as far as the steamer went, and I had booked for Petro Alexandrovsk; more I did not know." There was no Petro Alexandrovsk in sight, unless that were a fanciful name given by the Russians to a rather unpromising-looking swamp of reeds at which the boat stopped. The araba, however, jolted on, and before long we came to some Sart houses, high, windowless walls of unbaked bricks, and then to a camel-compound, then to more waste places, till after half an hour or more we drew up in the middle of a square of two-story stucco houses, one side of which was made by a white-spired Russian church. The driver had stopped and seemed to expect orders, so I said, "To a numero." He evidently did not recognize the Russian word for lodgings, so I said, "Somewhere to eat and sleep." At this he beat his horse again, and we jogged on, I perched on the thin edge of the board side of the araba, and finding much difficulty in restraining my ill-timed amusement.

Soon we had made a tour of the square without seeing a soul. It was then twenty minutes of seven, far too early for Russians to be awake. The cabby pulled up at the spot where he had stopped before, but this time seemed to have lost all interest in the outcome of the affair, and sat stupidly awaiting developments.

"Come," I said roughly, "I must sleep and eat."

"Oh, yes, Bayair," he said; "that is true."

"But where?" said I.

"I do not know," said he, dispassionately.

Again he beat his horse, and again we jolted around the empty square. Then came relief in the shape of an officer rapidly crossing the parade-ground on foot. I excitedly steered the araba to interrupt him, and standing up in it, at the imminent risk of toppling over, courteously removed my hat, and asked in French if he would have the kindness to direct me to a hotel. He informed me in Russian that he spoke no French, so I at-

tempted German. When this failed, I asked in Turcoman if there were a "numero" in town, whereat he smiled and said no, but addressing himself to my driver, gave him a short order, saluted me, and walked off.

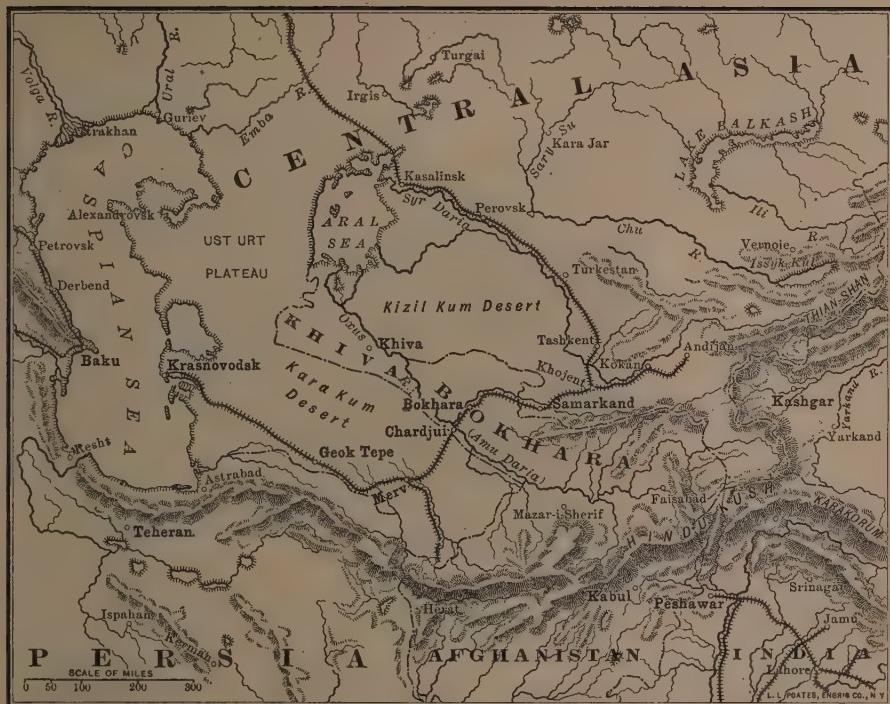
For the third time the driver gathered up his reins and kicked the long-suffering horse into a trot that jolted every bone in my body. This time, however, he had a definite object in view, for he stopped in front of the best house in sight, and motioned me down. As I obeyed and got stiffly to the ground, the door of the house burst open, and two soldiers ran out, seized my saddle-bags between them, and hustled them indoors. While I stood paying the driver they waited, respectfully holding the door open for me, and I walked wonderingly in.

Passing through the hall to a bare room beyond, I found the two officers, my companions of the voyage, in conversation with a white-uniformed comrade. They made me welcome with a courtesy for which I had looked in vain on the voyage, and introduced me to the friend, who, to my delight, spoke in French, telling me that this was the officers' club, and that I must make myself at home here, as there was no such thing as a hotel.

I thanked him, and protested that I had not intended to burst in in this way, but that my araba had been directed here by an officer when I had asked for a hotel. They gave me a room at once and detailed an orderly for my personal service as long as I should stay. I gave my card and announced my intention of calling on the officer in command as soon as he could receive me. As it was then ten minutes past seven, I considered it a little too early for a formal call.

My room was a square, plastered box, with two windows, two iron beds, and an ikon, for furniture; but my man soon added a chair and a table. Here I had a second breakfast, consisting of many glasses of tea, and half a loaf of rye bread, with jam for butter.

At eleven o'clock I crossed the little square to the house of the Natchalnik, or resident military commandant, of the town. I gave my card, and was ushered into a dark room furnished in heavily carved oak and mahogany, where a pleas-



THE ROAD INTO KHIVA

ant-faced, brown-bearded man sat at a big writing-table. He received me courteously, but spoke no French or German, and of course no English, and after struggling for a little while, summoned his wife, a rather pretty, nervous little woman. Her French was really worse than mine, and she could utter and understand only the most obvious commonplaces. This proving of little use, they sent for an officer, who presently came, was introduced, and protested that he could understand no French. At last the Natchalnik rang a bell, gave a curt order, and ushered me out to a carriage which dashed up to the door. For two miles or more we drove in silence over a sandy road leading out of the town, and at last, with the rattle of grounded muskets, drew up outside a long barracks. Getting out of the carriage, and passing through the guard, which had hastily drawn up to salute us, we came upon a broad-roofed veranda stretching the length of the building. Here at table in the open air, dressed in white tunics,

sat about thirty officers of the Eighteenth Chasseurs de Turkestan. They were for the most part young men, each with a jeweled button on his breast denoting the military academy from which he had been graduated, the group of half-dozen older men at the head being resplendent with service medals.

As we came up, they rose as one man, and saluted my companion with much ceremony. I was introduced to each in turn, and was finally seated on the right of the regimental colonel at the head of the table, opposite the Natchalnik.

On my right hand I found a pleasant young lieutenant named Kolchov, who spoke a little French and took it upon himself to do the honors. Vodka and sweet champagne flowed freely, and the band played thunderingly about six feet from my ear.

Kolchov was specially anxious that I should talk with a young captain whom he introduced as "one of our heroes," and who wore a medal for gallantry won in China. His French was fragmentary

and inebriate, but I gathered that he had met our men at the relief of the Pekin legations, and was willing to talk about his medal and how he won it. He took me into his room to show me some picture post-cards of China. There, on a mattress on the floor, lay a man gasping, with his eyes half-closed, pale, and thin beyond belief. My friend took no notice of him except to say that he had the fever, and that they supposed nearly half their brother-officers would soon be in the same straits. Later I was told that all Russian forces in Turkestan are deliberately over-officered because for seven months of the year a great proportion are on the sick-list.

Toward the end of the meal two thirds of my hosts began to show their liquor unmistakably, and though it was a mid-day luncheon, many soon dropped slouchingly asleep in or off their chairs. Disappointed in their insistent hospitable attacks on my sobriety, the clamorous officers at last let me alone, and I was able to talk with their colonel, who translated to the Natchalnik. When they found that I wanted to go to Khiva, both promptly declared it impossible. This surprised me, as, at Samarkand, Governor Médinsky had given no hint of this, and had taken my plan quite as a matter of course. But my two friends now assured me that no one had ever wanted to do such a thing before, and that it was obviously impossible, as even Russians could not go there without special permission from Tashkent. Then came a tedious two hours' argument, which taxed my French and my patience almost to the breaking-point.

Why did I want to go? they asked. If I were an archaeologist, as I said, Khiva was no place for me. If I wanted to study the natives or to take views with my camera, I was welcome to explore the native quarters of Petro Alexandrovsk to my heart's content. Khiva would be no different. Khiva was dirty, Khiva was dangerous, Khiva was inhospitable, Khiva was autonomous, Khiva was apparently everything else unattractive. And, after all, why not stay here as the guest of the officers till the next boat went up river again? Then, when I got home, no one would know that I had not entered the city.

However alluring they may have thought this plan, it had few charms for me; and the colloquy ended in my sending off a telegram to Governor Médinsky at Samarkand, who I knew would at least be friendly. They told me the answer would come early next morning, so there was nothing left but to cool my heels. That evening I spent laboriously conversing with young Kolchov, who called on me at "le club."

Next morning, after a breakfast of several glasses of tea and claret, with two slices of bread and jam, my orderly announced the Natchalnik, treading breathlessly on his heels, followed by Kolchov. In his hand he waved a telegram, which the two translated to me with some difficulty. It was from Governor Médinsky of Samarkand, expressing regret that he could do nothing for me. Khiva was out of his province.

This was a set-back, indeed, and gave the Natchalnik a chance to renew his arguments of the day before. Why should I go to Khiva, anyway? It was dangerous and difficult; it was no different from any other Eastern town. I might go out to the native quarter of Petro Alexandrovsk and see as much.

At last, when I was able to wedge in a word between the fluent Russian and the laboring French, I announced that I should telegraph to headquarters at Tashkent for permission.

"Did I know the governor-general?"

"No, I did not."

"Then it was manifestly impossible."

In spite of discouragement, however, I framed a telegram in French to that august personage, describing myself as an "American traveler," and sent it off, settling down for another night's delay.

This day I spent in skilfully avoiding invitations to dine with the officers at mess and in engaging a *jiggit*, or servant and horses, for the journey on which I had set my heart. The man I finally hit upon was a Turcoman of about fifty, named Samán, who seemed a simple soul and knew his horses well. As it turned out, I could not have made a better choice, for, barring one lapse from virtue, he was as good a man as I could have desired, and slaved for me without complaint during the vicissitudes that come with serving an American master.

Next morning the Natchalnik was again announced by my orderly, and appeared with his faithful aide-de-camp and interpreter, Kolchov. This time, however, their manner was very different from that of the previous morning, and the telegram the chief waved at me evidently contained important and surprising news. With many bows and much formal felicitation I was told that the governor-general had granted the permission I asked. This telegram, like the first, had been addressed to me, but the Natchalnik had seen fit to open both and bring me the news in person.

I confess to being not a little surprised at the contents of the despatch, and I can attribute my success only to the fact that the governor-general found my name on the list of members of Professor Pumppelly's archæological expedition, and was obeying orders from St. Petersburg when he gave assistance to one of the party.

When the felicitations were over, the Natchalnik, through Kolchov, told me that though he was much pleased by the permission from the governor-general, he himself could never think of letting me go to Khiva; and, besides, why did I care to go? I had his word for it that the city was in no respect different from the native quarter of Petro Alexandrovsk, and pictures might be made there with all the ease in the world; he would even send down a sergeant and five men to see that I got whatever I wished to photograph. Explanation and reason were, of course, useless, so I gravely remarked that as I had the permission of his superior to visit Khiva, I should give myself the pleasure of calling on the Natchalnik and madame that very evening, for I proposed an early start next day.

Then the two bowed themselves out and left me to make arrangements, which consisted of buying some green tea and ordering Samán to be in readiness at four o'clock in the morning.

That evening an orderly was announced, who gave me a note from the Natchalnik, elaborately composed in French, to the effect that he deeply regretted it, but he could find me no horses among the Turcomans, so that my trip to Khiva must be put off indefinitely. Indignant at this obvious trick, I wrote a short, polite note, thanking him for his

pains in my behalf, and saying that I had already secured a good horse and a mounted servant. The man went, but was not gone ten minutes before he returned from the Natchalnik, who lived next door, with another note, requesting me to call on him in the morning. The loss of another day made me furious, but there was nothing for it but to write a polite reply.

Next morning I went to the bazaar, found Samán, and told him that the horses would not be wanted yet, and then sent in my card to the Natchalnik. That officer received me courteously, and we waited ten minutes in an amicable silence till our Kolchov could be fetched. When he came, the two started to belabor me with the old arguments against going to Khiva,—my slight knowledge of Turcoman, the impossibility of finding a place to put up in the town, the lack of interest to the traveler, etc.,—finally ending with the remark that he regretted that he was unable to grant me leave of departure, but must withhold it for my own good, as he had just received news that the wells were all dry and the journey was now impossible.

To this I bravely replied that I would provide a pack-animal with enough water for myself and servant and our two horses, as the distance was only sixty versts, and could be covered in one day. After more talk, he said suddenly that he would be glad to give me the necessary permission, and I might start in five days' time. I remarked that my plan was to start the following morning, and I had the honor to bid him good-by, trusting that madame enjoyed the good health that I observed in him. The rest of the day I spent in the bazaar, hobnobbing with a Sart tea-merchant who had lived in Khiva, and who told me much about the city, though the only distinct fact that I gleaned from him was that he had once been a rope-walker there.

As I finished my evening pipe in my room, the orderly appeared and gave me a note from the Natchalnik, which stated in curious French that he had just had intelligence that the road to Khiva had become impossible, because the Turcomans were up, and the traveler would have to pass through a country infested by marauding bands of insurgents.

Quite out of patience, I wrote a reply in French that to-day I blush to think of, but couched in terms of which the meaning was unmistakable. I took upon myself the whole risk of savage natives, and thanked the Natchalnik for his tender care of me. This courage rested on a certainty that his story was false, or I am afraid it would not have come out with so whole-hearted a spontaneity.

As I dropped off to sleep that night it really seemed at last as if I could make a start. Natives and difficulties of the road I was prepared to cope with, but of Russian diplomacy I was sick.

In the morning my man brought in a note on the tray with the boiling samovar; I looked at it in despair. Why need I open it? What was their excuse now? The orderly said the note had come late the night before, but he had not waked me up, and I thought I could guess why. It was evident that they wanted to wait till morning and not give me a chance to avoid them again.

The letter was a formal one, begging me to give the Natchalnik the pleasure of seeing me before I started in the morning, and saying that press of duties alone prevented his calling upon me. Now they knew perfectly well that I had planned an early start to avoid the heat of the day, and if I were to wait until a suitable calling-time I must lose one more period of twenty-four hours. There was nothing for it but to obey the command, for it amounted to that, and I knew that if I started in spite of them, I should have a party of Cossacks on my track in no time.

Till half-past nine I waited, and when I stepped into the Natchalnik's reception-room I was in no fit temper for diplomatic courtesies. Kolchov was there, and the two started their old arguments hammer and tongs, till the humor of the situation struck me and it was with difficulty that I kept a decent show of gravity. The argument that they seemed to put most trust in, and which amused me most, was the reiterated assurance that Khiva would not interest me; and when I begged to be allowed to judge of that myself, they nearly fell over each other in their eagerness to tell me how I should thank them for their advice when I actually saw the place. But after a while, see-

ing that I was merely stubborn, and clung without argument to the idea that nothing else would satisfy me—not even exposing films in the Natchalnik's backyard, with a guard of Cossacks to maintain order, they came to the point.

Kolchov blushingly translated that his chief had long been wanting to give him a vacation from his arduous duties as aide-de-camp, and proposed that I should ask him, Kolchov, to accompany me to Khiva, pointing out at the same time the great advantage the presence of a Russian officer in uniform would be in gaining the respect of the natives.

Now, if there was one thing I did not wish, it was to be in any way associated with the Russians in the minds of the natives. I knew how that uniform was hated and feared, and that such a state of mind toward me would be fatal to my plan of seeing their manner of living, and of getting on to pleasant tea-drinking terms with the bazaar-folk. As tactfully as I could, I said that it would be impossible for me to think of asking another to undertake with me the dangers and discomforts of such a trip. The Natchalnik must remember the scarcity of horses, the dryness of the wells, and the great peril of the marauding Turcomans on the way. I thanked them both for their kind offer, but could not see my way to accepting so great a favor.

This seemed for a moment to nonplus them, and the two looked doubtfully at each other. Then Kolchov braced up, and said that where I could go, he could go, and he really enjoyed hardship. Besides, he added, perhaps the accounts of the hostile natives were exaggerated; in fact, he personally thought they were, and did not put much faith in them.

After much more talk, I began to see that they would never let me go without a spy, and rather than have a man sent after me to watch secretly, I put as good a face on the matter as I could, and formally asked Kolchov if he would accompany me. He agreed without a moment's hesitation, and said that he and his man would be ready to start in five days. Turning to the Natchalnik, I requested Kolchov to translate to him that he, Kolchov, came as my guest and must incur no expense on the expedition; also, that with me should rest all decisions, such as

stopping-places, routes to be traveled, etc. This was heartily agreed upon by both, whereupon I at once said that I was to start the next morning at four-thirty, and that my servant would do for both of us, for I had no intention of being burdened with Kolchov and his Cossack as well. After elaborate farewells, I departed to the bazaar, and for the third time ordered Samán to have the horses ready for the next morning.

Occurrences that evening made me all the more ready to start soon. Several times in the club I had passed a little lieutenant lounging near the pantry window from which the drinks were produced. He was always perceptibly drunk, and several times I had some difficulty in avoiding his invitations. If I utterly refused, he would follow me and hold on to my coat, so that to avoid a clash I had to come back and drink half a glass of Samarkand wine to satisfy him. He was a handsome young man, with fine, clean-cut features and beautifully built, though only two or three inches over five feet tall. He had a forearm like a steel rod, and showed it by twisting my wrist whenever he shook hands, till I learned to be ready for him with a braced elbow.

This evening I had to pass by him, and he hailed me jovially, ordering more wine as he did so. Of course I had to stop and take his proffered hand, and though my wrist was braced, my fingers almost dropped off in his grasp. He had been drinking heavily, and the saber-cut across his cheek and eyebrows showed white on his flushed face. I did not fancy his rather sneering laughter and rough way, so after the hand-shake I turned off. He was after me in a moment, however, and jumping at me from behind pulled at my coat-collar. Turning I shook his hands from my clothes, but could not free myself from him entirely without more show of violence than I cared to exhibit. Coming back to the table, we sat down, and my glass was filled. When he noticed that after each of his many toasts my glass was not perceptibly emptied, he flew into a rage and ran at me, calling me what I took to be vile things in Russian. I met his drunken rush with a stiff arm and prevented his falling back at the shock by holding on to his coat-collar. Then the

steward came and blocked him till I got away to my room. Half an hour afterward my door, which had no bolt, was thrown open and the little officer in hilarious good spirits burst in. He rushed for me and tried again to crush my hand in his grip, but I was ready for him, and made him yell for mercy. As soon as I let go the squeeze I had given in self-defense, he got very angry, and started again a tirade in inebriate Russian. Weary of it all and not daring or caring to have a rough-and-tumble fight with an officer and member of the club of which I was a guest, I stepped back for his next rush and, leaning over, assisted him by his very slack riding-breeches under my arm and out of the window behind me, where he dived into soft dust three feet below. Then shutting and fastening the windows, I braced a chair-back under the panel of the door, and, blowing out my candle, went to bed, and gave no sign to the furious pounding upon my window which followed.

When I awoke it was still dark, and ordering my servant to heat the samovar, I started down to the bazaar to prod Samán into starting with the horses, knowing that, if left to himself, he would bring them somewhere about noon. Finding him asleep with his cousin the coppersmith, I gently waked him with the toe of my boot, and started him off for the horses, returning myself to find the samovar steaming and my bread and jam laid out. Before long Samán came, and, slinging my saddle-bags, I mounted and made off just as the sun was showing its upper rim. To my delight, Kolchov had not appeared, though it was after my hour for starting, and I had warned him that I should not wait.

My horse was a smallish, well-built black stallion with good paces and an ingratiating habit of turning to bite, and bringing up his near hind hoof just as one mounted. We rode out of the village to the river and then north along its east bank for about six miles. Here, at a place where the trail led into the yellow rush of the Amu, we dismounted and yelled at a boat loaded with men and donkeys which was poling its way slantingly across. The men took no notice, so Samán said we must get the boat from the other side, and motioned me to fire a

gun. Getting the six-shooter from my saddle-bags, I fired three shots, and through my glasses was soon able to see my signal answered. A boat was launched on the other bank about half a mile up-stream. For a full hour we watched it sag down toward us, sticking now and then on sand-bars, occasionally swimming into the current, and quite overpowering the four polers who tried vainly to keep heading across. At last they landed somewhat below where we stood, and hauled the boat back a mile or so to get well above their goal on the other side.

Just as Samán and I were coaxing our horses aboard the big canoe-like craft, Kolchov rode hurriedly up, followed by an orderly. After an elaborate greeting, Kolchov allowed his horse to be led into the boat, but when the Cossack started after him, I remarked that he was not needed, and ordered him back. The fellow grinned insolently and looked at Kolchov, who said nothing. At this I rode at the man and cut at his horse with my whip, unbuttoning my holster-flap as I did so. The beast reared and finally galloped off down the road, leaving us to embark alone without further delay. This sounds an over-hasty and ill-tempered thing to do, but I saw that I must act at once, and also that I must not look to Kolchov for orders even to his own servant, or I should lose ground.

All the morning we rode through sandy stretches dotted with fertile, irrigated farms on which the Sarts were cutting their second crop of alfalfa and their first of barley. The look of the country made me smile when I remembered the Natchalnik's warning that the wells were dry and the natives dangerous. Once, however, some workmen saw us and came running, ten or a dozen strong, in our direction. They had reaping-hooks and sickles in their hands and long knives stuck in their belts. Kolchov drew up, nervously looking over his shoulder for Samán, who rode at a respectful distance in our rear. As the men charged nearer, he hitched his saber-sling forward and fumbled with his holster-flap.

"Wait," cried I, "and see what they

(Part II, in October, will contain the author's account of his stay in Khiva)

will do; but, for Heaven's sake! don't pull a gun! Watch them!"

My calmness was due not so much to heroism as to the fact that I had seen much the same sort of thing happen before, and had learned to trust in general to the good will of the natives. Kolchov, with the usual Russian view of the Turcomans, laid his hand on his saber, muttered something about the Cossack we had left behind, and prepared for the worst. In a moment we were surrounded, and bread and water-gourds were being handed to us, as is the pleasant custom of the country, where every traveler is a thirsty one.

At noon we came to a little group of houses called Ak-Khalat, and riding up through a gate of mud and timbers, came into the compound of a typical Sart house. In the middle of the court was a greenish pool surrounded by great mulberry-trees, and all about, in the shade of a sort of portico, lay silk-clad servants. Our horses were taken, and we were escorted to a little room leading off the court, where we found two low-corded bedsteads, and a table spread with sweet-meats and long Russian cigarettes.

Soon a man came in with a boiling samovar, and we made glass after glass of hot tea. After this a stout and very gorgeously dressed man bore in a dish of pilau (rice and raisins), which he passed to us with ceremony. Something in his manner made me think he was not a servant, so I asked if he owned the house. On his saying that he did, I rose, and shaking hands with him, asked him to eat with us. The pilau finished, servants poured water over our hands from brass ewers, and our host bowed himself out. Then we had more tea and some sweet-meats, and, after washing our hands again, lay down for an hour on the corded bedsteads to escape the hottest part of the day.

When the men brought our horses, I asked Kolchov if there was any chance to pay for the meal; but he said that any offer would be insulting, so we merely thanked the pleasant Sart and rode off, preceded for five miles or so by two jiggets with guns, whom he insisted on sending with us as a guard of honor.

THE GATES OF THE HUDSON

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER

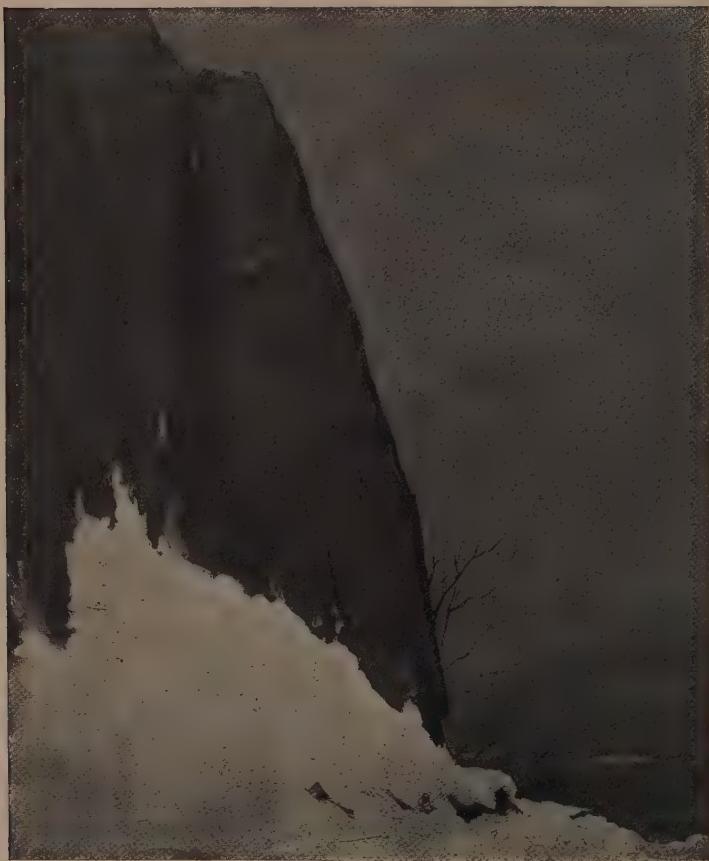
WITH PICTURES MADE FROM PAINTINGS BY VAN DEARING PERRINE

ASHADOW falls into the streets of New York, and not one in a thousand of its people, idle or eager, asks what has shortened their day. It is the Palisades that gray and purple the town at evening, imposing on it a sense of rest, soon dissipated by the million electric lamps that publish the nightly eruption of the metropolis. Along the east bank of the Hudson the city riots in the light, gay, sleepless, burdened, terrible; along the western shore the Palisades are in moveless march, their ranks now curving inward, now veering toward the water, now seen in echelon, cape beyond cape, and melting into the sky where new mysteries awaken. On the morning side of the river is humanity: on the sunset side is majesty that outlives it. Lying within rifle shot of the tenements are fluted cliffs and battlemented summits, closing the vista from a hundred streets, yet as little known to the dweller of the inns and flats as are the Delectable Mountains; for he never ventures over to them, except for a picnic, and then he is uneasy, for the silence threatens him; yet in the days when they could be seen more readily they were as famous as—the Astor House.

This uplift of volcanic matter, resting on baked sandstone and inclining westward at a gentle slope, presents in its riverward aspect the columnar or palisaded appearance that so impressed the early voyagers: a gray wall beetling from 300 to 500 feet above the tide, shagged with trees at the summit, half buried behind a scrap of talus, that is also verdurous. At Nyack it bends into the amphitheater where that pretty town has nestled,

surges riverward again to form Point-no-Point, and still ascending behind Haverstraw reaches in High Tor a lift of 820 feet. As the dyke extends southward, also, to Bayonne, its total length is forty miles, but the Palisades proper front the river for half that distance.

How desolate, how dark, this reach! how few the camps and habitations! Here we are as far from town as in the Adirondacks. The range is mostly unpathed, and there is but one road to the top: a road that became useless when the hotel at the end of it was burned, thereby deepening forgetfulness of this wonder. When the New Yorker learned that quarrymen had secured "rights" in the scenery, and were converting it to pavements, he betrayed a languid interest; it was a matter that vaguely concerned somebody. However, the people who look ahead, the people with extra-social interests, the people of the press, stirred themselves, as they have to do every year to save Niagara, and the Palisades are become a public park. Let us pray that they be left in their savage beauty; that they be not pranked with stairs and fences, revetted, foregrounded with lawns, flower beds, statuary and rustic benches imitated in cast iron. A few selfish souls will regret it when they become accessible by ferry, and when the old privacy, if not the wildness disappears, for the like of these cliffs exists near no other city—and that is said with the memory still fresh of Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat (basaltic extrusions also) in the land environment of Edinburgh. True, on certain days, when the river flows through dream country, I see against the clouds an opal Parthenon at the highest point, a focus in the land-



Owned by the White House. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE PALISADES

scape, a symbol of the steadfast and aspiring in the national spirit, and it has the august approaches of the Acropolis; but the mists lift, the dream swims into a sky deeper and more glowing than that of Athens, and high above the highest rock an eagle wheels.

In this soft age men walk where they have ease, and there is none of it in exploring the Palisades. You must jump, slide, wade and scramble; there is even a chance that you may tread on a venomous serpent, for hereabout I have met copperheads, and it is not long ago that a stroller was stung by a rattlesnake, but the only stirring experience which has befallen me there was in being followed for a mile and pelted with stones from

the top of the cliffs by little vulgar boys who were out for a day's hunting and were desperate at the lack of small game. Yet holiday merriment of this kind is apart from the sentiment of the Palisades. Cruel they may be, yet not irritating. Something still pertains to them of the largeness and terror of that cataclysm which hurled them, smoking, from the furnaces of the earth; hence, although they have their days of smiling, and although no lovelier scene unfolds before the eyes of men than when, on mellow afternoons, the violet shadows cascade down the landslides, the tufted summits burn green-gold, and the farther capes of velvet gray are footed in silver; yet gaiety no more comports with them than it does

with Mont Pelée or the Sphinx. They reveal themselves in darkness, and this is no paradox; for it is under the moon, the stars, the polar aurora, in mist, snow, wind and storm, when least seen, that they suggest most, and are steadfast and sublime.

I love my Hudson and am much in its company; it solaces many whose unkind fate holds them to town; but in my walks the Palisades are of this use: that while they shut off the West and make the prairies of the Hackensack a conjecture, they lead my fancy toward the ampler wonders of the north. This is an effect of both memory and landscape composition: the long wall, seeking its vanishing point in the taller Highlands—which in turn yield views of the loftier Catskills, whence, again, one may glimpse the statelier Adirondacks—carries, not my eye alone, but my mind, to regions more virgin, more ample, yet typed in the land this fortress of the Hudson incloses.

Of late the Palisades have been in process of discovery by a few gypsies from the metropolis who tent at their feet for weeks, alternating the grind of shops and offices across the river with nights of silence and refreshment. Here they ramble, swim, row and play at housekeeping. They drink from springs, they breathe an air tainted only by upcastings of the river, they have wholesome green in their eyes, and their sleep is long. On broiling days when the city fries in its own adipose, the shadows of these rocks in an unwearied land fall on the camps by three in the afternoon, so that they escape the direct blaze of the sun, and the woods give new shadow in the morning. This darkness and coolness heighten the majesty of the ramparts and unify them into larger masses; yet the rock sculptures that adorn the Hudson gates are also impressive, since they share in the vertical cleavage of the basalt and weather into fantasies that wake old



Owned by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE RIDE

world recollections of watch towers, castles, and cathedrals. At one or two points a brook foams over the brink, at least, after a rain—for it is the dryness of the plateau that has saved it from settlement—and laces it with white. Offsetting these natural beauties are the shelves built in the buttressing slope by the quarrymen, and as they cannot put back what they have destroyed, the denuded front might be cleared to the water's edge, so as to reveal the complete height of the cliff in at least one instance.

It was much higher, originally, for the glacier that buried North America down to this latitude eroded millions of tons which went to the upbuilding of Long Island, trap boulders being common in the soil of Brooklyn, and I have found on the top of the Palisades, opposite Spuyten Duyvil, glacial groovings and polishings that have survived the presumptive 15,000 years since the glacier

melted. The outpour of this mass from a volcano whose crater we cannot so much as guess in this day, was tremendous, and it cut the Hudson and Hackensack valleys asunder and pushed the harbor several miles to the southward, while related activities thrust above the surface, either as down-pours or up-pours, the thousand miles of basaltic hills that chain the Carolinas to the Bay of Fundy, so that our Palisades are allied in form and time to Mount Holyoke and Cape Blomidon, while they relate in cause to the steam-storms that swept thousands into eternity at Krakatoa and Martinique, and were felt around the world.

To the mineralogist our Palisades do not yield as much of interest as we find in the rotting trap of Paterson, a few miles away, from which have been taken the largest prehnites in the world, sea green and wonderful; royal amethysts; balls of silky pectolite, and quartz pseudomorphs that copy them; but we find

in these cliffs occasional duplicates of the columns that make the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave—geometric shapes of three, four, five, six and more sides, not a result of crystalization, as was once imagined, for trap is a rock, not a mineral, but of lateral shrinking when it has cooled.

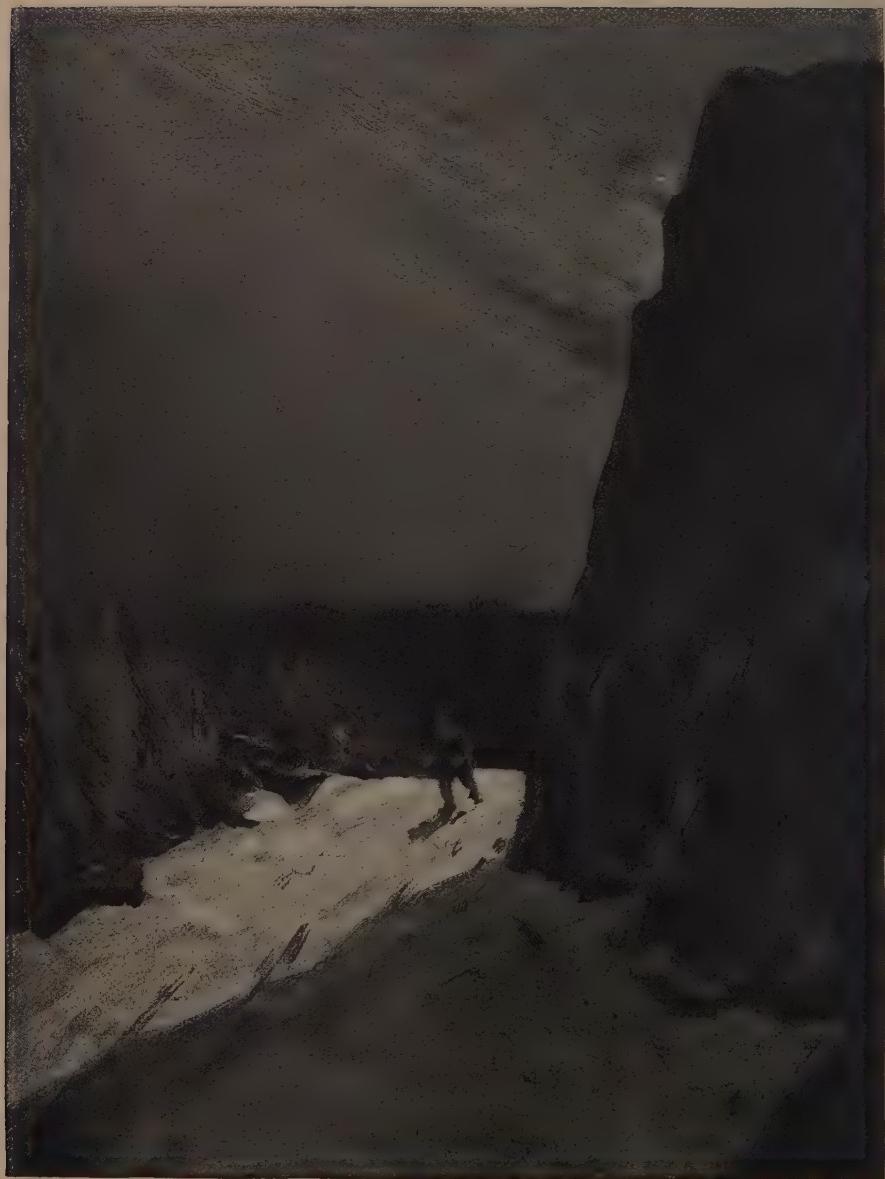
Poetry has evaded this region, and art has almost ignored it, save in the instance presently to be noted, but our predecessors in the land, the Indians, invested them with a glamor of myth. In their belief the Palisades were a part of the wall built by Manitou—whence, Manhattoes, or Manhattan—to keep the evil beings that haunted the great lakes from vexing the race of men; but the fresh seas burst through, cutting the splendid pass of the Highlands, and the rogues descended on the flood, to our besetment even at this day. It is significant that in the red man's belief the devils haunted the marshes, and had never been lifted to and by the hills. On misty evenings you

shall see them signaling from the lightless windows of this vast citadel, or gesturing among the dead trees at its top. Legends of a later time relate the struggle of two Indians on the brink, and their death on the rocks below; we hear also of a witch who lived in a shanty in the wilderness and would sit by the hour together weaving spells and storms against the pleasant distances; there are buried treasures, too, that Kidd and other scandalous persons buried hereaway, and planted inexcusably deep; then, a spooky tale is told of sweethearts wandering hand in hand along the cliffs, who came to a resolve to thwart their parents, not by marrying, as young people of spirit would do to-day, but by making a "lovers' leap," and thus consigning their relatives to remorse incurable and objurgations infinite. They jumped, but never reached the ground; so, like Paolo and Francesca, they wander through the air and plague the night with sighs and make strangers timid of moonlight exploration.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE PASS AT MOONRISE



Owned by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE BELATED RETURN

The days of legend have passed, but the Palisades have their familiar spirit and loving exponent. Whoso in his finer and deeper sentiments keeps that chord in tune which vibrates to "Hamlet," "Faust" or to Tschaikowsky's last symphony will find it to ring responsive to the great, sad music figured in the work of a young painter from the West: Van Dearing Perrine. Self-taught, uninfluenced by academies, he has chosen—for the expression of his nature?—to picture the Palisades: a cheery, youthful, earnest soul; hence the tragedy of his work. Why does this melancholy pertain to us, free, prospering Americans? Is progress too swift for us? Are our political burdens too heavy? Cannot those who reach civilization live through it? Can we not cut loose from social austerities and be ourselves? The Greeks had none of this. The world had little of it a century and a half ago. Yet, if it is sad, Perrine's art is not morbid: it is of Beethoven, not Chopin. His color chills his canvas now and again, but he can light it with a blaze of sun, when he chooses. He lives with his subject, close to the ground, in an abandoned school-house, and paints in a cabin, with a vertical wall at the door and a vertical drop under the window. So he knows his Palisades as Thoreau knew his Walden. Indeed, with direction, Thoreau would have been an artist, and Perrine is Thoreau directed and plus sentiment. Technically his style is large, nervous, his color sober, his composition simple, but forcible, and there is nothing of the spectacular in him; rather, he is reserved and mystic. He takes us to the top of an obelisk at midnight and there leaves us, poised under the cold stars and above the river with its floes shining eerily, its shore line an emblem of repose, the staggering uprush of rock forms proclaiming creative force; and in the snowy silence we stand at the confine of eternity and cry into the night the old human questions of Whence and Why. It is the vast intimation of these pictures, passing the range of the com-

moner sympathies and engaging with the epic, in which their value is discovered. Their strange, commanding individuality is in part a tokening of a recluse spirit, yet one that remains aloof from humanity not because of attenuate sympathies, but rather because it is under daily command of nature in forms and phases to excite wonder and aspiration. These pictures are dark and solemn, yet creation stirs in them; that never ceases, for the dead feed life and matter aspires.

The sudden building of these Palisades expressed the demand for and exaction of liberty, and they stand as monuments to the force that makes it, for the rock, like the tree and the man, gains its attitude through striving; and it is this drama that Perrine sees in and above the castle front, no less than the sculptur-esque and the deific-drama that he sometimes expresses also through human attributes, as in "The Robbers," with its figures peering into the gulf, and as in the glow of the city hovering phosphorescent above the water. It is also told in the frost, circling as light above the moon, in explosions of storm, in autumn wreckage blown afar, in white heavens rising beyond vistas of rain. Here he suggests Poe, Dante, Goya, while Angelo's architectural qualities are betokened in canvases that express the stabilities. Perrine elects to live and work among these rocks in winter. In the summer he scratches the soil a little on Long Island, that he may go back to the cliffs with a fresher eye, a keener zest and the sharper consciousness of a continuing love. In a day when painters avoid great things, when they compose idyls, when they paint atmospheres, when they follow the pleasant conventions of schools and studios, it is reassuring to come upon a man who thinks largely and seriously on themes that deserve the thought, and whose prosperity in the unfolding of his sentiment, in that form we know as art, is due to a frank, unurged affection for nature, which such as he must always regard as the mask or symbol of spirit.





“DOWN ON THE LABRADOR”

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS

HOPEDALE, so charmingly named, is a dale of rocks in summer and of snow and ice in winter. It is on the coast of Labrador—"the land of Cain," as an old French voyager fittingly described it. From the desolate heights which half encircle the mission station one can see, far northward, beyond surge-worn islands of bare rock, the dark outlines of Cape Harrigan, with the white glare of the ice "loom" on the horizon even in midsummer. On this inhospitable coast—"down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundland fishermen say—the Moravian brotherhood has maintained mission stations for the Eskimo and the few scattered white settlers for nearly a hundred and thirty years.

THE WOLF-LIKE DOGS

Dogs are in the majority at Hopedale. There are over two hundred of them, to only a hundred and fifty "Huskies" (a term for Eskimos) and the three missionaries and their families. A few chickens, wild geese which the missionaries are attempting to tame, and two sheep, may be classed as transients. There were once goats, but they contracted rheumatism and pneumonia. It is even necessary to heat the chicken-coops in winter.

The dogs are often in a far greater majority than that indicated above. In summer the Huskies fish from the outlying rocks, taking their wives and children into camp with them, but usually leaving their dogs behind to shift for themselves. A dog's living among the Eskimos is miser-

able enough—small fish in winter, seal meat in spring, and whatever he can pick up in summer. At times the Hopedale dogs have become so ravenous that they have gnawed through the palings of the gate leading to the little garden, laboriously brought under cultivation by the missionaries, and have devoured an entire bed of cauliflowers. They also wander off to the rocky heights in search of blueberries. The hunger of dogs that will prey upon vegetables and berries may well be imagined.

The Husky dogs are at all times savage brutes. They will kill and devour a sick dog, and at times half a dozen of them will, as if by preconcerted action, fall upon a dog, tear it to pieces, and eat it. It is unsafe for children to go among them unprotected. So long as the child keeps its feet they will not attack it, for they are as cowardly as they are vicious; but let it fall, and they are at its throat. The missionaries have a strong, high inclosure in front of their dwelling, outside of which their children are never allowed to venture alone.

The dogs appear to be half-tamed wolves, and are so much like them in appearance that when, as sometimes happens, wolves stray into Hopedale, they would not be recognized as intruders did not the Eskimo know by sight both his own dogs and those belonging to the other members of the community. The worst feature of it is that nothing can be done to improve the condition of the dogs. The missionaries say that kind treatment makes lazy paupers of them, and that they fail when

they are harnessed to the *komitick*, or dog-sled, which in winter is the only mode of travel over the frozen waters and snow-buried rocks of Labrador. The puppies which the Husky children play with by harnessing them to miniature dog-sleds, and driving and abusing them, after the manner of their elders, develop into the best draft dogs. The dogs, being indispensable in winter, are necessary nuisances, not to say menaces. It is simply impossible, for instance, to keep cows at the stations. They would have to roam the rocky heights in search of the few patches of grass, and would fall easy prey to the savage brutes. Except for a small herd at one of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company where there happens to be some fertile soil, there is not believed to be a cow in Newfoundland Labrador.¹

THE MORAVIAN BROTHERHOOD

THE first effort to found a mission on Labrador was made by a Dutch sea captain, Christian Erhardt, a member of the Moravian brotherhood, who, in July, 1752, landed at Cape Ailik in the ship *Hope* and named the spot Hoffenthal (Hopedale). The attempt cost him his life, for he was murdered by the Eskimos. Nothing daunted by his fate, other Moravians visited the coast, and amicable relations with the Eskimos having been gradually established, a mission station was built at Nain in 1771. This was followed, in 1777, by Hopedale, seventy miles south of Nain and about thirty-five miles north of the first Hopedale at Cape Ailik. There are

now six Moravian mission stations on Labrador—Hopedale, the most southerly, Zoar, Nain, Okak, Hebron, and Rama. The last-named is not far from Cape Chudleigh, Hudson Bay. Snow falls there early in September, and the ice off the coast rarely begins to break up before the middle of July. Except for one dog-sled mail in winter and the brief visit from the mission ships in summer, the stations north of Nain are completely cut off from civilization. At Hebron the gales are so fierce that no buildings more than a story high can withstand them.

The Moravian brotherhood is emphatically a mission church, its work being directed from Herrenhut, Saxony. The mission on Labrador is supported by the "Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel" in London, but the missionaries are appointed by the authorities at Herrenhut. A trade with the Eskimos is carried on at the mission stations, provisions, clothing, guns, and ammunition being exchanged for furs, seal oil, and salt fish; and the profits go to reimburse as far as they will the S. F. G. This seems a queer mixture of business and religion, and has called forth considerable criticism. No one, however, dislikes it more than the missionaries themselves.

But, even with the trade, the mission is not self-supporting. It has been charged that, as the Eskimos are dependent upon the mission stores for their supplies, they are virtually held in slavery by the missionaries, and that the latter are as keen traders as they are preachers. But these charges originate with persons who are themselves anxious to establish trade with the Eskis-

¹ That portion of Labrador north of Blanc Sablon, on the Straits of Belle Isle, belongs to Newfoundland. The southerly portion, part of the province of Quebec, is popularly spoken of simply as "Canada."



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by T. Schussler

AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzer.

HOPEDALE

mos. As a matter of fact, the poor Huskies would starve were it not for the mission stations; for they are proverbially improvident. I was in one little Eskimo hut, perhaps ten by fifteen, the proprietor of which boasted six large kerosene lamps, and had hung cards of brass buttons on the walls as we would hang pictures. Lamps and buttons had been purchased of a trading schooner at very high rates, in exchange for the fur and fish the hunter had captured with great labor and no little danger, and this when he had no supply of provisions laid in for the winter. Had he applied to the mission store for such useless articles, he would have been dissuaded from buying them.

That branch of the United Elders' Conference of the Moravian Church which has special charge of mission work has under its supervision a school for the training of

missionaries and a school and home for missionaries' children. The latter is at Kleinwelcke, near Bautzen, Saxony, and thither, at the age of seven, the children from the mission stations are sent. Here they receive instruction until their sixteenth year, and after that they are assisted in pursuing any special study for which they have shown aptitude.

Missionaries remain in harness until they conscientiously feel that they have become too infirm to be of further service; they are then retired on a pension. Each set of stations has its superintendent, the head of the Labrador mission at Nain being also German consul. Most of the missionaries are Germans, though England is now contributing a few. The oldest missionary at each station is usually the *Haussvater*, and under him conferences are held in which the work is divided up among the "brothers." Much secular work falls to their share, for the stations are but lonely outposts. At Hopedale, for instance, one of the missionaries is in charge of the store, and also brews the light beer which is the only alcoholic beverage drunk at the station; and the missionary who officiates as principal of the Eskimo school is also the baker, and feeds the sheep and fowl. The wives take turn in cooking dinner and supper, which are "found" by the S. F. G.,

and are served at a common table. Breakfast, which the missionaries provide at their own expense, is partaken of in their own apartments.

"HAVE THEY PEACE OR WAR
IN EUROPE?"

THE *Harmony*, one of the mission ships, had left Hopedale with its cargo of fur, oil, and fish only a few days before I reached there. In firing a salute as it entered the harbor, the gun had gone off prematurely, and the arms of the Eskimo who was ramming had been blown off, several of his ribs had been broken, and he had been otherwise severely injured. Fortunately, the Newfoundland mail steamer, on which there is a physician, happened to be in port. Otherwise the unhappy Eskimo could not have received the slightest surgical aid until her arrival. Had the accident happened at any other time of the year—for the mail boat runs only in July, August, and September—it would have been impossible to secure surgical aid. Nothing could give a more impressive idea of the isolation of these mission stations and the utter helplessness, in grave emergencies, of those who dwell there. The first question put by the missionaries when the mail boat arrives on her

first trip is, "Have they peace or war in Europe?"

THE PARTING WITH CHILDREN

THE *Harmony* had not brought bad news to Hopedale, yet a certain sadness prevailed at the station. The good ship had sailed away, and with it had faded, as it were, the glimpse of home so rarely vouchsafed to these workers on this desolate coast. Not only this, but with its departure the time had arrived for one of the missionaries to send a little girl across the sea to the mission school, to part with her perhaps forever. A son, four years old, a bright little fellow, the life of the mission,—“Little Sunshine” every one in the mission house called him,—would, they knew, leave them in three years, and they spoke of that sad time with heavy hearts, but never, however, within his hearing. Before the separation, the parents make the parting easy for the *children* by telling them of the lovely spot to which they are going, and this while their own hearts are wrung with grief.

When the children, accustomed to the uncivilized surroundings of Labrador, reach England, they are of course strangely affected. Horses strike terror to their souls. When they see the show windows of the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by Wm. Miller

THE SHIP "HOPE" OFF LABRADOR, IN 1752



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

RAMA

London shops, they think Christmas is being celebrated within. One child, on seeing the pigs in the Zoo for the first time, exclaimed, "What huge mice!"

One of my Hopedale friends told me of an incident which well illustrates the length of time which often elapses before parents and children meet. A Labrador missionary, retired for age and infirmity, reached Herrenhut on a Sunday just at the church hour. Anxious to attend service, he made a hasty toilet and reached church in time for the sermon. It was preached by a young man whose eloquence so moved the old missionary that he lingered after service to thank the preacher. On stepping up to him and asking his name, he was surprised to hear his own given in reply. He had been listening to his own son.

"We have just buried our second baby," one of the Hopedale missionaries said to me sadly during my stay there. But it seemed to me that even had the children lived it would have been only a postponement of the inevitable parting. To watch a child develop through the sweet helplessness of babyhood; to see its lips pursed for its first lisp; to note its pretty ways; to

feel its soft, round little hand upon your cheek; to guard its growth in strength and grace, and then, when this precious life has entwined itself around your whole being, to be yourself the one who tears the tendrils from your heart—what greater sacrifice can be demanded of a parent? But why, it may be asked, should this sacrifice be made? Cannot children be properly brought up at the mission? It is a difficult question to answer, a problem one can solve only by never becoming a Moravian missionary. "Sie würden verkommen" ("They would go to seed"), one of the missionaries said to me. They would grow up among surroundings more Eskimo than European. Stunted in intellectual growth, the children of the Moravian missions would not be able, as they are now, to follow in the footsteps of their parents, and preach the gospel at those lonely outposts of civilization.

MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE

THE missionary, when he is sent out to Labrador, is unmarried. He serves three years on probation. If he is then willing to remain, and desires to marry, he sends

word to Herrenhut, and next year the *Harmony* brings out a bride selected for him by the home authorities as a suitable companion in exile. Does this arrangement prove satisfactory? Well, I saw at Hopedale the grave of a missionary, and alongside of it the graves of his three wives. I also saw hastily jotted down by the wife of the missionary in charge of the school a schedule of the lessons and of the division of time between her husband and Titus, his Eskimo assistant. It began:

Titus . . . Katechismus . . . 10 Minuten	Schatz . . . " . . . 15 "
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Schatz is German for sweetheart, and this loving wife had in her haste used Schatz instead of her husband's name. This scrap of paper seems convincing, and to me, as the bleak surroundings of Hopedale rise up in my memory, very touching evidence of domestic happiness.

The home authorities usually select as wives for the missionaries daughters of missionaries who have been reared under the eyes of the church. One of my Hopedale friends is married to the daughter of a missionary who was twenty-two years at Nain. He himself was at Nain before his transfer to Hopedale, and at Nain his affianced disembarked to pass her honeymoon in the very apartments in which she had been born and in which she had lived until, at seven years of age, she was sent abroad. One Labrador missionary was born in Greenland, his wife at one of the India mission stations. Another couple is equally cosmopolitan. The wife's grandfather was born a missionary on Labrador; she, the daughter as well as the granddaughter of a missionary, was born in Africa, and her husband, the son of a missionary, on the Mosquito Coast.

HOPEDALE

THE mission buildings at Hopedale are unpretentious frame structures—a dwelling, a church with a small cupola, the store, a few sheds, and, on the rocky elevation, a powder-house. In the front inclosure are small flower-beds and a small hothouse; in the rear are several vegetable gardens. Soil was gathered from spaces among the rocks until enough was collected for garden purposes. The plants must be treated with extreme care—brought to a certain point of development in the hothouse, and set out at the beginning of the

brief warm season, which lasts from the middle of July until September. This truly German patience is usually rewarded with a varied supply of fresh vegetables, an almost unheard of luxury at other points on Labrador; and it is doubtful if flower-beds are to be found anywhere in this whole great territory but at the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

HEBRON IN SUMMER

mission stations. The rooms in the mission house are comfortably furnished. In one sitting-room is a piano, the wife of the missionary who occupies the apartment being a capital pianist. "But," she said, "I grow weary hearing only myself play." She asked eagerly about Rubinstein, Joachim, and other famous musicians.

Pictures of the Hohenzollern emperors, Bismarck, and Moltke are conspicuous on the walls of the mission house, and one of the rugged heights about Hopedale has been named Wilhelm's Berg, in honor of William I.

I was lucky enough to arrive at Hopedale on a Sunday which was also a festival day of the church, so that all the Huskies had come in from their fishing camps to attend services. The Eskimos have a remarkably accurate ear for music, and



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FIRST QUESTION

music forms an important feature of the worship at the Labrador missions. The Huskies sing absolutely in tune, but, it must be admitted, without much expression and with an almost uniformly maintained volume of tone. Characteristic music of their own they have none. The church at Hopedale is plainly furnished.

The men and boys and the women and girls occupy separate seats. The choir is Eskimo, an Eskimo plays the organ, and, at the service I attended, three violins, a violoncello, and a clarinet were played by Eskimos, the entire service being conducted in the Eskimo language. There was much singing during the service both with and without accompaniment, the choir alternating with the congregation, and at times the male with the female voices. The singing was noticeably true and noticeably loud. The Bible, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book, all in the Eskimo language, were used during the service, and I was interested in following the Eskimo translation of several of our familiar hymns.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

struck me as being most appropriate; for

the Moravian missions actually extend from the frozen regions of the north to the coral strands of the tropics. The translation read:

"Karakit Kakkaniginit
India tikilugo."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus" became

"Terlingnar tomedlune
Jesub sagvingane;"

and "Ho! my comrades, see the signal!"

"Songotitse, kaidlaruma
Jesus niplerpok,
Nalegak, angerpaptigit
Songotittigut!"

The missionaries tell me that the Eskimos are a most conceited race, and that their own opinion of their musical gifts is very high. The first time the missionary's wife of whom I have spoken played on the piano for them, they exclaimed, "She plays almost as well as we." This conceit of the Eskimos makes the missionaries' task very difficult. What can a teacher accomplish when his pupils think they

know more than he? The Eskimos do not even attempt to argue, but simply shrug their shoulders and say with a supercilious smile, "That may be so in your opinion, but—" And so, in spite of nearly a hundred and thirty years of religious training, many of them are still only quasi-Christians, and the traveler may still pick up curious bits of heathen folk-lore among them.

The missionaries have, however, undoubtedly wrought wonders; for to them is due every advance toward civilization made in this howling wilderness. The Huskies have been taught cleanliness to a certain degree. The soap trade at the mission store may not be very brisk, but the interiors of the Eskimo huts are, as a rule, neat, though the exteriors of the Eskimos themselves are not. There is a growing tendency toward European cut of clothing, disappointing to a visitor, yet indicating a closer approach to civilization. I saw, however, plenty of Eskimos in their characteristic summer costume, cut in the same way as their sealskin garments, but made of cloth, the women, as in winter, wearing trousers and sporting a coat-tail—the longer the tail, the higher the wearer's social standing. A widow whose coat-tail almost swept the ground, it was plain to be seen, was a leader in the Eskimo society at Hopedale.

It may be imagined that the missionary in charge of the Eskimo school has no easy task. The children, like their elders, are easily satisfied. They learn to read and write, but are very slow in mathematics and geography. An incident shows how easily they will catch a phrase without, however, at all grasping its meaning. The teacher had occasion to rebuke a child for misbehaving.

"Why do you act this way?" he asked. "Why do you disturb the whole school by your misbehavior?"

"For Jesus' sake," was the reply.

In winter the missionaries have talks for both old and young. Stanley's discoveries in Africa formed the subject of one series. In another the life of a European sovereign was described. When they had been told of the palace and the gay life at court, they were asked, "What do you suppose these people have to eat?"

"Erngautajak!" ("Molasses!") was the general shout, molasses being the great-

est luxury known to the Eskimos. Poor Husky! Many a time, when storm-bound on winter hunting expedition, he is reduced to eating his skin boots.

I cannot help thinking that if the missionaries were as adept in sportsmanship as they are in theology, their influence over their strange charges would be greater. The Moravians are neither hunters nor fishermen, and the Eskimos, feeling themselves superior to their teachers in sportsmanship, are perhaps the more loath to concede the latter's superiority in other respects. Hopedale is the kind of community where a little muscular Christianity would go a great way. The missionaries are charmingly simple, kind-hearted, and hospitable, and, when it comes to journeying in midwinter over miles of frozen, wind-swept bays to carry the gospel to the widely scattered white settlers, positively heroic; and yet I am sure that if they could bring down their curlew, harpoon their seal, or hook their cod, the Eskimos would more readily follow their spiritual advice.

WINTER TRIPS

ALONG the coast from Hopedale south to Cape Harrison, seventy miles in a straight line, but several hundred miles if the indentations of the shore are followed, are a few scattered huts of white settlers, some hundred and fifty souls in all. The missionaries make a point of ministering to these lonely exiles, and in winter one of the Moravians makes a trip by komitick, visiting the settlers, holding a service at each house, and devoting a few hours to instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Perhaps one of the older members of the settler's family will grasp a few rudiments even in this brief time, and will continue the instruction, until, with the missionary's visit from year to year, the family will become a little nucleus of knowledge—a light flickering through the darkness of this dreary land. Often settlers living several days' journey inland will travel all the way to some hut on the coast, in order not to miss the Moravian's visit. It is the only link which binds them to civilization.

These winter trips involve many hardships. The wind sweeps down upon the travelers over this icy desert, the air is thick with snow. On the dogs hurry. The



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone Date engraved by Peter Atkes

A MISSIONARY'S WINTER TRIP

Burns

driver now leaves all to them. He can barely see the leader through the storm. Suddenly she throws her head high in the air, and with a sweep changes the course in a bold curve shoreward, and in a few minutes lands the komitick at a settler's hut. The smoke, which she had sniffed several miles to leeward, is her guide. Sometimes, however, the sudden scramble for shore will mean a race with death. Then the Eskimo and the missionary will feel the ice moving beneath them, will hear loud reports like the rattling of musketry, and, looking back, will see the ice heaving in great billows, and will reach shore only just in time to escape the break-up, which means certain death to all caught in it.

Often the komitick becomes snowbound far from any settlement. It is then necessary to carve out blocks of snow with the huge knife the Eskimo carries for that purpose, and build a snow-house in which to weather the storm. Provisions are unpacked from the komitick, and, when the simple meal has been prepared, the Moravian, raising his voice above the elements, chants the grace before meat:

"Herr Gott Jesu, sei unser Gast;
Segne was Du uns bescheeret hast!"
("Lord Jesus Christ, our guest now be;
Bless what we have received of Thee!")

and so, through the raging storm, that peace which "passeth all understanding" enters the little snow-hut.

Almost every trip the Labrador mail-boat brings shipwrecked crews to Battle Harbor. She had two when we boarded her, and we picked up another at Turnavik; but for a century and a quarter the mission ships have reached the Labrador stations in safety. Whoever knows the dangerous character of this wreck-strewn coast will be almost persuaded that there has been a Higher Hand than the master's at the wheel. Every summer they weigh anchor in the Thames, to bring news of home and friends to the lonely mission stations. "And so," in the words of the old-time bills of lading, "God send the good ships in safety to their destined port"—down on the Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL'S WORK

Of late years another noble mission has done incalculable good along the coast

of Labrador—in fact, from the "French shore" of Newfoundland to Cape Chidleigh. When I was cruising along this coast, I met a young English physician who, having learned that the Labrador fishermen had no one to depend upon for intelligent help when ill or injured save the physician on the mail-boat during its few trips, had secured a schooner and fitted it up as a hospital ship, sailing in it from place to place, and relieving much suffering both among the floating fishermen and the settlers. I went aboard the schooner, and was much struck with both the enthusiasm and the practical common sense of the originator of this admirable plan of relief in these desolate waters, and with the extreme neatness and system which prevailed on his vessel. The physician was Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose name has been made familiar through Mr Norman Duncan's book, "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," and when I saw him he was laying the foundation of a work which deserves to rank among the most important practical philanthropies of our time.

The establishment now embraces a hospital steamer, the *Strathcona*, two launches, three hospitals on shore, a lumber mill, a series of co-operative stores, an industrial school, and a home for derelict children. The hospitals are at White Bay (on the French shore) and at Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor on the coast of Labrador. Two of these hospitals remain open during the long winter, and afford relief over a long stretch of sparsely settled, ice-bound territory, where previously there was no expert medical or surgical attendance possible in case of sickness or accident. At Dr. Grenfell's suggestion, trails have been blazed for hundreds of miles between settlements, and in winter he and his two assistants travel over these to spots which before his advent were completely isolated and cut off from all aid for months, while along the coasts relief trips are undertaken over the frozen sea on dog-sleds. This active, enthusiastic humanitarian has also been vested with magisterial functions. He settles disputes, smooths over enmities of long standing, officiates at marriages and funerals. No one who is not aware of the desolation which prevails on these lonely shores can form an idea of what his ministrations mean to the fishermen and to the settlers.



PHILIPPUS



LEA



BENIGMA



A SOCIAL LEADER
AT HOPEDALE



JONAS, THE ORGANIST
AT HOPEDALE



KATHARINE AND TITUS



ESKIMO BOY



"THE GLADIATORS"

BY DOROTHÉA DEAKIN



HEY 'VE come up from the Midlands, taking every thing before them, and they 've got such jolly swelled heads by this time that they think themselves invincible."

"Who?" said I, dreamily. I was not a footballer, and I happened at the moment—inconsiderately, no doubt—to be thinking of other things.

"Why, these puffed-up Gladiators," Georgie explained indignantly. "Conceited brutes!"

"Can't you beat them?" I asked.

Georgie stood up, with his back to the fire, and his candid brow wrinkled to a frown.

"That 's the devil of it," said he, sadly; "we 've no team just now. Craig 's in Germany, at his beastly chemistry, and Cockram 's had his head bashed in. The town 's never had a weaker set of backs, and the forwards—well! Two of 'em funk'd last week against that Yorkshire club. They 're not reliable, Martin, and I can't spread myself all over the field at once. They 'll just wipe the ground with us."

"You had such a strong team at Christmas," said I, trying to show a friendly interest I was far from feeling.

Georgie flung himself moodily into a chair and stroked his close-cropped hair.

"We had the Linnet then, you see," said he, quietly.

"And what 's become of him now?"

His blue eyes clouded.

"Did n't you know? Poor devil went off his chump. His father 's a Manchester

shipper, and he sent the Linnet out to South America to sell rags for his beastly firm. He had fever twice in Ecuador, and then got a touch of sun in Chile. He seemed all right at first, but after a bit he got a nasty kick on the head and began to get dangerous. He laid out a Wesleyan minister at Chester station. The parson had a brown box, and poor Jimmy thought he was the muleteer he had had in the Andes, and accused him of stealing his sample trunks. They locked him up after that."

"Poor chap!" said I.

"Yes," said Georgie, sadly. "He was a good sort. We had no end of a time together before he took that cursed trip. There was a football tour in the Midlands—" He stopped to smile to himself, at some utterly disgraceful memory, no doubt. "The last time I saw him," he said slowly, "he was standing in the High street without his coat,—December, you know, and beastly cold,—asking a policeman to put him on a car for Valparaiso."

"Is he shut up?" I asked.

Georgie flushed.

"Yes; a beastly shame, too. He 's in a kind of private asylum,—Gaythorpes Hall they call it,—and he got no exercise at all till his father made a fuss. They 've got a covered asphalt tennis-court now, but he was always too much of a sportsman to tootle about at tennis with a lot of girls. Might as well have given him a battledore or a hoop. Martin, that chap was the finest tackler I 've ever seen, and as for his fielding! If he 'd been all right, we could have made a jolly good

stand against these beggars, even if they licked us. As it is—”

He groaned, and words failed him.

“I’d rather cancel the match,” said he, earnestly. “After our record! We shall lose by at least thirty points. But the other chaps are as keen as they can be. They’ve too much blooming self-confidence. ‘Fight a good fight for the honor of the town’ sort of idea, don’t you know. There’s too much bally *esprit de corps* about our club, and I can’t make ‘em realize what a thundering good licking we’re going to get.”

“That kind of spirit goes a long way toward victory, does n’t it?” I asked mildly. “I thought you yourself—”

Georgie moved impatiently.

“My kind’s different,” said he, quickly. “It’s a higher sort. Mine makes me sick to think of the way they’re going to wipe the ground with us. There’s *esprit de corps* and *esprit de corps*! And I’ve got the sense to know when we’re out-classed. The score will play old Harry with our season’s record.”

“I see.”

“And it’ll discourage the new members. There are some very promising chaps coming on for next season, and it damps off beginners like anything to be badly beaten—discourages ‘em like old boots. I’d give a good deal to see Jimmy’s old mug among us on Saturday.”

“Is he too bad to play?” I asked incautiously.

Georgie brought his tilting chair down with a crash, and stared at me.

“By Jove!” said he.

“Of course he is,” I cried hastily. “I was n’t thinking of what I was saying. Poor boy—it is a pity!”

Georgie’s thoughtful look made me uneasy.

“Can’t you get any one down to play for you?” I asked, hastily changing the subject. “Why not write to—”

“Do you suppose they guard ‘em very carefully in those places,” he asked slowly.

“Naturally,” said I. “He will be under constant supervision.”

“I suppose one could n’t get him out by bashing a warder, or chucking a rope-ladder up to his window?” he asked eagerly.

I grew seriously alarmed.

“Georgie, don’t think of such an in-

sane thing. If the poor lad is violent, it would be most wrong to attempt to get him out, and grossly unfair to the authorities. Besides, I don’t for a minute suppose you could do it. You don’t even know that he would come.” This again was very unwise of me. I ought to have known better than to dare Georgie to anything.

“Ah,” said Georgie, “that’s where you slip up. It would be a giddy lark to try, if it was nothing else; and if you think the Linnet would n’t jump at the chance of playing in a ripping good match again, you’re jolly well mistaken.”

“Look here, Georgie—” I began anxiously. But he interrupted me.

“It would be rather a good plan to go and visit him,—just you and me,—and perhaps you could even manage it by exchanging clothes with him. Make up to look sandy, don’t you know. You need only stay there till the match was over, and it would n’t matter what they said about it afterward. What do you think?”

I was horror-struck.

“I think,” said I, firmly, “that your own brain is going, and that you had better join him in his padded cell. That’s what I think.”

“But just look at it in a reasonable light,” murmured he. “People have done much more unpleasant things than that for their countries and relatives and things. Surely you can do a little unselfish thing like this for the credit of the town. A real sportsman would jump at the chance. I’d do it myself if I was n’t wanted so badly on the field.”

“I dare say,” said I, calmly; “and I never pretended to be a sportsman. To begin with, such a disguise would n’t deceive an infant. Linwood is a good four inches taller than I am and broad in proportion. His eyes are light, and mine dark. You must be mad.”

“You would n’t have called it mad if you’d suggested it yourself,” said he, shortly. “You don’t like any one else to have brilliant ideas. I’ve noticed that before.”

I gasped. When I am away from Georgie, I often wonder why it is that we tolerate his rudeness at all. His personal charm must be pretty strong to make us pass over these candid speeches of his. No one can excuse him on the

ground of not meaning them, for he is essentially single-minded. At the moment Georgie means literally everything, he says.

“When you came in,” I said coldly, “I was up to the eyes in a most important chapter of ‘The Lost Columbine.’ If you have nothing more to say, suppose you leave me to it.”

Indeed, all through his discontented talk, I was thinking of that crowning piece of delicate, poetical word-painting. Even as he broke in, the dryad was finding my Columbine crying in the wood over the fallen statue of the little stone Cupid. Half-hidden in the long, dank grass, it had that moment caught her eye. She had taken it to her heart, and the dryad, hearing her sobs, was coming toward her through the beech-trees.

My heart, too, was in the beech-woods, and for Georgie to come blithering about his football woes at such a moment was—oh, infernal. And all my polite attention was to be repaid with insult.

“Get out, Georgie,” said I; “and, for Heaven’s sake, let me do my work!”

“Any one would think you’d be glad to be cheered up, and have your mind taken away from your beastly old book,” he said, as he took himself off.

The next day but one, however, he came again, and this time wildly exultant.

“A determined, strong-willed chap can do anything in the world, if he makes up his mind and goes straight for what he wants.”

“Very often,” said I, mildly. “What have you done?”

“What I meant to do,” said Georgie. “Your discouragement was all I wanted to buck up to the point. There’s nothing like a little cold water to pull one together, if one feels slack, and for the real genuine article, straight from the crystal spring, I’ve only got to come to you. There’s never any reflection for the want of it here.”

“Did you throw a rope-ladder up through the asylum window?” I asked with some interest. “Did you send a note in to him hidden in a loaf of bread? Or a file in the golden heart of a pat of butter? Is he going to tear up the bedclothes and let himself down from the window, or shall you burn the house to the ground

and trust to his escaping in the agitation of the moment and the smoke from the smoldering rafters?”

“Go it.” Georgie tilted back my oak chair (a habit I loathe) and lighted a pipe. He had taken a dislike to cigarettes lately, and pipes had come in for him as his elaborate waistcoats went out. “When you’ve finished scintillating, I’ll tell you all about it. You’re too funny to live this morning.”

“What have you done?” I asked meekly. I could see Drusilla through the window, putting Matthew Arnold, all scarlet cloth and brown fur, into the mail-cart, and I wanted to go out with them and see if the frost was likely to hold. I did not share Georgie’s anxiety as to the fitness of the ground. “What have you done?” I asked.

“Yesterday,” Georgie said, “I went to Gaythorpes to see the Linnet. I got a pass from his father and went boldly in to see him. He’s as sane as I am.”

“Impossible,” said I, gravely.

“You need n’t hint things.” He flushed. “He’s as sane as you, if you like it better, and he’s simply dying for a game. His piffling asphalt tennis and badminton have kept him in form lately, and he thinks he’s in a convalescent home for his liver. He says most of the other chaps are inebriates—see things, don’t you know; and his fancying that was the only queer thing about him. The doctor’s a jolly, hearty old beggar, and the assistant is quite a decent chap. He’s the man who keeps up the athletics in the place, and he played for Guy’s when he was walking the hospitals. He’s no end of a sportsman. It’s a fine old place, kept up just like an ordinary country house, and they’ve a ripping little stage in the recreation-room. I don’t believe the poor devils have half a bad time. I did n’t care for the matron—thought she had shifty eyes, don’t you know; but I don’t suppose that’s her fault. It must be awfully difficult to look straightforward when you’re always on the watch and expecting the patients to give you the slip.

“Linwood looked splendidly well. He seemed as jolly as anything. The first thing he did was to ask me about the club. Wanted to know who was playing center now, and I told him we’d never

had a man who was worth his salt since he went away. He *was* pleased. I was jolly glad I'd gone when I saw how it cheered him up to know what a lot of rotters we'd had for backs lately."

"Too much blooming esprit de corps," I repeated dreamily.

Georgie flushed.

"Poor chap, you can't expect him to be sorry he's missed," said he; "he's only human, after all. And we shall never have a center three-quarter in the town to touch him. I told him about the Gladiators, and you should have seen his eyes blaze. He said he'd give everything he'd got to come over for the afternoon and help us to give them beans."

"Poor lad!" said I, compassionately. "I wonder if he will ever be quite well again."

"He's well now," Georgie said doggedly. "And even if he is n't, I've a theory about him."

"Well?" said I, doubtfully, for I had little faith in Georgie's theories.

"You know they said that it was a kick on the head which turned him silly in the first place, and it seems to me that if he had the luck to play in a match and get kicked again in the same place, it might make him quite well again. What do you think?"

"I think it's a wild improbability," said I, slowly.

"Well," Georgie went on, "it was the junior doctor who was with us when we were talking, and he got quite keen about the match. He said he would persuade the head doctor to let him bring the Linnet over on Saturday, and that if everything—his health and so on—seemed favorable, he would let him play. He said he felt quite strongly how much the honor of the town was at stake; said that he knew one of the Gladiators personally—a blithering ass who was at Guy's with him, and he thought nothing would ever give him such pure, unadulterated pleasure as to see the starch thoroughly taken out of him. He's no end of a sportsman."

"He must be," I said meekly. "Of course he knows his business, but it seems to me a bit risky. Suppose Linwood gets one of his violent fits on the ground? Suppose—"

"Oh, you're an old woman." Georgie went home in disgust.

I could n't help feeling that under the circumstances Linwood was more likely to lose the game for them than to win it, but I went wisely back to my "Lost Columbine" and forgot him.

ON Sunday morning, when Drusilla was in church and I was left alone with Matthew Arnold rampant and much starched on my Vicuna rug, Georgie plunged in, and at the sight of his face I remembered the match and guessed the result.

"Come here, old Muffin-face." He picked the boy up, and collapsed with him into the most comfortable chair in the room.

"You've come to tell me all about it," I said patiently. Indeed, I was really pleased to see him then, and to feel that the responsibility of Matthew Arnold would now be divided. "Did the Gladiators turn up?" I asked in a tone of friendly interest.

Georgie carefully took his pocket-knife away from his young friend and laughed.

"I should think they jolly well did," said he. "My hat! Martin, you should have seen 'em stripped. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh on one of 'em. They *were* a hefty lot. Directly I saw 'em, I guessed we should have a sultry time. And we did."

"Linwood did n't turn up, of course?" said I.

Georgie laughed.

"That's where you slip up," said he, quietly.

"What! was he there?" I really was surprised.

"He was very much there. The doctor was there, too. He *is* a decent chap. Said he'd brought his bag with him in case any of our fellows cried off. Said he wanted to meet Gummery on the field of battle once more, for the sake of old times. Gummery was the Guy's man, and he was playing full-back for the visitors. He was the leanest beggar I ever saw, and directly the Linnet came into the pavilion he edged up to him and began to talk. The poor devil seemed to fascinate him, and I'm sure I don't know why, for he looked just like any one else. Kept on asking him rotten questions. You'd have thought he was madder than Linwood. I tried to keep him off, but it

was no go. And then the Linnet began to get angry and lie to him. I'd have done the same myself. Beastly cheek! Fancy asking a chap when he was dressing for an important match if he was fond of music!"

Georgie ruffled Matthew Arnold's hair indignantly. I laughed.

"I should think it was unusual," said I. "How did Linwood take it?"

Georgie smiled.

"Played up like a good un. Said he was—passionately, and told him the triangle was his favorite instrument. You'd have thought that would shut him up; but the fool went on, and asked him next what he did to keep so fit. The Linnet eyed him over, and his eyes began to glitter. Then he told him a whole lot of utter rot. Said he lived the simple life, and went out at three every morning for a dew-bath. Said he made a point of eating nothing but grape nuts and bananas, and that he always wore sandals and celluloid shirts in warm weather. Gummery was quiet then for a bit, but I could see he kept on watching. I never was in such a state of horrible suspense in my life. I can tell you I was jolly glad when we got out of the pavilion on to the field."

"About the match," said I, gently urging him to the point.

"It was a curious game." Georgie chuckled at the memory. "But the anxiety was so awful that I could n't enjoy it. We won the toss, and played with a slight wind. The Gladiators had a big Cambridge forward, and he led off with a fine kick right over to Linwood. It was like my luck. He mulled the catch, and let the beastly ball bounce from his chest bang on to the toes of their pack. It was awful. I dived for it, but I knew at once that I'd misjudged the distance. Their forwards got there before me—kicked it past me, and were arguing about who'd scored the try before I knew where I was.

"Our captain—Rogers, you know—looked at that wretched Linnet; but I'm glad to think he did n't say what he was going to when he saw the agony in the poor chap's face. They had scored right under the post! And as if that was n't bad enough, Linwood charged at the ball before it touched the ground for the place

kick. I suppose he was trying to make up for his first mistake, but I wish he'd left it alone, because they appealed for 'no charge' then, got it, and Ernhill, the big forward, kicked a goal. We were five points down after one minute's play. Looked healthy for us, did n't it?"

"It did, rather," said I, pulling myself together. I had followed his account with some difficulty.

"Well, we kicked off, and things were pretty even till half-time. There was no more scoring. Linwood did n't make any serious blunders, but he was as nervous as a hen, and his one idea was to get rid of the ball as soon as he got it. Our chaps were in the secret, of course, and most of 'em pretty anxious about him, though they had n't the responsibility I had. I was watching him when I ought to have been thinking of the game, and all at once I noticed that his eyes were getting wilder. The Gladiators began to suspect that there was something queer about him. One of their halves was a giddy humorist. I saw him touch his head and say, 'Give me a ha'penny; I'm soft.' I was wild. I told him if he'd come round afterward and remind me, I'd punch his silly head for him."

"And did he?" I asked, with interest.

"Yes," said Georgie, earnestly. "And I did it, too. He was too funny to live. There won't be so much sparkling wit sticking out all over him in his next match."

"I can well believe it," said I. "Go on with your story. What happened in the second half?"

"A good deal," said Georgie, thoughtfully. "It started much the same as the first, though only this time it was the return from our kick off that Linwood mulled. I can tell you, I did wish then that I'd never thought of putting him on. I was in a blue funk the whole time. But I need n't have worried. He recovered himself finely—made a ripping save by chucking himself on the ball at their feet, just as it was on our line."

"That was first rate," said I, encouragingly, though I knew no more than Adam what had happened. "I am glad the poor lad did something decent."

"It was n't so jolly decent for him," Georgie said gloomily. "He got a beastly kick on the head for his trouble. Sort of

thing you might expect from those rotten Gladiators."

"Was it very serious?" I asked.

His face fell still lower.

"I should think it jolly well was. It was so serious that it sent him stark, staring off his chump. I saw that at once, and tried to coax him off the field quietly. The other chaps would n't have known anything more than that he'd had a bad cut."

"He would n't go, then?"

"Go? Not he. He looked me up and down and smiled. Sort of smile that makes you feel cold water down your back, and then he said something absurd about 'the cold gray dawn of the morning after.' I knew he could n't make more of a fool of himself than he had done, so I said no more and let it rip. There was a scrum the next minute on our line, and our forwards got possession and heeled it out—against instructions, of course. Our half, Powell, was picking up the ball when the Linnet rushed up, bashed him in the jaw with the flat of his hand, seized the ball, handed off the visitors' half in his old festive way, feinted to pass to his wing, doubled in, beating the center, was threatened by their fullback, and then passed to Wood, his wing man. My hat!" He stopped for breath.

"Well?" said I, concealing gracefully how very Greek this all was to me.

"Well, you know what Wood is. He can do his hundred yards in a fifth of a second outside even time, and none of the Gladiators could touch him. He had a clear run in of three quarters the length of the field and scored under the posts. I simply could n't help kicking the goal after that; but those beggars scored far out from a forward rush and made the score eight points to our five."

I felt that I could n't bear much more of this.

"Georgie," said I, "suppose you cut the technicalities and tell me what happened."

Georgie glanced at me contemptuously. "You're not much of a sportsman," said he. "I hope you'll bring this poor little chap up to be more manly in his tastes. Why did you pretend that you were so interested if you were n't?"

"Go on about the Linnet," said I, wearily.

Georgie laughed.

"You should have seen him," said he. "He played like a man possessed after that. Ran regularly Berserk, don't you know. He could n't do wrong. His tackling and kicking were a dream, but somehow we could n't score. Time after time our men were held up on the line. I was in a fever because time was nearly up, when from a scrum just in their half Powell got possession and passed to Linwood. I thought he'd try to break through again, but he did n't. He had a wild drop at goal, and the ball just dropped over the bar. It was an awful moment for us, but it did the trick."

"Why?" said I, innocently.

"Put us a point ahead." Georgie eyed me compassionately. "Linwood gave a howl when he saw what he'd done, and rushed off to the pavilion. He'd won the match for us, that's all. There was no more scoring after that. By Jove, I am glad to think, we got the better of those Gladiators! It's taken 'em down a peg, I can tell you. They'll sing a jolly sight smaller for their next few matches, I'll bet my boots. I only wish I dared tell 'em they'd been beaten by a lunatic. But I should n't be surprised, now I come to think of it, if they guessed. There was that ass Gummery."

"How did you find the Linnet when you went to dress?" I asked with some curiosity.

Georgie's face fell.

"We did n't find him. When we reached the pavilion we could n't get in. Chap held the door with benches and tables and things. We heard a rustling and clinking and scuffling and some one breathing hard inside, but we could n't get in. We were afraid of smashing the door at first, but after a bit we got mad and went for it. It gave quite suddenly, and Gummery went in head first and nearly broke his silly neck over my bag. You'd have laughed if you'd seen that dressing-room, Martin." He chuckled at the memory.

"What was he doing?" said I.

Georgie laughed.

"He was n't doing anything. He was n't there. But he'd left us something to remember him by before he went."



Drawn by C. F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE 'D TURNED OUT OUR POCKETS"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he'd had a giddy little game of Tom Tiddler's Ground," Georgie said. "You never saw such a mess. He'd turned out our pockets, piled all our watches in a heap in the middle of the floor, strewed the money in a tasty circle round 'em, stuck the scarf-pins in a chunk of soap, and chucked the match-boxes and cigarette-cases into Gummery's bag. He'd left his own clothes as a legacy, but he'd not gone without. He'd borrowed a vest from one chap, trousers from another, and socks from me. He'd taken a new tweed suit from some one else, and the two teams spent a couple of happy hours sorting their jewelry with sulphurous language, and shivering with cold. The worst of it is, that those cursed Gladiators can't find all their precious heirlooms, and I shall have to make it good. In common decency I must do that. But I don't believe the Linnet's a kleptomaniac, anyhow."

"What had become of the Linnet?" I asked again.

Georgie looked uneasy.

"The window at the back was open," he said. "I hope to goodness he is n't any worse for the game. I went out while they were grabbing at their paltry property and looked about for him. The groundsman came up to me at last. Silly fool! 'It's not my fault, sir.' Georgie was an admirable mimic. 'He bounced out o' that there little winder as hagile and hactive as a leapin' roe. I could n't 'a' stopped 'im. You could n't 'a' stopped 'im. No one livin' could n't 'a' stopped 'im. Not Sandow could n't, nor Hackenschmidt, neither. I could n't 'elp—'"

"I told him to stop jawing," Georgie finished, "and asked him where he was now. Chap sniggered and said: 'Is friends 'as been an' took 'im home, sir!'"

"And had they?" I asked.

Georgie sighed.

"Yes. The doctor and a warder chap were waiting and caught him on the rebound, as it were. I think, on the whole, it was time."

"It does rather seem to have been," said I, thoughtfully.



LEAVE-TAKING OF A HAPPY DAY

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

FRAIL as are the wings that grace
Thistledown or butterfly,
Frail as mist of artful lace
Beauty wore in time gone by,
(Hardly to be fingered) lo,
Joy-in-Life is even so.
Stay it never: bid it go,
Ere it wholly die.

Over the far stile of death,
Past the ferry gleaming nigh,
Every sweet that wandereth
Would be sped without a sigh,
Sped in peace from me and you.
To things lovely love is due:
Well shall we, if we be true,
Aid them all to die.

Wild brook 'neath the parting sun,
Trellis-roses of the sky,
Pure accord of hearts in one,
Take a blessing; take Good-by.
Glories to Thy glory pass,
Lord of spirits and of grass!
Triune Life which ever was,
Drink them as they die!

A RELIGION NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

THE SO-CALLED PERSIAN FIRE-WORSHIPERS OF YEZD

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

PROFESSOR OF INDO-IRANIAN LANGUAGES, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Author of "Zoroaster" and of "Persia, Past and Present"

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

[IN a recent number of the THE CENTURY (September, 1904,) was described the present condition of an ancient and little known church, the Coptic. In the following article, a religion nearly a thousand years older than Christianity and a religious communion some fifteen hundred years more ancient than the Coptic monasteries are described by Prof. Jackson of Columbia, whose enthusiastic Oriental studies have carried him among strange peoples in distant and out-of-the-way places of the earth.—EDITOR.]

HE Persian city of Yezd, situated amid a sea of sand that threatens ever to engulf it, is a symbolic home for the small band of Zoroastrians who survived the tidal wave of Moslem invasion and conversion that swept over Iran twelve hundred years ago. Menaced by Mohammedan persecution, often in danger from the storms of fanaticism surging about them, buoyed up by the hope characteristic of their faith, this isolated religious community has managed to keep alive the sacred flame of Ormazd and preserve their worship according to the ancient creed of Persia, the faith that prevailed prior to the rise of Islam.

When the Arab hosts unfurled the green banner and swept over Persia with cry of Allah, shout of Mohammed, proclamation of the Koran, fire, sword, slaughter, banishment, or enforced conversion, a mighty change came over the land. The battlegrounds of Kadisiya and Nihavand decided not Iran's fate alone, but Iran's faith. The great god Ahura Mazda, his priest Zarathushtra, or Zoro-

aster, and the sacred book of the Avesta, almost ceased to be. The temple consecrated to fire became a sacrifice to its own flames, and the faint echo of the dying Magian's voice was drowned by the call of the Mullah to pray in the new minaretted mosque.

The Moslem creed, in a way, was easy for Persia to accept. Mohammed himself had adopted articles from the old Zoroastrian faith to unite with Jewish and Christian tenets in making up his religion. Under the influence of force or show of reason the Persian could be led to exchange Ormazd for Allah, to acknowledge Mohammed as the true prophet of latter days instead of Zoroaster, and to pray from the Koran as the inspired word of God that supplanted the Avesta. The conqueror's sword inscribed with holy texts in arabesques contributed its share, no doubt, to making all this possible. But many a stubborn Gabar refused to give up his belief and sealed his faith with his blood. A few sought safety through exile in India and became the ancestors of the modern Parsis of Bombay. The scanty

remnant that escaped the perils of the times, saved by the shelter of mountain retreat or desert wild, lived on to tell the tale and join with their Parsi brethren in bearing witness in after ages to this once powerful faith.

Zoroaster, the prophet of ancient Iran arose about the middle of the seventh century before Christ as a reformer of the older creed of Persia, a primitive form of nature worship which had become debased through corruption and crass superstition. His birthplace is believed to have been in the province of Azarbajian, to the west of the Caspian Sea, a region abounding in volcanic mountains, hot springs, naphtha wells, and other igneous phenomena. By inheritance he was a member of the sacerdotal tribe of the Magi and by calling, a forerunner of the Wise Men from the East who worshiped centuries later at the cradle in Bethlehem. Inspired by ecstatic visions of heaven and warned by prophetic signs of the terrors of hell, he came to teach his people the ethical meaning of the conflict between good and evil under the form of Ormazd and Ahriman as god and devil. Filled with the hope of an eternal existence after the general resurrection of the dead he sought to lead his followers to a more spiritual life and to teach them the moral significance of the motto of his faith "good thoughts, good words, good deeds," and to guide them also in practical ways, inculcating the practice of agriculture, kindness to animals, especially the cow, habits of thrift

and industry together with those of bodily cleanliness and the observance of certain rites and ceremonies in their daily life. His death is thought to have occurred at Balkh in eastern Iran about 583 B. C. during the religious war between Iran and Turan which was called forth by his teaching.

Zoroaster's creed became the religion of an Eastern world-empire. The law of the Medes and Persians, which knew no change, molded the history of the early kingdom of Iran and the same decrees prevailed in Bactria. It was by Ormazd's will that the sovereign rulers of these lands held sway, kings by divine right. Cyrus the Great is called the Lord's "anointed" and his "shepherd" even in the Bible, and "King by the grace of Auramazda" was Darius's own proud claim. The inscriptions and the Avesta alike exalt the sacred majesty of the king. But many of those who once were kings of Zoroaster's line are now known only by name. Persia is Mohammedan, the Persians are Mussulmans by faith, and Islam has blotted out much of the ancient history and creed. The Zoroastrians of Persia,



A YOUNG ZOROASTRIAN, SON OF THE
HEAD OF THE ZOROASTRIAN
COMMUNITY AT YEZD

stigmatized as Gabars, number not more than ten thousand souls. Yezd is the home of about eight thousand of these. Kirman, a smaller city to the southeast, claims about two thousand more. Teheran, the capital, near where Zoroaster's mother is said to have been born, has less than three hundred. Shiraz numbers not fifty of the ancient belief, Isfahan a half dozen, and some of the minor towns

can each add three or four more to make up the talesman's count. Frowned upon as "Fire-worshipers," which they really are not, despised or persecuted as infidels, surrounded by business restrictions and social disabilities, these "Jews of the East," as they are sometimes called, maintain their lives at high cost. And yet they possess admirable qualities and it is these characteristics that have preserved their religion from being utterly effaced. Through ages of misfortune and distress they have remained true to it and by their sterling traits of truth, uprightness, generosity, and devotion, they still exemplify what was best in it.

In 1901 I had visited the Indian Zoroastrians, the Parsis, chiefly of Bombay, a prosperous community under English rule. They have almost forgotten the years of oppression that drove them from Persia nearly twelve centuries ago. They have, it is true, passed through vicissitudes and trials at different times in their Indian adopted home. But these times also are now gone by. Peaceful conditions have made them flourish, and they number to-day nearly ninety thousand. With the charity that belongs to their faith they are doing a great deal to alleviate the condition of their less fortunate co-religionists in Persia. During my stay among them three years ago I had excellent facilities accorded me for studying their religion, life, manners, customs, and ceremonial observances, and for comparing these with their conditions in ancient times as may be gathered from their sacred books or preserved by tradition and history. In 1903 I made a second journey to the East, going this time to Iran to observe the scanty residue of the Zoroastrians in their native home. In the cities of Persia above mentioned I spent considerable time among the followers of Zardusht, as they call Zoroaster, and I present here some of my observations made at Yezd regarding these "Fire-worshipers," who, like their Parsi brethren, repudiate that title as a misnomer and claim that Christians might as well be called Cross-worshipers because they venerate the cross as the symbol of their faith.

From Shiraz, the home of the Persian poets, where I had been among the Zoroastrians, I set out for Yezd. Ordinarily

the journey takes ten days, but by use of whip and spur and reducing the time of sleep at night to three or four hours, with cat-naps at stolen moments on the road by day, I was able to accomplish the distance in half the time. Five days and a quarter was the actual interval occupied. The Persian governor of Shiraz had given orders that I should be furnished with guards for my protection, when it seemed advisable, and the Director General of the Persian Post, a Belgian gentleman, had written a letter authorizing me to secure horses or other means of transport wherever they could be found. I had previously, moreover, taken the precaution on the journey southward from Isfahan to pave the way with silver, as I knew that three days of my return trip would be over the same route. The investment was costly but was worth making, for it quickened the speed of the post-horses and hastened the movements of the men at the halting-places, and haste is a rare thing in Persia, where everything goes slowly except money. The arrangements having been duly made, I set out from Shiraz shortly before noon on the sixth of May.

Casting a long farewell look back at the fair city which Hafiz and Sadi have immortalized in song, I started northward. I retraced my route first to the magnificent ruins of the imperial platform at Persepolis with its fallen palaces, its crumbled halls, and its burned library that once housed priceless literary treasures, among them an archetype copy of Zoroaster's Avesta. The sight of the desolate terrace by moonlight was picturesque in the extreme. I stopped on the morrow to examine once more the ancient altar of the Magian priests, carved in the living stone, and to study the rock-hewn sculptures of the early Persian kings at Naksh-i Rustam. Part of the afternoon was spent at the tomb of Cyrus the Great, near Murghab, some forty miles beyond. Twelve hours in the saddle on the following day brought me to Khan-i Khorah, where the trail at last struck eastward toward Yezd.

The hamlet itself was a lonesome place, but the evening passed quickly with company. The chief man of the village paid me a visit and requested me to give him some remedy for the toothache, from



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MINISTERING PRIESTS IN THE FIRE TEMPLE AT YEZD

The one with the white cloth placed over the mouth has just come from the presence of the sacred fire, before which a veil must always be worn over the mouth and nose

which his wife was suffering. I prescribed as best I could, but soon discovered that he himself was the pseudo-patient and that his aim was to secure, if possible, some arrack and tobacco. I had a cigarette or two left in my case and I duly added these to the medicinal remedy, but the spirituous part of the prescription I left out, probably to my visitor's regret. But I hope that he or his presumably suffering wife benefited by the treatment prescribed.

Persian nights are short when one is trying to make time. It was necessary to rise long before three o'clock if the start should be made from the caravansarai by daylight. In fact I saw more sunrises in Persia and India than I ever expect to see again in all my life. Dark-

ness was melting into dawn when I found myself again in the saddle, with a cavalcade of five horses and three footguards to accompany me over the barrier of hills that shut off the sandy desert. For part of the day the mountain scenery was superb. Steep ascents, deep ravines, narrow gorges, and wild passes, succeeded each other in great variety. A fine spring, whose cool waters pulsed up with crystal clearness from the foot of a rocky height gave one welcome excuse for halting to refresh the tired horses and men before reaching the plain. The hilly barrier was at last left behind, and we entered upon the arid tract marked on the maps as the Sandy Desert. Part of the guards were now dismissed as no longer needed, for Persian highwaymen work chiefly in the

mountain passes. The sandy waste now stretched almost as far as the eye could reach, broken only by the oasis of Abar-guh, the halting place for the night.

Abarguh is evidently a town of great antiquity, and archæological researches in the vicinity would no doubt repay the Zoroastrian student. On the right of the road approaching from the southwest there rises a large fortress-like structure called Dakhmah-i Darab, after the name of the last Archæmenian king, Darius Codomanus, whom Alexander overthrew. Upon an elevation on the left is the Dakhmah-i Gabrah, or Gabar structure, built of mud and sun-dried bricks and closely resembling the fire shrine of the Atash Kadah near Isfahan. Adjoining it stands another building, evidently an old temple, but this, like the shrine, is only a crumbling ruin. The word dakhmah applied to this pile and to the Darius ruin is not to be confused with a Tower of Silence, as Dakhmah is employed here as in Turkish to denote a structure in general.

The Raïs, or head-man of the town, was extremely obliging—thanks also to the Persian letter from the Director of the Post. Horses, it is true, could not be obtained, but four mules were provided to make up my caravan for crossing the desert, and arrangements were made for a start soon after midnight. The quiet town was still wrapt in slumber when we finally got under way. The morn flooded the Oriental sky with a soft light. The nightingale sang out from the tamarisk bush and slowly we moved into the desert as the sun brushed aside the silvery veil of night. From this point for fifty miles, fourteen *farsakhs*, or nearly as many hours, the track led straight across the desert, marked only by footprints of caravans in the snow-white sand and by skeletons of beasts of burden that had fallen by the way.

Each breeze swept a whirlwind of sand off into the distance to perish in the desert that gave it birth, and mirage after mirage arose to surprise the eye or relieve the tedium of the march by giving play to the fancy. Sometimes the trail forked for a mile or two, but the paths always united again, forging onward toward the oasis town of Deh-Shir.

The guides and mules all knew the direction well, and the beasts, though unruly, were not so uncomfortable to ride as I had presumed before the test. The pack-mule every now and then became fractious and insisted on bolting from the track; and once my own mule, who was always a leader in any revolt movement, came near fracturing my skull. We had halted in ankle-deep sand and, as I started to remount, the badly girt saddle slipped and I was thrown beneath the animal's heels, with my foot caught in the stirrup. A shower of kicks, such as are only seen in comic pictures of mules on the Mississippi, filled the air. Though dragged, torn, and bruised, I managed to shield my head till the vicious beast could be subdued and order restored.

The sun was well on its way in the western sky as the long march of thirteen hours without a drop of water was ended at Deh-Shir. The lord of the town extended a kindly welcome and provided a hearty meal served by Persian attendants and a black eunuch. I felt quite like a Persian among Persians, for my face was so tanned that my host said it looked almost as dark as his own. As to intelligence, the head-man of this district seemed to be fairly well informed on local matters, but knew little beyond his own narrow horizon. Several times in conversation he expressed a doubt whether any land could be half as beautiful as Iran, and as for America the best explanation I could give



BRANCH OF THE SACRED HOM PLANT
USED BY THE ZOROASTRIANS IN
THEIR RITUAL SINCE TIME IM-
MEMORIAL. IT MAY BE THE
BRANCH ALLUDED TO IN
THE VISION OF EZEK.
IEL. viii : 17



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. See note on the opposite page. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

THE KING OFFERS SACRIFICE TO ORMAZD

for his comprehension was that I came from a fair country many thousand *farsakhs* away by a journey including more than a week's sail over the dark water. He seemed at last to grasp the idea. The land was Yankee Doonya (Pers. *yank d ny*) which means literally "New World" and has nothing to do with Yankee Doodle, despite the strange similarity of the sound. I was sorry not to have any American cigars to offer him as a sample of our tobacco and as an act of courtesy, but I tried to return his hospitality in other ways.

When I took my leave and asked him about the road beyond his town he said that it was safe; there had been bandits there recently but he had had the last attended to about a fortnight before. This closing statement was accompanied by a significant gesture with his hand like a knife across the throat, indicating the fate of the wretched thieves. But to make assurance of my safety doubly sure, he decided to give me a guide and guard and in Persian style he himself accompanied me some distance beyond the village. Meanwhile my caravan leader had stopped to make a long-winded bargain about some sheep which he wanted to purchase on the homeward way, and I had to give him a sharp reprimand for the delay his procedure caused me. He learned better as time went on.

That night we had some four hours' sleep in Deh-Zeresh, a pretty hamlet amid wild jagged mountain rocks, and long before daylight we pushed forward over the Shir Kuh hills to Aliabad, where rest and a half hour's breakfast of raw eggs were taken. We had not proceeded far on the road before one of the little donkeys, which had taken the place of a pack-mule, had a cruel fall and cut its chest in a most painful manner. I did my best to have the muleteer send the creature back or provide another, but the thought of the poor beast's suffering, or the idea of a

society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, never entered the man's mind. He seemed amused at my tender-heartedness, and I had simply to pocket my sympathy and pay him well to have the beast treated when we reached Yezd.

Signs of civilization and prosperity now began to grow more frequent, and an hour after noon we were in the comfortable town of Taft, a suburb of Yezd and the abode of a number of Zoroastrians. There was time only to wait to have one of the mules shod. This gave my muleteer and guides a moment's rest. They had walked forty miles a day without apparent fatigue, for when called upon for speed they could set off at a sharp pace that would have delighted a prize sprinter. These men seem to keep up the tradition of the ancient Persian couriers. European friends residing in Persia told me remarkable stories of the swiftness and endurance of these desert runners. The remainder of the day was occupied in reaching Yezd, our final destination.

As so often happens in Persia, the clearness of the air allows the city to be seen for hours before it is reached, and Yezd gave a welcome relief to the eye after the wearisome waste of sands. Though historic, the city itself can lay no claim to beauty. One rides for hours through narrow winding streets without a glimpse of anything save the backs of the houses, walls of clay, some high wind-towers used for purposes of ventilation, and the streak of sky above, which blazes with the approach of summer.

I inquired at once, as I entered the town, for Dinyar Bahram, the Kalantar or head of the Zoroastrian community, which numbers about 8500 in Yezd and the vicinity. It took some time to find the quarter in which he lived, and for two hours the tired mules and leader of my caravan threaded the dusty, crooked lanes, through closing bazaars and across

THE illustration on the opposite page, for which I have to thank Mr. Jay Hambidge, has been made with especial regard to archaeological accuracy. The details are taken largely from the Old Persian sculptures at Persepolis, Susa and Behistun, supplemented by material from the Avesta and other ancient writings. The figure floating in the sky represents the god Auramazda, girt with the wings of divinity and circle of eternity and holding in his hand the ring of sovereignty. The priest serving at the Fire Altar, which is still to be seen on the rocks at Nakshi Rustam, wears the veil *paitidāna* before his lips as he chants the invocation. The king with his army has ridden across from the palace at Persepolis, six miles distant. The groom Ebares holds his favorite horse. The soldiers stand in an attitude of devotion while the king proclaims his faith and offers worship to the god to whom he ascribes all good.

camel-filled squares, till we reached the Kalantar's house just as the sun was going down. The dwelling was unpretentious on the outside, as all Persian houses are. Several servants answered the summons of my man, and when they had announced the arrival of a *Firangi* I was ushered into a large oblong room carpeted with fine Persian rugs. The walls were left almost plain, and the furnishing, as in many Oriental dwellings, was confined chiefly to divans and cushions; but on one side there were chairs and a table made after European models and arranged in Occidental style. The front of the room seemed almost open to the air because of the broad doorways and deep windows running from floor to ceiling and looking out on a covered veranda and a court which enclosed a pretty Persian garden with rows of potted plants. A few minutes later my Gabar host entered the room.

He was a man somewhat over fifty years of age with a roundish face and grizzled beard, and was dressed in a robe of grayish cloth with a large white cotton sash about his waist. Upon his head he wore the low rolled turban characteristic of the Persian Zoroastrians. I had seen the same style of headgear worn by an Iranian priest from Kirman when I was in Bombay. With genuine courtesy and manifest cordiality my host extended a welcome, and turned aside with a light touch my apologies for my dusty appearance and for entering his room wearing riding-leggins,—as one often has to do in Persia. In the best *Frs* phrases that I could command I explained the purpose of my visit. In Eastern fashion he immediately placed his house and his all at my disposal, and this was not an empty phrase of courtesy, as I found; but I could not accept the generous invitation to lodge under his roof because I had already promised to be the guest of some English missionaries.

As soon as the Kalantar learned my reason for coming to Yezd, he sent for a member of the community named Khodabakhsh Bahram Raïs, known as "Master," who had studied in Bombay and spoke English fluently. The style of dress of this scholar was similar to the Kalantar's, even to the waistband and turban, and his features were of the same general

cast, although somewhat sharper. The nose, as in the case of all the Persian Zoroastrians that I met, was rather prominent, but well-shaped. In manner he was modest and courteous. When I had finished by brief statement as to the purpose of my visit, he turned with an Eastern grace and elegance and courteously inquired who the stranger might be that felt so deep an interest in the history and religion of his people. His face lighted up as he recognized the name he had heard from mutual friends in Bombay, where my Zoroastrian interests were known. He had a few moments' hurried consultation with the Kalantar, and arrangements were at once made for a conference on the morrow with the High Priest and the spiritual and secular leaders of the Zoroastrian community. The time for the meeting was set in Persian fashion at so many hours "after sunrise." Gifts of flowers were now presented to me as a sign of welcome, and the hospitality of supper in Zoroastrian style was extended.

At this meal the host himself declined to take a seat at the table, but moved about, now standing at the door, again withdrawing to give an order, or re-entering to see if anything was needed. He explained that this was regarded among his people as the true manner of hospitality in olden times, for the master of the house was supposed to be ever ready to serve his guests in person, and he thought that I would best like to have the time-honored custom observed. There were courses of broth, lamb, vegetables, three or four dishes characteristic of Yezd, sweetmeats, tea, and some mild wine, such as was produced in the "house of the Magian" in the days of Hafiz. The variety of the viands was perhaps ancient Median rather than Persian, if we may believe the description in Xenophon's Greek romance of the many dishes which Astyages set before his grandson Cyrus. To converse while eating, I knew, was contrary to the Avestan code, but I preferred not to observe this prescription, even in the house of a Zoroastrian, as I wished to use every possible moment in gaining information about the interesting people among whom I was. We talked about matters of home life, the number of the community at Yezd and Kirman,

their condition and environment, their relations with one another and with India, until the time arrived for me to take my leave for the night, which I did with a promise to return betimes on the morrow. An Anglo-Saxon greeting from friends in the English Mission succeeded this Oriental hospitality.

The following morning I arrived at an early hour at the house of my Zoroastrian host. A rare experience awaited me. The Anjuman, or synod of leading men in the Gabar community, was assembled. There were about eighteen present. The Dasturan-i Dastur, or Chief Priest, happened to be absent in India at the time, but his father-in-law Tir Andaz, the Acting High Priest, was in Yezd and came in a moment late. He was tall and handsome, and was dressed in robes of pure white. On his head was a brownish turban, and his flowing beard of snow lent the dignity of age to his kindly face. His eyes, full of intelligence, had the gleam of youth and were in keeping with his manly frame, erect bearing, and clear voice. The formal reception in Oriental manner now began.

Settees and chairs in a hall opening on the garden were arranged in the form of a widespread V. The whole manner of procedure seemed like the description we have in the Zartusht Namah of the occasion when Zoroaster first appeared before King Vishtaspa, who afterwards became his powerful patron. It reminded me also of the arrangement of places in the sacred council of Ormazd as described in the old Iranian Bundahishn. I have been told also that the Talmud somewhere speaks of this as the Parsi manner of sitting at meals, as opposed to the Jewish. I was formally conducted to a seat at the apex of the V. My host took the place on the right, the High Priest sat on the left; the rest were arranged in order of priority. When all were seated there was a moment's pause. Then those sitting on the right turned toward me and made a solemn bow, to which I responded; the same salutation was formally repeated on the left. A servant next entered with a tray of confectionery, a ewer of rose-water, and a hand mirror. I was familiar with the first two from the hospitality of the Parsis in India, but the latter I had not seen used before, al-

though I was told it was an old Zardush-tian custom in receiving a guest. My momentary embarrassment was relieved when the mirror was handed to the High Priest. He looked gravely into it, slowly stroked his white beard, on which he poured a few drops of rose-water, and then with perfect dignity passed the glass on to the next, who did likewise, and so did the others. With the sugar candy I was familiar from my Bombay experiences, and the Zoroastrians of Yezd are renowned for their bonbons. This confectionery proved very refreshing and served to satisfy that craving for sweets which is felt by travelers in hot and dry climates. Meanwhile a number of the company regaled themselves with snuff, for there seemed to be no objection to using tobacco as a stimulant, provided it was not smoked, as that would defile the sacred element of fire.

The formalities finished, the real conference began, and for three or more hours I asked and answered questions relating to Zoroaster and his faith and concerning the condition of his followers in Persia. In the first place two manuscripts and some fragments were shown to me. One of these codices was a fine large copy of the Vendidad Sadah or Zoroastrian Pentateuch, the other was the Yasna or book of ceremonial worship. The Vendidad Sadah copy was much the older of the two and was stated by my Zoroastrian friend and interpreter to be about three hundred years old. The Yasna manuscript belonged to the middle of the last century. The fragments were a good transcript of the Vishtasp Yasht, devoted to praises of Zoroaster's patron. These were all the texts that could be produced at the moment, and the most intelligent members of the assembly stated that the best manuscripts had been sent to India for safety or for use, and they feared that the chances of obtaining hitherto unknown codices were growing yearly less. I urged the more influential representatives, however, to keep the matter in mind and to make a careful search, especially among the older families, who might perchance have texts that had not found their way to India. I afterwards communicated to the Parsi Panchayat in Bombay the facts about the manuscripts I had seen at Yezd, in case they should

wish to secure them for safe-keeping, as these rare copies run great danger of being lost in Persia, where neglect is common and persecution by fanatics not unknown.¹

Inquiry for traditions regarding their prophet Zoroaster did not yield anything beyond what was already known, except that it was interesting to obtain their views on certain debated questions. As to Zoroaster's birthplace they believe that he came from Rai, the ancient ruined city near Teheran—where we have long believed his mother was born—and they know nothing of the tradition that connects him with Urumia in north-western Persia. They cited the authority of a modern Persian work translated from the English to prove that the small village Kalak near the river Karaj on the road from Teheran to Kasvin was his father's home. The name of Zoroaster, occurring in the Avesta as *Zarath-ushta*, appears in Modern Persian as *Zardusht*. Nearly a dozen fanciful interpretations or attempted etymologies of the name were given, varying in meaning from "pure gold" to "light of god." The Prophet's name actually denotes some sort of camel (*ushtra*), but what *zarath* means is uncertain.

The conversation led gradually to questions of religion. The Zoroastrian faith acknowledges Ormazd, Ahura Mazda, "Lord Wisdom" as the supreme god, with six archangels, Amesha Spenta, and a company of angels, Yazata, about him to rule and guide the world. The infernal host of fiends and archfiends who war against heaven and strive to destroy the future life of man, is led by Anra Mainyu, the Evil Spirit. In discussing with these Zoroastrians the subject of the origin of evil, I found that they look upon the supreme being, Ahura Mazda, as comprising within himself the two powers of good and evil, namely Spenta Mainyu, the Holy Spirit, and Anra Mainyu, the Evil Spirit. This is similar to the monotheistic view held by the Parsis of India in opposition to the statement frequently made that Zoroastrianism is pure dualism.

They believe also in the resurrection of the dead, which their faith has taught them since early times, and this doctrine is connected with the belief that there will come a Saviour or Messiah, called the Saoshyant.

A rare privilege was accorded me. Tir Andaz invited me to visit his Fire Temple. I accepted at once for the same afternoon. The temple of Atash Bahram I found to be a simple and unpretentious building. In fact one would hardly have known from the entrance that it was a temple. Mohammedanism with its beautiful mosques, turquoise domes, arabesque arches, and tall slender tesselated minarets evidently allows no rival in beautifying places of worship. The superb Fire Shrine at Shiz near Lake Urumia under the Sassanian kings and the gorgeous splendor of the temple of Anaitis at ancient Ecbatana, from which Alexander took untold wealth in gold and silver plate, belong to days long since departed.

As I entered the large chamber adjoining the sanctum in which the holy fire was kept the white-robed priests were chanting from the Avesta the hymn in praise of Verethraghna, the Angel of Victory, whom Zoroaster glorified of old—*Verethraghnem ahurad̄h tem yaza-maide*, "we worship the Angel of Victory," The pitch of the voice of the officiating priest was high and the intonation was so rapid that sometimes he had to stop to catch his breath. And all the while, as of yore, the attendant chanted an accompaniment at given points in a somewhat lower key.

They both wore a small white veil or mouthpiece over the lower part of the face. This is the *paitid na* which the Avesta commands the priest to wear in the presence of the sacred fire, lest his breath in intoning might defile the hallowed flame. Here I was, standing within a fire temple in Zoroaster's own land and listening to verses that had been chanted for nearly three thousand years, and that by priests in whose veins flowed the purest blood of ancient Iran.

¹ In listening to the High Priest recite and one of the laymen read from the texts I made one particular observation which will be new to scholars. The Zoroastrians of Yezd in pronouncing the Avesta do not make use of the spirant sounds of

th, *dh*, *gh*, and the like, as in English *pitch*, *breadth*, but they regularly employ explosives or aspirates *t'h*, *g'h*, etc., as in the English words *boat-hook*, *log-hut*, etc. In some points of pronunciation, however, they seemed quite inconsistent.

The spirit of the past blending with the present made me sink for a moment into a state of revery or forgetfulness, from which I was recalled by the High Priest's opening a door into a small chamber on the right. This was a room arranged for performing religious ceremonies and acts of worship. The true Zoroastrian sacrifice is a bloodless sacrifice, an offering largely of "good thoughts, good words, and good deeds," and when there is any allusion to flesh or meat in the ancient ceremonial text the Zoroastrians of Yezd employ an egg, just as the Parsis of Bombay use butter as a substitute.

In this side-chamber a number of sacrificial utensils were visible. Among them were the cups for holding consecrated water, milk, and the juice of a plant called *h m*, Avestan *haoma*, from which a sacred drink was prepared in ancient times as nowadays and partaken of by the priests as part of the ceremony. I was fortunate to receive as a present a fine branch of it and three sprays of another plant, the Avestan *baresma* or "barsom," which was used in the Magian ritual from time immemorial and is still employed at the present day, although brass rods are substituted when the branch itself cannot be procured. It was perhaps the use of these very branches that the prophet Ezekiel denounced as an abomination committed by those whom he saw in a vision "with their backs toward the temple of the Lord and their faces toward the east, and they worshipped the sun toward the east...and, lo, they put the branch to their nose."

In the main room of the temple there was a picture of Zoroaster, but it was a comparatively modern print, brought probably from Bombay, and of no historic value. In one of the corridors adjoining was wood for feeding the sacred fire in exact accordance with the injunctions of the Avesta, for the Atash Bahram fire is the holiest of earthly fires and must be kept up in the most particular way. The rest of the temple precinct was occupied by a charming little garden filled with pomegranates, rose-bushes, sweet-scented shrubs and plants, and a fine specimen of the tamarisk which supplies the twigs or sprays of "barsom" used in the ritual.

Zoroaster enjoined purity of body as

well as of soul, and the Avesta prescribes very elaborate ablutions and lustrations to remove any defilement. The greatest pollution is that which arises from contact with anything dead, as death is the creation of Ahriman and his greatest triumph over the power of Ormazd. The code of the Vendidad assigns the "Nine Nights Ablution" for the purification of persons so polluted. It consists in a series of sprinklings with holy water and other liquid, accompanied by a wearisome amount of ceremonial detail to exorcise the spirit of defilement. The Greek writer Lucian in one of his humorous dialogues seems to ridicule this purificatory rite when he says that the Magi in nine nights cleansed Pythagoras of all his sins in life:

The place set apart for performing the ceremony is called Barashnum Gah, and at Yezd it is not far from the Fire Temple, but is located in another street. On entering I found a primitive mud-walled enclosure, circular in form, and differing greatly from the somewhat elaborate rectangular enclosure I had seen at Udvada in India. There were a few heaps of stones placed at intervals for the person to stand upon while going through the purificatory rite, moving from place to place while the priest stood outside certain consecrated circles drawn in the sand and sprinkled the holy water from a spoon attached to a long stick. The Avesta prescribes that the stick shall have nine knots, that is, shall be long enough to enable the priest to stand at a distance and besprinkle the person defiled, reciting at the same time verses from the sacred texts to exorcise the fiend of corruption that has polluted the individual. The Avestan code is as exacting in its laws for purification as Leviticus. But I found that the Zoroastrians of Yezd were less strict in keeping up this ancient ceremony of the nine nights' ablution than I had presumed would be the case in the center of orthodox Zoroastrianism in Iran.

With regard to the mode of disposing of the dead the Mazda-worshippers at Yezd keep up the old Zoroastrian custom of exposing the dead body upon the Dakhma or Tower of Silence for the vultures to devour. There are two such towers some miles from the city. The older one,

the Dakhmah Jamshidji, if I remember the name aright, built on the hills westward from the city, has long been disused and has fallen into decay. The other is of recent date and I saw its white walls rising from a mound in the desert as I rode northward to Maibud and Nain.

As to the observance of certain prescriptions in the Vendidad an incident of rather amusing character was told me by my English hostess, and it well illustrates how far the ordinary Zoroastrian is influenced in daily life by Avestan injunctions. She had a cook who was a Gabar, and a right good cook he was, if I may judge from the viands he served during my stay in Yezd. On one occasion, I was told, he had bought an earthen jar to hold some wine he had made. He first filled the vessel with water, allowing it to stand over night before placing the wine in it. By accident a mouse fell into the jar and was drowned. The receptacle was henceforth unclean in his eyes because it had been polluted by contact with dead matter and was therefore unfit for a Zoroastrian to use. Though in this way minus the value of his jar, the man's business sense was too keen to allow him to suffer such a loss—the Avesta, in fact, teaches the Zoroastrian never to waste anything—so he sold the receptacle to an Armenian who had no religious scruples to deter him from using the vessel!

I was interested in finding out more about the home life and the occupations of the Zoroastrians, so as to compare these with the ancient times. According to the Avesta one of the noblest occupations is agriculture and gardening. "He who sows grain sows righteousness" says the Vendidad, and among the happiest spots on earth is "the place where one of the faithful sows most corn, grass, and fruit, where he waters ground that is too dry and dries ground that is too wet." True to their faith or guided by circumstances, a large proportion of the male population of the Zoroastrians outside the city of Yezd, especially in the neighborhood of the flourishing town of Taft, is engaged in cultivating the soil and in gardening. Within the city itself they are generally occupied in trading, though they are not allowed to sell food in the bazaars, as that would be against the tenets of the Mohammedans. The Moslems do not

permit them to use the public baths, but this is no longer a hardship, as they have established their own bath, or *ham n*. Nor are they permitted to ride through the streets, and they are often subject to petty annoyances, extra taxation, or exactions.

In general they avoid trouble or persecution by yielding to Moslem prejudice, and their prosperous Parsi brethren in India have done much to advance their condition by the funds of an association known as the "Persian Zoroastrian Amelioration Society," so that their numbers have increased considerably in the last fifty years. Yet in times of a fanatical outbreak by the Mohammedans their lives are in danger, as was the case a month after I left Yezd. A Mussulman rising then took place against the Babis, an eclectic sect that separated themselves from Mohammedanism within the last century. The outbreak came at the end of June, and the cruel massacres and the atrocities that were committed upon the Babis led the Zoroastrians to expect the same dreadful fate. Writing under date of September 12, 1903 and describing the horrors of the situation, one of my Yezd Zoroastrian friends ended his letter as follows: "If this crisis had not been arrested in its course by the early telegraphic communications of the Europeans here, the Parsis of Yezd would have been treated like the Babis. Thanks to their energetic steps I am now able to write this letter."

With regard to their family life the Zoroastrians at Yezd are monogamists, except in a few isolated cases where Mohammedan influence has led to polygamy, especially if the first wife has borne no children. The sentiment of the community as a rule is strongly against dual marriages. In the home the wife occupies a freer position than among the Mohammedans. There was no evidence of seclusion, and the impression the women gave was one of modesty and dignity without any special shyness. Like the men they have to adopt a particular style of dress to distinguish them from Moslem women. They do not wear veils except on the street or in the bazaar to avoid insult or unpleasant remarks.

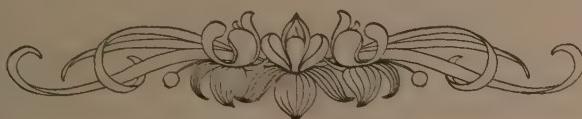
One of the special friends I made was the young son of the Kalantar and he acted as my guide through the mazes of

the bazaar. He was a bright, intelligent fellow, honest and manly, and he brought me nearer to the youth of Zoroaster himself than I had been before. Here was a youth of the true old Iranian stock and through his veins flowed the blood of the old Beh-Dinan, or men of the Good Religion, as the Zoroastrian faith is sometimes called. His Persian characteristics came out, moreover, in one peculiarly charming and naïve way. When he stood for me to take his photograph, instinctively and with perfect naturalness he plucked and held gracefully in one hand a rose, without which a Persian portrait would be artistically incomplete, and in the other hand he held up to view his European watch of which he was very proud. I could understand his pride in this respect, since a Zoroastrian would not have been allowed some years ago to carry a watch or even wear a ring.

In acts of generosity and benevolence the Zoroastrians have lived up to their ancient faith without regard to creed. The work of the English Christian Mission, especially in the medical line, has won the sympathy of this people, many of

whom are well-to-do. When it came to the point of procuring a place for the Mission to establish a hospital, Gudarz Mihrban, a leading Parsi of Yezd, at once made a gift of a large caravansarai and a house adjoining, which have been transformed into an admirable place for this Good Samaritan work.

Taken as a whole, the impression which I gained of these people was very favorable, as it had been of their coreligionists in Bombay and elsewhere. They have small advantages of education, it is true, and they may not have much to impart to their Indian brethren in the way of manuscripts; but a number of points in the matter of their religious observances deserve further study, so far as my opportunities allowed me to judge. The Parsis in India are justified in taking the interest they do in their elder kinsmen in Iran. Good thoughts, good words, good deeds, is the motto of their common faith and that standard they all alike must maintain if they wish to follow the teachings of Zoroaster, their great teacher, and preserve their ancient faith from falling into decadence.



ON THE PRAIRIES

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

HERE have I walked, companioned with the great;
Here wandered from the mammonizing town
Into the vast serene, have sat me down
Amid the fames which boundeth place nor date.
Here him of Avon in the sunset gate
I saw, and bowed the head; and him with mind
Apocalyptic, blindness could not blind;
And him, the Tuscan, sheer from depths of fate.
Regathered from innumerable death,
Impetuous souls I meditated here,
Whose tameless quest fulfilment came not nigh:
Keats; and who yielded Spezia his breath;
And Marlowe, like the wild-eyed charioteer,
Phaethon, headlong ruining down the sky.

A ROMANCE OF THE CHESHIRE CHEESE

BY ALICE B. MORRISON,

Author of "*The Alchemy of Illusion*"

MISS Martha Trafton's shabby umbrella bobbed along Fleet street with a purposeful intentness which reflected its owner's spirit, while her radiant face, as she successfully steered her way through the famous thoroughfare, defied the gloom of a rain which might well have kept the most habituated Londoner within doors. A falling barometer, however, cannot take away from the exaltation of the man or woman who treads at last the long-sought land of hearts' desire, and little Miss Martha's heart danced as merrily as the sparkling raindrops on the dingy brick pavement, though now and then, as she hurried on, she cast a furtive glance behind her, to make sure that her party of young women from Miss Blythe's fashionable New York boarding-school were not playing their accustomed rôle of tail to her comet.

For ten consecutive summers had Martha Trafton, teacher of literature, conducted parties of more or less appreciative girls, of an age more attractive to the poet than to the chaperon, through a systematic course of European travel; yet it happened that this particular September morning was the first opportunity she had ever found to steal quietly away by herself on a long-planned pilgrimage to the inn of the Cheshire Cheese.

At the breakfast table that morning her proposed Johnsonian expedition was received with no enthusiasm. Mamie Louise apparently voiced the popular sentiment when she remarked that it was "too fierce a day" to go anywhere, unless they were going shopping, and, for her part, she intended to stay in the house and write letters. Elizabeth Gladys had a half-finished Tauchnitz and a box of candy in

a similar condition, which gave her pause, while Miriam and Katherine and Marjorie had equally cogent reasons, and Eleanor frankly admitted that she could n't see the fun in getting oneself damp for the sake of seeing the place where that "old, rare Ben" once sat.

"But, my dear," expostulated Miss Trafton, "Ben Jonson did go to the Cheese, to be sure, but it is the great Doctor Samuel Johnson whose name is always suggested by the place; for it is the last remaining haunt of the literati who once—"

"Oh, well," interrupted the girl, with a finality which brooked no contradiction, "they both wrote stupid comedies; so I can't see what difference it makes."

At which the long-suffering mentor began again: "But, my dear—" and then stopped hesitatingly, for her gentle nature found it a trying thing to be constantly fulfilling her mentally signed contracts with parents and guardians.

Ethel, the oldest girl in her charge, slipped a beguiling arm around her. "Look here, liebes fräulein," she said good-naturedly, "don't bother about us, but go off by yourself and have a good time, and we'll promise to behave like so many American angels"—a promise ratified by the others with so many girlish extravagances that Miss Trafton finally yielded. She had arrived at the age when, according to those strange laws laid down by the young for the old, she should have outgrown her enthusiasms; but as she buttoned her raincoat around her plump figure, and thrust her hatpin through her curly gray hair, her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes shone like those of a girl at her first play.

She smiled to herself as she clambered into a Tottenham Court Road 'bus, and fairly beamed with infectious delight when she found herself in the Strand; for she loved the London of her own creating, and to those who love it the wonderful old city shows a side of its complex being of which the unimaginative never dream. When Miss Trafton stopped meditatively in front of St. Paul's, who could have guessed that she was gleefully saying to herself what honest John Browdie said to his coquettish bride, as they stood in front of the same church: "Ecod, Tilly, ee 's a big un!" And on the day she took her party through the Temple and the inns of court, past a certain shabby fountain where draggled sparrows sat, no one would have imagined that the little woman was living over again Ruth Pinch's tender romance. On the classic green spaces that slope gently toward the river she saw many a Templar knight and ancient bencher, and here on Fleet street it was no difficult matter to see Doctor Johnson rolling his huge bulk along, absorbed in some vexed question which he would thresh out later with his cronies at the Cheese.

Wine Office Court,—the very name suggested times of revelry, when bottles, silvered with the dust of ages, were brought forth from mysterious recesses and the wassail-cup went round,—here it was at last, a dark little passageway between overhanging buildings, barely wide enough to have admitted the link-boys with their smoky torches, and the sedan-chairs which once made it vibrant with light and gaiety, ending in a tiny cobblestoned court where the peace of ages dwelt and the roar of the city came to one's ears like the sound of the surf beating upon some far-off shore.

Miss Trafton closed her umbrella with the triumphant flourish of an explorer who for the first time sets foot on long-sought land, and stood within the sacred precincts of the Cheshire Cheese, a dark, time-worn, lopsided little building, as odd a sight in the heart of London as a be-wigged old gentleman in the snuff-colored garments of an earlier period would have been, had he suddenly appeared in the Row.

To the lover of his kind there is nothing which is more suggestive of good-

fellowship and conviviality than the genial aroma which emanates from some old inn.

Such an aroma was wafted from every mysterious turning and cubby-hole of the Cheese, and Miss Trafton paused a moment to inhale it before she walked on past the miniature bar, with its shining, long-stemmed glasses, and up a few crooked steps, when she stood within the room she had so often seen in fancy—small and low-raftered, its oaken wainscoting stained by that greatest of old masters, Time, to the rich browns that artists love. There were the odd, narrow tables at one side, each one between two high-backed seats; and there was the small compartment, secluded from prying eyes by a green baize curtain from behind which it would have seemed a perfectly natural thing to see emerge the drab gaiters and rubicund visage of Mr. Pickwick; while, best of all, there was Dr. Johnson's nook, where hung his portrait, with a eulogistic mouth-filling sentence, setting forth the fact that the bench below was indeed the favorite seat of that high priest of literature; and underneath this uncontroverted statement ran his own merrier words: "No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern."

Miss Trafton gave a sigh of satisfaction as she drew off her gloves, and congratulating herself that she had no one to dispute her claim, sat down upon the hard bench which had once served the doctor as a vantage-point from which to throw the harmless lance in many a conversational tourney.

"What can I get you, ma'am?" said the obsequious waiter.

"Let me see," said Miss Trafton, reflectively, "Cheshire cheese, of course, and—" she paused doubtfully.

"Chops and potatoes, ma'am?" suggested the waiter.

"Why, yes; and something to drink—coffee, perhaps."

The waiter looked pathetic.

"Americans generally wants coffee, ma'am. We tells them by that mostly; but some as is very keen on doing the right thing asks for stout; or 'alf and 'alf in a pewter mug, or maybe tea."

"Oh, tea, by all means," said Miss Trafton, brightly, ignoring his various implications; for what more fitting beverage could she ask for under the appraising eye of that greatest of tea-drinkers?

"It's a bad day you've 'it, ma'am," said the waiter, as he disappeared to call his order in some strangely unintelligible language up the stairway.

It was indeed a bad day as far as weather was concerned. Miss Trafton realized it as she looked through the small window-panes at her left; for though the rain had stopped, a thick, yellow fog was creeping over the city, softening the outlines of the tall printing houses into mellow suggestiveness: but it was a good day for bringing to life spirits of the past, and the solitary guest of the inn settled herself as comfortably as possible for a reminiscent hour.

Her sympathetic mood conjured forth from the shadows many shapes of those long-passed away, who seemed to press around her with gracious words and smiling faces—kindly ghosts of kindred spirits whom the centuries and the accident of birth had separated. Poets and dramatists, wits and politicians, their silent laughter filled the place. There was Shakespeare, the Master, who had dropped in for a moment on his way from Blackfriars' Theatre, his brain teeming with immortal thoughts, his eyes missing no suggestive phase of the life about him which could be coined into jeweled phrases. In one corner the powdered periwigs of Addison, Burke, and Steele bobbed like a bunch of old-fashioned snowballs in a summer breeze, while the glow from the fire gave fleeting color to Chatterton's pale face, and deepened the luster of Goldsmith's peach-colored velvet.

There was Herrick, back from his long exile as country parson, drinking to the forgetfulness of rural joys, and at the threshold Miss Trafton heard the click of high heels and almost persuaded herself that she saw the flash of silken petticoats and heard the light laughter of Nell Gwynne as she wandered in with her royal lover.

Never had an empty room been more populous; and the one twentieth-century occupant came back to the realities of life with something of a shock as a middle-

aged gentleman entered hastily, deposited a dripping umbrella in the quaint iron rack, divested himself of his hat and over-coat, and giving a hasty, near-sighted glance at the occupied corner, said something in a low, reproachful voice to the waiter, who replied in the distinctly audible tone of a man to whom a whisper is a physical impossibility: "But it's not a gentleman, sir; it's a lydy, and she came as early as you generally do, sir, so I could n't say anything when she took the plyce."

"Ah, well, in that case—" said the gentleman in a somewhat mollified tone, looking more carefully at Miss Trafton's corner, to verify the waiter's statement.

As he stood, hesitating for a moment, a tall, distinguished figure, with the stoop which betrayed the scholar, he seemed, in spite of his modern attire, more in touch with the past than with the present. The sensitive, clean-shaven face, with its absent gaze, was the face of a man to whom the inner life was more interesting than the actual. The delicate, nervous hands seemed more in keeping with the lace ruffles of a century ago, and the carelessly tied bow at his neck would have been more fittingly replaced by the stock which softened the features of our daguerreotyped ancestors.

As his glance encountered that of Miss Trafton, she rose impulsively to her feet, with an astonished and pleased recognition.

"Professor Whipple!" she exclaimed, as she held out her hand; then more hesitatingly, as she saw his puzzled look: "I am afraid you don't remember me."

Brought up under the influences of the old régime, the code of which was that all women were beautiful and good and gracious and all men their faithful knights, the professor's actual knowledge of womankind was so limited that his attitude toward the sex, while chivalrous in the extreme, was that of a broad-minded agnostic, who reverently bares his head before a shrine the worship of which he does not comprehend. To be directly accosted by one of these mysterious beings was almost terrifying to so diffident a man, but as he concentrated the vague benevolence of his gaze into one direct meridian beam upon the pleasant face upturned to his, he brightened perceptibly.

Fortune was with him, for he actually did remember the cheery little woman at Miss Blythe's who had helped him select from his lecture topics a course on the early English dramatists. His acquaintance with Miss Trafton had been of the most formal nature, and she would in all probability have vanished entirely from his memory if he had not had a shy smile from her now and then as they met for a moment in some public gathering or passed each other in solitary strolls in the park. The professor had half-unconsciously cherished the recollection of these chance meetings as bright spots in the uneventful life of a rather lonely man, and he now said with a note of real pleasure in his voice: "Ah, Miss Trafton, I do remember you, madam"—all women, from his washerwoman to the greatest lady in the land, were "madam" to the professor,—"and may I ask what brings a lady out on such a day as this, when I had expected [he came perilously near saying hoped] to be the only guest?"

"Pray, sir," said Miss Trafton, with demure humor, "do you not think my sex capable of like enthusiasms with your own? Remembering Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney, must I tell you that I braved rain and fog for the same reason that the great doctor's other friends often braved them, to spend an hour with him at the Cheese?"

"In the words of our hero on that memorable first night that he spent with Boswell at the Mitre, 'Give me your hand,' madam," exclaimed the professor with delighted approval; and he was about to add something to the effect that he was proud to make the acquaintance of any true Johnsonian, when both of them, knowing their Boswell, suddenly recalled the real end of the quotation, and, the rather foolish humor of the situation seizing them, they laughed as spontaneously as two children, which act of freemasonry made it possible for the professor not only to insist upon Miss Trafton resuming her seat in his confiscated corner, but to remark, as he sat down upon the bench at her left, "Poor Noll himself was proud to take this place, madam."

The room was growing so dark by this time, although the great bells of the city had just chimed out the noon-hour, that the waiter lighted some tall candles,

stirred the fire vigorously in the capacious grate, drew the faded red curtains closer together, as if to shut out the increasing gloom of the outer world, and disappeared with a deferential: "The usual order, sir? Yes, sir."

"A strange-enough situation," said the professor, reflectively—"the city of dreadful night encroaching upon the sunlight and as completely isolating us as if we were on a desert island. It is the first time I ever missed seeing some of the regular habitués in their places."

"You come here often, then?" queried Miss Trafton.

"Every summer for the last twenty years I have spent a few weeks in London for the sake of the Cheese," said the professor, gravely; "I have allowed nothing to keep me away. And you, madam," as his companion sighed a little enviously, "is this your first visit?"

"For ten years," said Miss Trafton, a little wearily, "I have taken parties over what our ancestors used to call the 'grand tour,' but this is my first visit to the Cheese, though there is n't much else we have missed seeing. We have sentimentalized over tombs and walked through miles of galleries. I can see that mystic purple smile of Mona Lisa's in my dreams, and I have pointed out the riotous color of Rubens and the technic of Velasquez until I have almost had a reaction in favor of the chromos of my childhood. Seriously, though, there is to me a peaceful pleasure about such a place as this that nothing else can give."

"Ah, yes," agreed the professor; "this is a place where one could end his days in serene retrospection. It is the spell of the gentle ghosts which holds us. I have heard people contend that the wit, the actor, left no trace behind him, that his work had not been worth while; but it is not true, madam—believe me, it is not true. A clever bon mot never dies, but furnishes a needed Attic salt through all the ages, while as for humor such as reigned supreme in this old chop-house, it has vitalized our too thin blood for all time."

The professor was riding his pet hobby now, and went on enthusiastically: "For several years I have had letters of introduction to some of the distinguished people here, but I have been too busy consorting with old friends in the Abbey and

at the Cheese to make new ones. An artist friend asked me not long ago if I had seen the Wallace collection, and I had to confess that I supposed I had; but, unfortunately, it happened to be in the same rooms where Thackeray's little Circe aired her arts and graces before my Lord Steyne's guests, and I remembered nothing of the pictures and bronzes."

Just at this juncture the sturdy James appeared with a tray which would have wrung an encomium out of Savarin himself. There were the mealy potatoes for which the inn is famous fairly bursting from their brown jackets, the chops done to a turn, and the cheese still bubbling on its thin slices of toast.

As the professor quaffed his nut-brown ale and Miss Trafton sipped her tea, I doubt if the Cheese ever sheltered a more contented pair than these two, so oddly stranded on its hospitable oasis.

The humor of the situation struck Miss Trafton.

Of all incredible things, the most incredible was that she should be dining tête-à-tête with Thaddeus Whipple, one of the few older men who, by the force of a singularly sweet and spiritual personality, had kept his place in a social system where youth seemed dominant, and the Cids of both life and literature played a more popular part than the Don Quixotes. She knew, too, that the younger professors, though they liked and respected him, dubbed him undiscriminating in his enthusiasms, and were apt to smile at his inoffensive pedanticism. While Miss Trafton was congratulating herself that she found so many tastes in common with the man she delighted to honor, the professor was secretly complacent over the fact that it was not so difficult a matter as he had supposed to talk to a woman; for among all the virtues he had attributed to the elusive beings born of bookish fancy who sometimes lingered on the edge of his horizon, he had not thought of intelligent good comradeship.

Perhaps the depressing weather which scientists claim leads to melancholy and suicide those unfortunate enough to be exposed to its malignant influences has a directly opposite effect upon those who, safely and cozily ensconced by a glowing fire, are able to defy it. For the time being the most ordinary room becomes a

fortress socially impregnable, free from the ordinary interruptions and conventions which tie men's tongues, and its inmates blossom into a sudden intimate friendliness.

So it happened that the professor and Miss Trafton finished their meal on the pleasantest terms imaginable, and finding that the ever-increasing fog had brought all traffic to a standstill and made their departure for the present impossible, they not unwillingly seated themselves in two of the capacious arm-chairs before the fireplace, where a copper kettle hummed melodiously and a sleek cat purred in unison.

"A cat, madam," observed the professor, thoughtfully, "very like Dr. Johnson's favorite Hodge, as I should imagine him."

"Why, it 's the Cheshire cat," laughed Miss Trafton, as the animal in question rubbed against her skirt. Then she looked a little deprecatingly at the learned man at her side, for it occurred to her that he might have dwelt in an altitude where there was no room for the charming story; but the professor responded seriously: "A wonderful book, madam. Have you ever noticed how frequently it is quoted by English statesmen?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Trafton, gaily; "they are brought up on it." She laughed reminiscently. "I remember a few years ago, in Brussels, I sat for two long weeks next to a crusty old Englishman who never recognized my existence until one day he took out his watch, which appeared to have stopped, put it to his ear, shook it, and remarked absently: 'I have done everything for that watch—taken it to the best jewelers.' It made me think so instantly of the Mad Hatter at the tea party that before I could be appalled at my rashness I said, 'And it was the very best butter.' The old man's face thawed delightfully, and he remarked: 'I did n't fancy Americans read that.' Rude of course, but he did n't mean it; and we became the best of friends."

The professor smiled appreciatively as he said: "I have known friendships to be broken on account of different literary tastes, and old differences mended by like enthusiasms. Take my father, for instance. There was one of those curious feuds brought about by the Civil War, and

for years he had not spoken to the man who had been his boyhood chum, when one day as each strolled along, deep in his copy of Horace, they met upon a narrow and unfrequented path. There was an ominous pause, and then the chance to hold forth upon a favorite theme to a congenial listener overcame them, and in ten minutes they were seated on a bench together, deep in a fiery discussion as to a mooted translation. "What are your favorite books, madam?" he ended irrelevantly.

Miss Trafton hesitated. "I hardly know. I like most of the time-tested books that have appealed to every one, and it always seems to me a strange thing that so many of our critics set up the appreciation of some obscure book or poem as a test of true culture."

"Yes," said the professor, gently; "I sometimes think that really great books are like the heavens at night. They should mean something to the humblest mind, even though it takes the trained eye of the astronomer to detect their most glorious stars."

"Perhaps the books I take most often from my shelves," went on Miss Trafton, "will seem a peculiar combination, but I believe they are Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' 'Cranford,' and 'Alice in Wonderland.' The last rests me with its delightful nonsense, and when I spend an hour in the genteel society of Cranford, I come back to actualities as reluctantly as one comes into the glare of mid-day after a morning in an old attic. Do you remember Miss Jenkyns thinking poor Captain Brown would not have been run over by the train if he had only been reading 'Rasselas' instead of the 'Pickwick Papers'?"

"Indeed, I do remember," said the professor, warmly; "but the 'Life,' madam, the 'Life!' Has there ever been anything like it? The only quarrel I have with Boswell's book is that it is so fascinating that too many are content to read of Johnson rather than to know him through his writings."

"I am afraid I come under that category," confessed Miss Trafton; "for his prose is rather awful, and the man himself has always seemed so much more interesting than his books."

"And, after all," said the professor,

meditatively, "you may be right. I'm afraid I have always cared more for books than for people; but I must say that as I grow older and feel that I, too, am an 'old struggler,' I read my 'Rasselas' with a keener appreciation."

There was a gentle sadness in his tone which made Miss Trafton answer with quick sympathy: "I suppose we are growing old, yet if some magic power were to offer me youth once more, I believe I'd shrink back with horror. Indian summer has its compensations."

"Yes," said the professor; "there is a certain charm in calmly facing the fact that our brilliant romance has an average ending. Once it was 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus,' but perhaps it's a finer thing to go on working, knowing that we can only expect decent mediocrity."

"If one could only feel that he was doing something no one else could do quite so well, it would make it easier," said Miss Trafton, a little wistfully.

"None of us of the older generation is sure of doing his work so that no one else could do it better, madam," said the professor. "This day of specialists is leaving us behind; and yet, in some things, for all our narrower opportunities, I think we had the advantage. We did n't have so much predigested knowledge. We had to work for what we got, and I believe we cared more for it when we got it. I can remember when a new book was an event to be planned for and talked over for many a winter evening, and if we sometimes erred in our taste, we had the courage of our convictions. Actually, madam, I met a young fellow a few days ago who was afraid he would appear crude if he said he liked Dickens. Think of it!"

"My father used to say," responded Miss Trafton, "that a man who could do without Dickens was as abnormal as a man who could live without sunshine. He always said that more Dickens and roast beef would make a better people of us."

"That sounds like the Professor Trafton who once reigned supreme at the old college of Oakley," said the professor, delightedly. "Can it be possible he was your father?"

Miss Trafton beamed with honest pride. "Then you remember him?"

"Remember him!" cried the professor,

with a glow of evanescent youth on his fine face, "why, my dear Miss Trafton, I was graduated under your father. A grand old man. I owe more to him than to any other man I ever knew. And you, madam, you must be the little lass that used to follow your father to the class-room. I declare, it makes me feel like a boy again."

In a moment the years fell away, and the two were launched upon a pleasant sea of reminiscence.

They found much to talk of, for they were both simple folk at heart, who took pleasure in the little things of life, and living had never become such an everyday affair with them that they forgot the miracle of it. Miss Trafton forgot her usual rôle of sympathetic listener and gave of her hoarded stores right royally, while, as for the professor, it was a delight to the unostentatious scholar to find that many of his favorite ideas, which had often been received with the chilly indifference which cools the most ardent, flowered into new graces as they were transplanted into his companion's mind.

When in a moment's silence the neighboring bells chimed out four o'clock, the professor and Miss Trafton, who had been living in a world where the hands of time's clock pointed backward, both started guiltily, becoming aware at the same time that a pale ray of sunshine was trying to force its way through the fog begrimed window-panes.

"What will those girls think has become of me!" said Miss Trafton, rising hastily, and blushing in what seemed to the professor a most pleasing way. Indeed, he became so absorbed in watching this strange phenomenon that the blushes grew more apparent, and he bethought himself to speak.

"Madam," he said, with a sincerity which bespoke deep-rooted conviction, "this has been the shortest and the pleasantest afternoon that I ever spent, and I thank you for it. When I go back to my quiet study, I shall often think of it."

Then he stopped abruptly, amazed and somewhat dismayed to find that the return to his accustomed corner, where the bust of Plato stood an unchallenged deity, and each book was a friend, did not seem just then the usually welcome end of his summer's journeying, and a thought flashed into his mind, so unexpected, so unprecedented in its nature, that he felt very much as some gnarled tree might feel that, after years of unfruitfulness, awakes some May morning to find a delicate pink blossom upon one of its withered branches. For once the obsession of the moment overruled the philosophic habit of the professor's mind.

"My dear Miss Trafton," he said, "why should we not meet often when we go back, to talk over the past, and perhaps"—The professor paused irresolutely: then remembering with an inward smile that Dr. Johnson had been an older man than he when he started upon his first sentimental journey, ended firmly—"perhaps, to plan for a happier future? What do you say, madam? May I come?"

Ancient precedent might have made Miss Trafton's answer one of those baffling commonplaces which stifle new-born emotion had she not suddenly encountered the sternly accusing eye of the painted prototype of the learned doctor.

"What, ma'am—what," he seemed to say, "will you debase the truth and allow false standards to come between you and a possible happiness?"

She turned to the professor with the wonderment of one who, burning his bridges behind him, sees fairer structures rise. "Come!" she said softly.

"The fog is lifting, sir," said James from the doorway.

Even at this supreme moment the professor loved an allegory as Boswell loved his London, and as he bent reverently over Miss Trafton's hand he said, with a whimsical tenderness: "James is right. The fog *is* lifting."



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE HIT

THE DESCENT OF BLANCHE

(A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

BRACTON, from the point of view of the theatrical agent, was a "minstrel town." The only form of amusement, however, that actually succeeded there was the circus. An optimistic professor from Collamore College had attempted a series of popular, elevating lectures, "New Lights on Napoleon," but Sexton Maginnis, who received a dollar for "ushering," was the only male person present except the lecturer. The professor waited twenty minutes, encouraged by Maginnis, with the hope that "another lady" was coming, but the moving figure down the road proved to be a cow.

Colonel Grayson's daughter Blanche believed that if the people of Bracton could be met on their ground, they might be elevated. She was still at the convent in Bracton, the prioress of which was Mother Juliet and the portress that Sister Margaret who had saved the soul of Sexton Maginnis. She was engaged in graduate courses in the philosophy of poetry (Professor MacNiall of Collamore College, three hours a week), and music (Sister Viola, sixteen hours a week, with a metronome and soundless clavier).

Colonel Grayson, a Maryland gentleman of the old school, who had served in the Confederate Army and the Papal Zouaves, was the only summer boarder at the Curtice Place, where Mary Ann Maginnis was chatelaine. He was waiting until Blanche finished her education, to take up his residence in the Bishop's town.

Blanche Grayson held that if you approached the Italians of Bracton from the luminous Italian past, and also appealed to the pride of the Irish inhabi-

tants, you could attract them to high-class lectures. Mrs. Magee, whom Blanche occasionally consulted on the subject of the washing of lace shirtwaists, agreed with her, and that she was the person to do this.

"My heart's with any girl that shows that she don't have to marry," said Mrs. Magee, with tears in her eyes. "Look at my own Mary Ann married to that tyrant Maginnis!"

And then Blanche explained her plan to Mrs. Magee, over the counter of the Olympia Laundry, while the little lay Sister went off for a few minutes to the photographer's.

The news of Blanche's plan reached Maginnis that day, and in the evening he spoke of it to his wife.

"'T is so," said Mary Ann; "I did n't know whether it was the truth or the mint julep when the Colonel told me this morning. It's a career she wants, and not Benny Gore, who has been waiting on her for two years. When she was boarding here last summer, I knew he was coming every time I heard somebody singing the old song, 'Said the Rose,' and she seemed to like him well enough then. But," said Mary Ann, with a sigh, "when a woman marries, it's her career she must give up. Not that I'm complaining. It's a blow to the old Colonel that she won't marry the son of a man that saved his life four times,—'t was once when I first heard the story,—while he was showing the Virginians how to fight and laughing at the Yankees for knowing no better than to let him beat them. 'T was he and the Maryland troops did everything. Miss Grayson gave my mother a lot of the tickets for her lecture," said Mary Ann, "they're to be

sold at the Olympia Laundry. And the mother says she's right, for if *she* had another daughter, she'd not let her marry; and, if she did marry, 't would be only to a man that would take the pledge," continued Mary Ann, innocently.

"And so Herself is against young Gore?" said Maginnis, letting his pipe go out. "He's a likely boy, frank and hearty. He's been promoted to be first chemist at O'Keefe's. He's been after her ever since she played through a whole dictionary of music at one sittin' at the Sisters' commencement two years ago. So Herself's against him! My heart goes out to a boy that's in love with a pretty girl—as I am, Mary Ann. I hear that the ould Colonel says he'd as lieve have his daughter disgrace herself by takin' to the theaytre as to a career," said Maginnis, with sentiment. "'T is no wonder a little young mint is too much for him."

"I don't deny it's hard on him," agreed Mary Ann. "She's to sing and play for the Sisters at the May concert for the last time."

"As an amachewer," said Maginnis, nodding his head; "and I hear the holy Sisthers won't believe she's capable of professionalism; but they're not sure."

"The Colonel went on his knees to her, he told me," said Mary Ann. "'You're descended from the third Lord Baltimore,' says he. 'No female of our family has ever brought us to shame by earning money in public,' says he. 'It's a blot on the name of Grayson,' says he, 'for the like of you to go into the temptations of the public theater when you've a father to support you and a good husband, the last of the Gores, a-waitin' for you. A woman,' says the old omad-haun, 'ought never to talk except in her own house, and mighty little—then. There is n't,' says he, 'another family of our standing in Maryland that won't look down on us, and there are some folks on the Eastern Shore,' says he, 'that are kin to your mother's family, who'll crow to see the name dragged in the mud,' says he." Mary Ann hesitated, and added: "Herself says that Blanche was going to ask you to help her, though."

"Herself advised her not to, I suppose," said Maginnis, sadly. "We'll

see. I'm for sentiment against a career every time," he added with unction.

Blanche's education, however, was, to the Colonel, extremely unsatisfactory. "Philosophy of Poetry!" he said bitterly. "How is Blanche ever goin' to marry a gentleman that respects himself, if she knows more than he does? My Lord," he solemnly added to the Bishop,—he was most careful to observe all forms, and it was a lesson in deportment to see him backing out of a room before a church dignitary,—"If I had sent her to a poor white-trash school, where they believe in female clubs, she could n't be more of a New Woman. She wants to lecture for a livin', and I reckon no power on earth will stop her. And Benny Gore, by gad! the finest gentleman in Maryland, just waitin' to kiss the tracks that little girl of mine makes in the grass! And the worst of it is," concluded the Colonel, "that the nuns don't take the view of education they used to. A female needs the gentler arts, not economics and fol-de-rols of that sort."

Occasionally the Colonel paid a formal visit to the convent. He was grizzled, red, thin, and aquiline, and one day when, chivalrous, though fierce-looking, he was affrighting the circle of Sisters gathered in the parlor with stories of the prowess of the Marylanders in the war and of his own prowess at the Porta Pia, the Bishop, coming to make his call, named him "Cyrano de Bergerac." It was on this day that the Colonel, clinging to the Bishop, begged him to interfere to save Blanche from a career. And the Bishop had laughed, and recommended Sexton Maginnis as "the Mercury of these parts." The Colonel sighed, and broke forth in denunciations of the New Woman and the New South that were almost as lyrical as anything Cyrano could have done.

On the day of the May concert at the convent, the great function of the year, the Colonel called early, to offer his services. There was a load on his mind. Blanche was obdurate, the Bishop indifferent, the Sisters sympathetic, and Sexton Maginnis uncertain. The Colonel had resolved to leave the city for a week, that he might not be forced to hear of the descent of Blanche. Sister Margaret, the portress, admitted him to the trim parlor,



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WELL, IT 'S NO USE,' HE SAID. 'THERE 'S NO USE OF MY WAITING TO SEE MOTHER JULIET NOW'"

and he was very courteous. Although not of this world, Sister Margaret had a keen eye for the "grand manner."

"He 's a fine figure of a man," she said to herself as she placed Milner's "End of Controversy" on the marble-topped table, that he might edify himself for a while, "and he 'd make a great bishop, only, sure, he could n't afford to have such good

manners then; that would be spoiling the people entirely. The reverend mother," she said aloud, "will be here in a moment, Colonel, and your daughter, too; but you can't see her long, for she 's on the program early and late in the concert-room beyond."

As the Colonel sighed, there was perfume of young mint—to put it delicately

—in the air. Going out, Sister Margaret met the delicate, black-eyed Sister Viola in the vestibule.

"Oh, Sister Margaret," she said anxiously, "has the boy brought the piano parts of the 'Pilgrims' Chorus' yet?"

She caught sight of the roll, and darted at it with the rapidity of a swallow. A square piece of card-board on the little stand fell to the ground, and before she could pick it up, the Colonel, who had observed her from the parlor, stepped forward, with a low bow, and lifted it. The printed side was upward, and he read almost unconsciously,

"Bracton Town Hall, May 28, 1902,
at eight o'clock."

Lecture: 'The Domination of the Celt in
Literature.'

by

An Ex-Pupil of the Convent of the Seraphim,
Tickets, fifty cents, admitting two."

He dropped the odious thing upon the table.

"Well, it's no use," he said; "there's no use of my waiting to see Mother Juliet now; that frantic daughter of mine has determined to ruin the family name. Present my regards to the reverend mother, and please say that I have left the city more in sorrow than in anger."

And he bowed himself out.

"Dear me!" said Sister Viola, sniffing. "I'm afraid the Colonel—I hope none of the visitors will notice—the odor."

Sister Margaret looked sadly at Sister Viola, whom she respected only as an academic person.

"If you were a married woman, faith," she said, "you'd know better than to find fault with a real gentleman for taking a drop in moderation. It's well that you're not in the world, Sister. Sure," she added to herself, "it's little humanity these learned Sisters have in their hearts at all; but perhaps it's the country. In Kerry it's small respect we have for the man so weak in the head that he can't take his drop at the right time."

Sister Viola looked horrified, and hastened away from the obnoxious scent, with her precious roll in her hand, to hear Blanche conquer the last five bars in the "Shower of Pearls," which was to follow her *chef d'œuvre*, the "Ballade in A Flat Major." After this Sister Viola, distracted and more swallow-like than ever,

tried to induce the quartette to let Blanche finish her solo, "Said the Rose," and not begin "Maryland, my Maryland" six bars ahead of time. As the quartette, composed of small girls, always strayed from the key as soon as Sister Viola ceased to look at them, she had little time to give to the second violin, whose left slipper was a bad fit, or to discover whether the smallest Capillo child, who was to perform in an arrangement of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird" (for six hands, which were nearly all thumbs), had really swallowed a fly or not. Then Marie McGucken, who was to scatter brilliant arpeggios from the harp, broke two strings of that capricious instrument.

At last, during a respite of half an hour before even the earliest guest should arrive, Sister Viola, pale, exhausted, anxious about more things than the industrious Martha ever dreamed of, propped herself against the Gibson pillows—the gifts of beloved and absent pupils—on the sofa in her music-room. Blanche Grayson adjusted herself on the piano stool. She was a slender girl, not very tall, with a varying rose tint in her face, a dimple in her left cheek, and the air of a fawn that had just settled a vexed question. As a "post-graduate," she was permitted to wear a train, which was of soft white stuff that did not rustle; a few spangles scattered on the bertha were likewise allowed her because of her eminence. Her wide-open dark-grey eyes, which were violet when they were not so wide open, were fixed on Sister Viola's ivory-toned face.

"Perhaps," Blanche said reflectively, "if I were a Virginia girl, and had been engaged a great many times, I should find it easier to give up Benny Gore. Oh, Sister, do not imagine—you, who know me so well—that I have not suffered in choosing between him and my career—I may say, my vocation."

Sister Viola was thinking of the harp-strings, and she made a mechanical sign of assent.

"I have settled it my own way; forgive me, Sister, for not accepting the path of the sheltered life."

"Bessie Hinkson is always flat in the 'Melody in F,'" murmured Sister Viola, permitting Blanche to clasp her right hand, "I must look after her E string."

"Listen," said Blanche, emphatically, "I have found my *métier* under the influence of Professor MacNiall's lectures. I have traced the influence of the Celt on our literature, and I am going to expose—with the assistance of Professor MacNiall's notes—the fallacies of the Anglo-Saxon. I shall speak at the Bracton Town Hall on the twenty-eighth. I shall do some good. It's a popular view; it's ideal."

"Not in public, Blanche, surely!" exclaimed Sister Viola, awakening.

"Why not? And, you know, Bracton is not *so* public; it's a little place. And of course it's not a center of culture, like Richmond or Baltimore; but I've friends there, and I shall make it all very simple, at the same time philosophical. It will be what Professor MacNiall calls '*haute vulgarization*.' If I get good notices in the local papers, it will help me. Mrs. Magee—dear, motherly woman—is to assist with the tickets. And—" Blanche reddened—"that hateful Benny Gore dared me to do it."

"Oh, Blanche, what will Mother Juliet say?"

"She knows," said Blanche; "and she was awfully medieval about it, and then she said she hoped I would n't catch cold, and was glad that I am going to stay with such kind-hearted people as the Maginnises. As to father," exclaimed Blanche, "he'll come around all right when the press rings with my fame, and I earn some money. I'm sick of being only part of a dead family; I'm tired of being descended from the *third* Lord Baltimore,—I wonder how my ancestors managed to skip the fourth. Perhaps, if I had n't heard so much of father's family, I might want to have one of my own."

"Blanche!"

Blanche tightened her lips.

"If you went in for music, it might be different," said Sister Viola; "but I think you're very foolish to give up a good young man, like Mr. Gore, for the lecture-field, as I've heard you call it. If a girl has n't a vocation, she ought to marry—there's that Bessie Hinkson flat again!" Sister Viola murmured, as a wail rent the air. "A great consolation in convent-school life," added Sister Viola, with a moment's gentle bitterness, "is that the stupid girls you have to teach are no kin

to you. Don't be silly, Blanche. Marry, as you can't be a nun. I hear that Mr. Gore does n't drink, and Sister Margaret says—oh, there's that E string again! I must go!"

Left alone, Blanche drew herself to her full height, and kicked out her train.

"I wonder if Benny Gore will come to the concert," she thought. The first time he saw me I sang, 'Said the Rose.' " She hummed:

"I am weary of the Garden,
Said the Rose;
For the winter winds are sighing."

She stopped, feeling very unphilosophical for a moment. "*Loin du Bal*" sounded finally from one of the piano closets, interrupted by a bell which called all the performers to the ante-room adjoining the place of the concert. There clouds of white muslin and blue ribbons awaited the beginning of the overture to "*Semiramide*" (for four pianos). The rustle of programs and the swishing of petticoats told that unseen auditors were arriving in large numbers. Sister Viola, loved by the school, and not at all feared, was welcomed with subdued applause. Every girl drew on her gloves at once, the pianists allowing theirs to dangle elegantly from their wrists. Judith Silberstein, who was to "do" Chopin, *sola*, hastily hid a pair of jingling bracelets under her sleeves, visible jewelry being forbidden.

"Sister," whispered Blanche, tremulously, "I'm afraid I can't go on. It's my last appearance in a May concert, and if he should be here"—

Blanche knew very well that she was the "star" of the occasion. Sister Viola suppressed an impatient speech. Judith Silberstein had heard the whisper. She was not to be outdone; to be sure, she could have no train or spangles, but she had talent, and her mother's bracelets in her bosom.

"Oh, Sister Viola," she pleaded, "I must be likewise excused. I have flutterings in my heart I never before have had. It is impossible that I should play that rhapsodie."

Sister Viola's own heart fluttered. Must the concert, the great event each year in the annals of the convent, fail this time?



Drawn by Arthur J. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AN ASPIRATION

"What it is, Nanita?" she asked in a dull voice.

Nanita Valdez, who, as the smallest girl in the school and a Brazilian, was to dance a *cachuca*,—even in the presence of the Bishop,—tripped up to the unhappy Sister.

"My castanets do not click well," said Nanita, who looked like a yellow tulle butterfly; "besides, my heart goes just like Judith's. We little girls have just as much right to heart-beats as the big ones, Sister."

A tall girl, with a golden pompadour, disengaged herself from the quartette.

"If Bessie Hinkson is going to stand before me when I sing my phrase, I'm afraid—"

Sister Viola clasped the beads of her rosary; there was a clapping of hands in the hall; the Bishop had arrived; life became a blank to her.

"Young ladies," said the gentle voice of Mother Juliet from the doorway, "you are all, I know,—everyone of you,—desirous to do well; so please kneel down and make an aspiration."

Slowly, like falling snowflakes on a windless day, the clouds of fluffy white touched the polished floor, even the lustrous-eyed Judith Silberstein bowing her head most devoutly. The bell rang, and out upon the stage filed the pianists of the first number, with Blanche at their head. She surveyed the auditors, wondering how she would face her listeners on the twenty-eighth. Yes, there was Sexton Maginnis, ushering late-comers into their seats. She *must* see him after the concert; but that hateful Benny Gore was nowhere visible!

The crash of the overture rang out; Sister Viola's color came back; she looked gratefully at Mother Juliet.

"Sister Viola," said the Prioress, gently, "when you feel like boxing a woman's ears, and you can't, *always* appeal to her religion."

Maginnis did many "chores," as he phrased it, for the convent, and Blanche Grayson knew that he would probably await orders in the parlor, after the concert was over. She found him there, as she expected, hat in hand, the picture of guilelessness and good humor. She took the proof of the announcement of her lecture from the vestibule table and showed it to him.

"I'm of age, you know," she began, fearing that he would hesitate to help her.

"Sure, you don't look it!" said Maginnis, gallantly.

Blanche drew herself up indignantly.

"Mr. Maginnis," she said, "you see that I am going to enter the lecture-field."

"I do," said Maginnis.

"And I've hired the hall in Bracton, because it is near, and I can go right home to your house after the lecture. And I want you to assist me *every way*."

"I will," said Maginnis; and then he looked down at the wild azalea in his buttonhole, and seemed to think.

"Please take this proof to the printer's, and tell him that it's all right."

Maginnis took the placard,—the one her father had seen in the vestibule,—and looked at the legend boldly printed upon it.

"Sure," he said, after a pause, "I thought you had a beau—and let me say, Miss Grayson, that there's nothing in theaytricals for the likes of you. 'T was his reverence Father Blodgett himself that I heard sayin' that the strongest of us would be tempted by the seductions of the theazyter, if we got mixed up with them. If I were the holy Sisthers,—begin' their pardon,—I'd counsel you to take Mr. Gore, the likely boy he is, if he'll have you."

"Have me!" Blanche exclaimed, redening to the roots of her carefully parted hair. She remembered that she must preserve her dignity. "Mr. Gore is nothing to me. When he heard of my lecture, he asked Mrs. Magee, a kind, mothery soul who washes my laces, if I was going to do 'the escaped-nun racket.' It's vulgar."

"So Herself's in it!" said Maginnis. He grinned; then, as he repeated Benny Gore's obnoxious phrase, a light broke upon him, and he chuckled hoarsely. Blanche Grayson was certainly a very pretty and simple girl. Finola, the "twin" might be like her some day; the twin should not waste herself on a career, if he could prevent it.

"You will do what you can to fill the hall, Mr. Maginnis?"

"I'll fill the hall," said Maginnis. "Every Kerry man in town will be there."

"You 'll put up the posters, and sell the tickets—you have great influence—"

"I 'll fill the hall; there 'll not be standin' room, and Mary Ann will go with you, and look after you."

Twilight had fallen when Maginnis reached the printing office to which all Bracton sent its job work. It was closed, but he went over to Benny Gore's boarding-house and borrowed his lead pencil.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Hah-itone plate engraved by R. Varley

"*'SO HERSELF 'S IN IT!' SAID MAGINNIS*"

"Oh, thank you so much! As to the money—"

"Never mind that," said Maginnis, with a magnificent wave of his hand; "I 'll come out square."

At this moment Sister Viola entered the parlor in search of Blanche, and Maginnis said a respectful good-by.

Then he made certain changes in Miss Grayson's announcement of her lecture.

"I 'll not tell the boy till after it 's done," he said; "'t is better to leave him the little peace of mind he has."

He thrust the placard under the printer's door, with the corrections carefully marked. On his way, he had to lean

against several fences, and his roars of laughter, as he entered the lane that led to his home at the Curtice Place, almost awakened Finn and Finola.

Benny Gore began to cheer up on the day before the lecture. This was the day on which the posters were carefully nailed on vacant fences, and on the big tree in front of Father Blodgett's rectory.

"Poor, misguided creature, whoever she is," said Father Blodgett, taking the placard down, "if she only dreamed of the passions she may arouse in this peaceful community, she might pause in her career for gain. Maginnis, see that our people keep away; I'm sorry it is too late to tell them so from the altar. Let there be no disturbance; the poor thing is, after all, a woman."

Maginnis promised gently and sweetly to see that there should be no disturbance. "But," he said, "I wish, Father, you'd keep an eye on Herself. It's mighty queer of her to be sellin' tickets and tryin' to get everybody to go to the lecture. And it against her own people! There are women, as well as men," he added, "that would be the better for the pledge."

Father Blodgett sighed. "She was such a worthy woman," he said. "Drink is a curse."

"Right you are, your Reverence," said Maginnis, virtuously. "It's not me, though, that would say a word against Herself."

On the night of the twenty-eighth of May, Colonel Grayson came back to Bracton just in time to see crowds of men entering the town hall. He could not keep away, though he felt that his name was to be disgraced, and, in his heart, he was proud of the little girl's pluck. He observed that there was a carriage in the side street, and that Benny Gore, in a long, light rain-coat, with his inseparable brier-wood pipe between his lips, was loitering there. The Colonel joined him, and shook hands. They walked up and down the narrow pavement, accompanied only by tobacco smoke and the scent of young mint when the Colonel breathed hard in his sorrow. In a clear tenor voice, Benny tried once or twice the old tune, "Said the Rose":

"And she fixed me in her bosom,
Like a star,
And I flashed there all the morning,

Jasmine, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning,
That they are!"

"You seem mighty cheerful," said the Colonel.

"I reckon I am," said Benny.

Blanche heard the carol, and her heart began to thump. She stood under the hoop of gaslights that illuminated the bleak Bracton hall, the only ornament of which was a big, rusty, cylinder-stove. This was all very different from listening to Professor MacNiall's beautiful lectures, and dreaming of a pure, high, starry career. She noticed, looking at the "sea of faces," that there was hardly a woman in the hall. Mrs. Magee, whose bonnet had been turned awry in her effort to get a good seat, was just behind her son-in-law.

Mary Ann stood in the room near the stage, opening into the side street. She had been instructed to have Miss Grayson's wraps in readiness, and her heart was in her mouth, for she felt that Maginnis was up to something. From her place she could see Maginnis and the purple roses on her mother's spring hat.

Maginnis clapped his hands, and applause followed that seemed somehow to have an ironical echo. The lecturer forgot to kick the train of her black chiffon gown, as set down in several rehearsals; but she opened her manuscript very gracefully, cleared her throat, and read, gaining strength as she went on. Her auditors were silent, and they appeared to be expectant. She was just beginning to think that her black gloves made her hands seem very small when she reached one of those philosophical "intermezzos" which she had sprinkled through her lecture:

"Philosophy is the key of life, and, I may say, the key of poetry. A poet's ethics,—by ethics I mean the philosophical conduct of life,—comes from his essential consciousness. If Pope had been less self-seeking, less malicious, less mischievous, less treacherous"—

A roar from the suspicious front benches followed these assertions.

"Glory be to God, Maginnis!" whispered Mrs. Magee, leaning over in her excitement and tapping her son-in-law's elbow, "what is she sayin' against the Pope?"

"Pope's treachery," continued Blanche,



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

"MAGINNIS JUMPED FROM HIS SEAT AND CAUGHT
HER ARM"

trembling a little, "was the result of a"—

Catcalls and groans interrupted her. An egg, brought into the hall, in spite of all vigilance, struck the edge of the stage. Blanche stepped back, open-eyed and startled. Maginnis jumped from his seat and caught her arm, and hurried her out to Mary Ann.

"Oh, Mr. Maginnis," she asked, now

trembling very much, "why will they not listen? Am I a failure?"

"They 're the ignorant kind that hate education," said Maginnis, consolingly. "They 'll tear the hall down next," he added, with complacency.

The world seemed to be falling around Blanche; but there, just outside the door, was Benny Gore, who lifted her into the carriage.

"He 's betther nor a career, miss," Maginnis whispered. "Take him, and, if you 'll accept my advice, Mr. Gore, *you 'll* drive the bride's father with you to Father Blodgett's, for his emotions have n't left him a leg to stand on." And, indeed, the Colonel seemed dazed.

Blanche leaned her head on Benny's shoulder and wept.

"Was it so very bad?" she asked.

"I 'm afraid so," he said, "for they 're having a fight in the hall over it yet."

"I shall never try again," she answered, with a sob.

"You and your wife will meet us at the rectory," said Benny Gore to Maginnis. "And I 'll never forget you."

"'T was Herself's work, Mary Ann," whispered Maginnis, "encouragin' a homeless orphan to her own destruction. And I 'm glad the twins are not

old enough to hear of it. Mary Ann, lead your mother to the rectory. I 'll follow."

He stood alone under the lamp-post; he chuckled, as he read his masterpiece, which some rude hand had recently plucked from a blank wall:

"Bracton Town Hall, May 28, 1902,
at eight o'clock.

Lecture: 'The Damnation of the Celt in
Literature.'

by An Escaped Nun.

Tickets, fifty cents, admitting two."

"No Kerry boy could stand *that*," he said, "and well I knew it; but I 'd like to have the spalpeen by the neck that threw an egg at the lady. 'T is a good piece of work," he added, folding up the poster; "but, glory be! 'T is the last thing I 'll do of the kind, if I can help it."



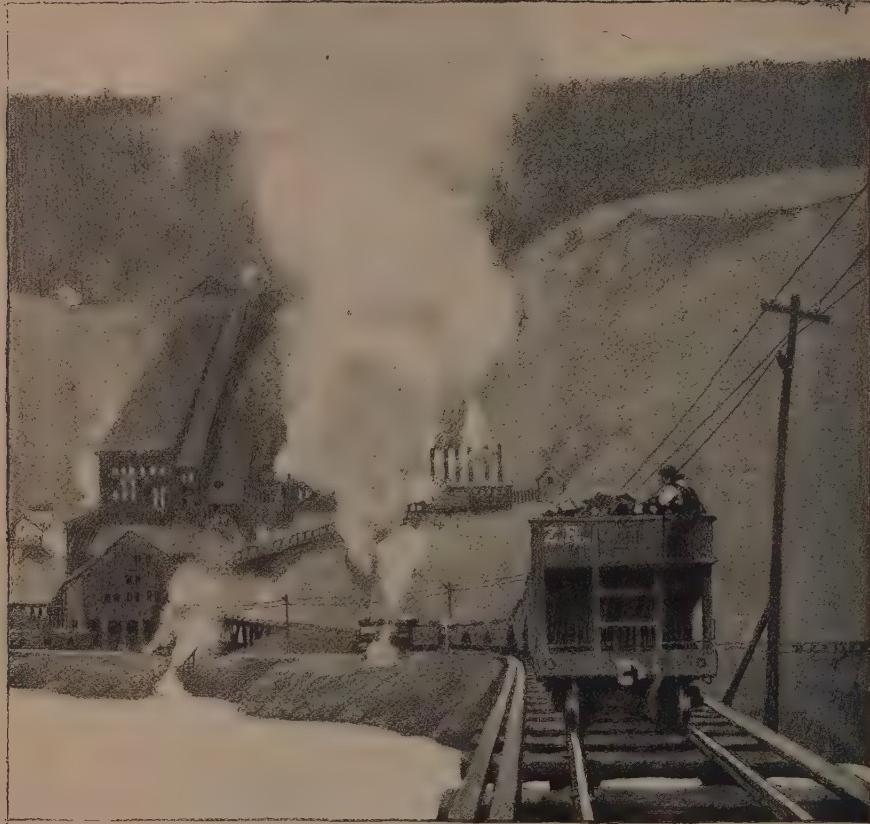
THE POET

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

O F fairy-land his foot is free,
And with a seraph sword
He keeps for sons of mystery
That garden of the Lord;

Dim realm where all this earth's misrule
Is glamoured into grace,
Where pilgrims of the Beautiful
Behold her solemn face;

That garden, walled with ancient awe,
Where the dreamer walks apart;
That fire to which the world is straw,
Land of the Living Heart.

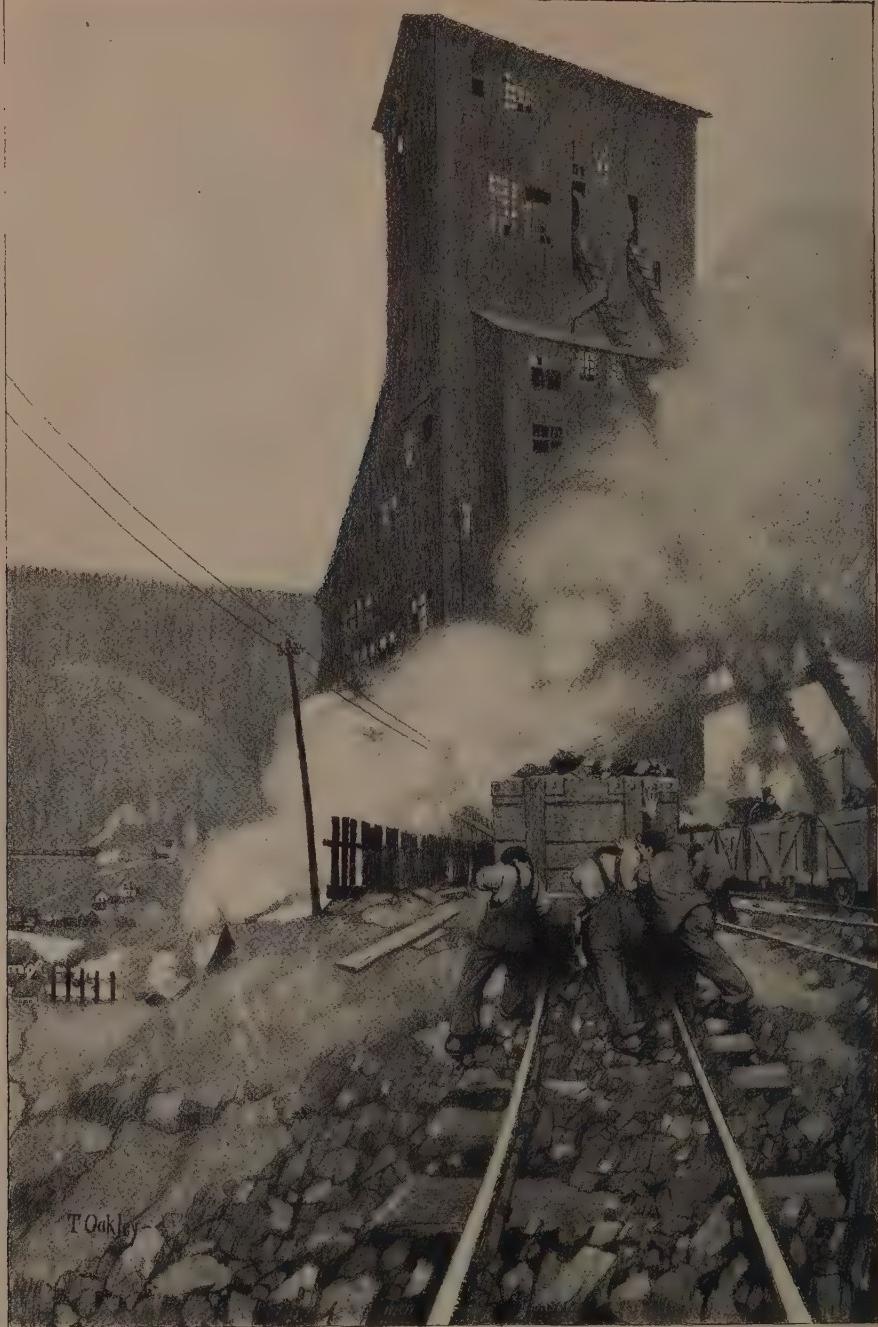


IN THE
ANTHRACITE
REGION . . .
PICTURES
BY
THORNTON OAKLEY



Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

THE COLLIERY HUNS RETURNING HOME FROM WORK



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

PUSHING CAR-LOADS OF COAL INTO THE BREAKER



T. Oakley. '96

Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"THE PATCH"—HUN WOMEN DRYING CLOTHES

TWILIGHT

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

A LITTLE longer let the dream beguile
That we abide in youth's entrancing smile.
These lingering buds a vernal promise show,
Though pale rose-petals drift like flakes of snow;
The air is thin and keen with frost—but still,
Spring's freshest morn has oft the selfsame chill.

The sky is dark and shines with many a star—
Has dawn not stars? The night must yet be far.
Which is this twilight—that of age or youth?
Since each resembles each so much, forsooth,
One scarce can tell if youth's bright day be gone
Or just awakening to its April dawn.

THE "HAYSTACK PRAYER-MEETING," AND WHAT FOLLOWED

BY HENRY R. ELLIOT

HE nineteenth century saw the foundation, first, of the Bible societies; second, of the Sunday-school; third, of the Society of Christian Endeavor; fourth, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and fifth, of Protestant foreign missions. The first centennial of the pioneer Bible Society has just been celebrated in London. Only a few months ago, the founder of the Y. M. C. A., Sir George Williams, died in that same city. The central figure in the creation of the organized Sunday-school movement, B. F. Jacobs, died only a few years ago, and several of his associates, like Bishop Vincent, are still in service. Robert Raikes started his first crude class for Bible study a little over one hundred years ago. "Father Endeavor" Clark organized the first Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor in his church in Portland, Maine, in 1881.

Just one hundred years ago this summer, probably in August, a group of Williams College students took the step which, by common consent, marks the creation of the foreign missionary move-

ment in this country. This is the centennial summer of "The Haystack Meeting," which the whole Christian world is about to celebrate as one of the most memorable dates in history.

What has invested this prayer-meeting with such vast importance? Not the circumstances, certainly, which were these:

Five country boys, students at Williams College, got in the way of meeting frequently for religious conversation and prayer. They were studying geography, among other branches of learning, and one tradition has it that out of their interest in this study was born a profound compassion for the great unknown heathen world, the very territory of which was only a blank area on the map. Geography, as studied at Williams in 1806, was a very different thing from geography as the school-boy of to-day knows it.

The leading spirit in this group was a youth just entering college from Torrington, Connecticut, named Samuel J. Mills. Even as a lad he had been touched by the heroic quality in the missionary work of Eliot and Brainerd among the wild tribes



THE "HAYSTACK" MONUMENT, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

that still swarmed in the American forests, and it was with a well-defined purpose in his own mind to devote his life to world-wide missions that he went up to college for fuller preparation.

The five boys held their prayer-meetings in their rooms at college or in the adjacent woods, and the call to service in heathen lands was the prevailing topic of thought. While thus engaged, in a maple grove near the college, on a mid-summer's afternoon in 1806, a thunder storm suddenly burst upon them, and they hurried for shelter to a haystack in a near-by clearing. Burrowing under its protecting slopes, the five students continued their service in this extemporized cave, while the tempest raged about them.

During the shower, Mills urged his associates to a decision that the time was ripe for an attack on the heathen peoples of Asia, and called upon them for personal enlistment in the cause. One of the group contended that such a movement, in advance of the military conquest of Asia by Christian armies, would be premature. But the eloquence of Mills prevailed. "We can do it if we will," he exclaimed, uttering the now-famous watchword of the missionary world, and in a rapt prayer of consecration, amid the peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, he committed himself and the company to the mission cause.

Presently the skies cleared, the rain ceased, and the group of youths dispersed.

But the impressions of the haystack prayer-meeting remained. Events did not move so quickly a century ago, but in 1808 a secret society was organized in one of the college rooms as a result of the meetings steadily continued during the two years, the members of which pledged themselves to the mission cause.

In 1810, Mills was graduated from Williams, and went to Andover Theological Seminary to prepare himself for missionary labors. Here he met the three pioneer missionaries to Asia, Newell, Nott, and Judson. He offered himself to the churches at the same time, but in the judgment of friends it was thought best for him to remain at home and enlist the churches in the support of those who went. And thus it may be said that the first missionary society in America began, since it was largely on account of Mills's efforts that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized.

Singularly enough, Mills himself was not permitted to labor personally in heathen lands. For several years he was engaged in important service at home not only in the foreign missionary work proper, but in city missions in New York City and in the formation of the American Bible Society. He also became deeply interested in the American Colonization Society, and in 1818 was sent to Africa by that society to select a site for a colony. While thus engaged, he contracted a fatal fever, and was buried at sea on the return voyage.

No authentic portrait of Mills or of any of the "haystack group" exists, but we have an interesting description of Mills by a friend and neighbor, who writes, in the formal diction of the time, as follows:

"While his figure was manly, his apparel studiously neat, and his manner rather graceful, his voice was not clear, nor his eye brilliant, nor his language fluent. Unlike his father, he had no wit. The prominent traits of his character, which gave him prominence as a philanthropist, were such as these: He was sa- gacious to see what could be done and what could not be done. He embarked in no mere theoretic or impracticable enterprises. He had more than ordinary knowledge of human nature. He did

not consult his own wealth, ease, or honor. His compassion to man was tender and large. His love to the Kingdom of Christ was a flame of fire. He wasted no time in despondence or complaints. He was prudent in the use of his tongue. He did not rail about the popular error or vices, whether of nations or individuals. He was no bigot. He silently communed with the Baptist, prayed with the Methodist, loved the Moravian, and praised the Friend. His prayers were short, often saying, "We praise thee that we belong to a race of beings who were made by Jesus Christ and for him, and who are redeemed by his blood."

We cannot refer even in barest outline to the century's growth in foreign missions since the haystack prayer-meeting. We have noticed the origin of the "A. B. C. F. M." in 1810. Other societies soon followed, such as the Wesleyan Methodist in 1813, the Baptist Missionary Union in 1814, the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal church in 1821, the Reformed Church Missionary Society in 1837, and the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church (North) also in 1837.

At present, taking the statistics from "The Blue Book of Missions" for 1905, there are in the United States forty-three foreign missionary societies, supporting 4627 missionaries and 21,933 native helpers, working at 9429 stations. Connected with these stations are 6756 schools, 209 hospitals, and fifteen publication houses. The number of professing Christians is put down as 926,449, and the total yearly income at \$6,560,574.

How far the haystack prayer-meeting was an initiating impulse, setting in motion the amazing development of the missionary enterprise which the century has witnessed, how far it was simply a ripple on the surface of a great world current, each student of history must decide for himself. That discussion can be left to the debating societies that decide whether the age makes the man or the man makes the age. What is certain is that by the common consent of the Christian public, to Samuel J. Mills and his four associates at the haystack prayer-meeting is attributed, so far as human agency goes, the definite beginning of the foreign missionary enterprise in this country.



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE FAILURE



THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND THE FARM-YOUTH

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University



N two previous papers, discussing some of the phases of the agricultural status as it is reflected in college students, I presented the reasons that certain students alleged for leaving the farm and that other students alleged for taking up farm-life. Since I dealt with students in those papers, it is a natural sequence that I now ask the further question as to what is to be the prospect for the person who is educated for country life in an agricultural college. It is sometimes charged that the college educates "away from" or "beyond" the farm. If this is true, it must be because it either alienates the student's sympathies or gives him an unpractical or not useful training. A main question, so far as the student is concerned, is whether his sympathies really are in danger of being alienated.

What, then, do these agricultural students purpose to do with their education? The only way to answer this question is to secure statements from the students themselves. This I have done, and the summary results are given below. It will no doubt be objected that this method is unreliable as indicating the influence of the college, since a student may not follow his intentions; yet it is probable that the influence of a course of study may be better expressed in the intentions of

students than in statistics of the occupations of persons who have been some years out of college, for the occupation is in very many cases a matter of accident or of circumstances rather than of choice. The student's ideals are developed or confirmed in the college course; if later these ideals are shattered, it may be no fault of the course.

The students of whom I asked the questions were members of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University. My only reason for choosing this particular college is because I am connected with it. Probably the other agricultural colleges would give similar results. I have every reason to think that the replies express honest conviction. These persons represented three classes of students; four-year students, having entered with full university requirements and who were working for a baccalaureate degree; two-year students, pursuing general agricultural studies, earnest men and women, well grounded in common-school subjects, and many of them persons of maturity and strong native ability, and all of them taking regular university work; and two-year specials in the teacher's course for nature-study and agriculture, all of whom were women. Up to the time of this writing I had 179 replies to my inquiries. These replies may be roughly classified as follows:

STATEMENT OF THE DESIRES OF 179
STUDENTS IN A COLLEGE OF
AGRICULTURE

	Desire to go into farming	Desire to teach or experiment in agriculture	Landscape-gardening	Undecided or unexpressed	
78 students reared on the farm					
35 regular students	28	6		1	
43 special students	40	2		1	
69 students reared in town or city					
45 regular students	25	11	7	2	
24 special students	19	3	1	1	
14 American women students					
5 regular students	2	3			
9 special students		9 (teach nature-study and agriculture)			
18 foreign students					
10 regular students	8	2			
8 special students	7	1			
179	129	37	8	5	

The figures in the last column are most significant, showing that only five of the entire lot fail to express their wishes as to choice of life-work. Moreover, two or three of these persons declare that they desire to pursue some kind of agricultural work.

The desire to engage in farming, as expressed in the first column, is most various in kind and of different degrees of intensity. I made a note of such desires as are specifically mentioned by the respondents, with the following results:

FARM STUDENTS

Desire to return to home farm	13
Stock and dairy farming	14
Horticulture	11
General Farming	6
Poultry	6
Superintendent or manager	5

TOWN STUDENTS

Horticulture (mostly fruit and greenhouse business)	15
Stock and dairy farming	14
General farming	8
Poultry	4

While these specific replies are too few to furnish any basis of percentages, they nevertheless suggest the range of activities that appeals to a student body. They also indicate that the desire for an

agricultural life appeals to many men of many minds, and that it is apparently not a passing whim or fashion.

Many of these persons who desire to take up direct farming occupations, however, have no capital with which to start. They will follow teaching or some other salaried work for a time, as they tell me in their replies, in order that they may accumulate the means to buy land and equipment. Of course some of them will never get back to the land after they are once engaged in another enterprise, but this will be their misfortune rather than their choice.

The figures are most suggestive as to the intentions of the town students. There are, of course, no sharp lines of classification as between farm and town. Some of the students have spent their time in both city and country, and are essentially townsmen, and I have so classified them. Some farm-youths have moved to town, but these are essentially farmers, because they were reared in the farm atmosphere. Yet I think that there is sufficient line of separation to make the categories worth while. It is rather surprising that more than sixty per cent. of these town- and farm-youths desire to engage in practical farming. It is equally significant that all of those who wish to be landscape-gardeners are from the town. This is a reflection of the fact that the art sense is not yet developed in the agricultural country.

On the whole, this particular student body, so far as replies have been received, has set itself concretely toward the development of agriculture, and seventy per cent. of the respondents would engage in practical farming if they were free and able to do so. One wonders what fortune the years will bring these young persons, and how many of them will find the opportunities to which they are looking.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE EDUCATED FARM-BOY?

Having made this brief examination of the sentiment of a certain agricultural student body, it will now be worth while to ask what an agricultural education may be expected to accomplish for the farm-boy in general, and whether there is to be a place in the world for a person

thus trained. This is the main question, so far as society is concerned.

There is special reason for asking these questions, since there is no phase of educational work that is now receiving more attention than agricultural education. Many of the agricultural colleges that have been in an undeveloped state are now springing into great activity. States are giving large sums for buildings and equipment, to supplement the proceeds from the funds of the Land Grant Act of 1862, on which every State and Territory has founded a college that teaches agriculture. What will this new educational activity accomplish for the farmer?

It is first pertinent to consider what education does for a man. It inspires him, sets him new ideals, makes him a more vigorous and accurate thinker, gives him a new fund of information, and furnishes him with power. Then the question arises whether the farm will continue to satisfy the educated man.

The two factors, then, are the college on one hand and the farm on the other. Can they work together harmoniously for one common object? It is undoubtedly true that there has often been a lack of articulation or adjustment between the two, in spite of all their efforts to come together. This lack is not to be regarded as a shortcoming, but rather as a stage in the progress of evolution of a new type of education. It requires time to work out a pedagogical system that will adequately meet its ends, and probably in no other direction is this so true as in agricultural education: for agriculture is exceedingly complex; it rests on a multitude of sciences and arts, and it is handicapped by centuries of burdensome tradition. Agricultural education in this country, as an organized enterprise, is not yet half a century old; and half a century is none too long for the fitting of the ground and the planting of the seed.

Agricultural education has passed through a period of development, as all other education has; it has appealed to the few rather than to the many. The man of special parts has gone to college. For such men there are always special opportunities. In the last fifty years the commercial world has been upset and reorganized, calling everywhere for men of ability. The farm has furnished a re-

markable share of these men, for the farm-boy is industrious, frugal, and able to turn his attention to many enterprises. We think it strange that the college student has not gone back to the farm; it would be stranger if the men of unusual ability had gone back to the farm. To capable men the door of opportunity always opens: they enter.

Another type of youth who has gone to college is the one who cares for books more than for affairs. The college satisfies him. He is willing to remain in an inferior position if only he can have access to libraries and to the company of bookish men. This is not anomalous or even strange. Some men like cattle, some like steam-engines, some like books. Of course the book-man is not cut out for a farmer. If he goes back to the farm, he becomes the "book-farmer." He has missed his calling, and he has had his day. There is a place in the world for this man, and this place he is now finding.

Much of the teaching also has been bookish and conventional. It has been the avowed purpose of teaching to teach by books. The old colleges and academies rested largely on this idea. The common schools copied the colleges. The introduction into colleges of subjects that have relation to affairs has changed all this. The mechanical engineer is not educated primarily in books and mere lectures, but in machines and engineering problems. The teaching of agriculture also is similarly changing. More and more, the students are studying cows and corn, not studying more or less relevant subjects about cows and corn. The professors are men of affairs; they are "practical." The consequence is that students are put in touch with the active, vital problems of the farm and the open country. The college and the farm are now beginning to articulate closely. The agricultural subjects are gradually being systematized into pedagogic form, so that they become a means of developing real power.

Again, the student usually receives no training farmward until he enters college. At that age his sympathies are likely to be set toward other enterprises. The common schools have not trained countryward. So far as they train for college, it is mostly in the direction of "arts and sciences" or "letters." If the youth is

to be trained countryward, the training should begin before he is sent to college. These remarks are well illustrated even in the arithmetic, which presents chiefly store-keeping, middleman, partnership, and theoretical problems; yet there are hundreds of indigenous arithmetical farm problems the figuring of which in the public schools would revolutionize agriculture.

The gist of it all is that the agricultural college is now teaching from the farm point of view rather than from the traditional academic point of view. It is near the load. It will reach many persons rather than few. It is asking the common schools for help. It is fostering an indigenous agricultural sentiment.

We may now inquire what the farm does to help the farm-boy. A farmer complained to me that his son had not come back to the farm from college. He had worked hard to retain the farm in order that the son might have it. It was apparent why the son had not gone back: the farm was not worthy of him. There was nothing on that particular farm that could hold the attention of a young man whose sensitiveness had been quickened and whose ideals had been elevated. I should have thought the boy's education a failure if he had been content on that farm. The father, remaining on the farm, had not realized all this. He had never thought that the son's point of view on most questions would be greatly changed. Often the college man is no longer content on the farm because of lack of congenial associates. There is no one in sympathy with his new attitude of mind. He is aware that he is a subject of silent curiosity and sometimes even of ridicule. Often there is no opportunity allowed him on the farm to work out the new methods and to express his new ambitions. We have assumed that the whole burden of responsibility rests on the agricultural college, but it really rests in part on the farm. The following statement in one of my replies is pathetic: "My expectation is to go home eventually, provided I can secure some few improvements that are essential for successful farming—for example, a silo."

The character of farming is changing rapidly. It is coming more and more to be an efficient, profitable, and attractive

business. With here and there an exception, in the past we have not given much consecutive thought to the business—nothing like as much as the merchant gives to his business or the doctor to his. It has been so "easy" a business that untrained men could succeed in it. The change in economic and social conditions is breaking up the tradition. Farming is becoming more difficult, and the old methods must go. In the future only the well-informed and efficient-thinking man can succeed; that is, only the educated man.

The country is to offer other advantages to the educated man than merely to be a good farmer. There are good opportunities for leadership on public questions—probably better opportunity and with less competition than in the great cities. The very fact that city representation is increasing in the legislatures should make the able country representative more of a marked man. The growth of the institute movement, of the grange and other rural organizations, gives fresh opportunity to develop leadership of a high order.

It seems to me that, by the very nature of the progress we are making, the college man must go to the farm. In fact, college men have been going back from the beginning of the agricultural education movement. Statistics show that a very large percentage actually have returned to farming, and this in spite of the fact that cities have been growing with marvelous rapidity, and that the whole system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations has been developing and calling for men. Considering the limitations under which the agricultural colleges have developed, without sympathy, with the indifference and sometimes the opposition of educators,—the very men who should have known better,—with wholly inadequate funds, it is little less than marvelous what they have accomplished within a generation. It is probable that the proportion of students of the leading agricultural colleges who now engage in agricultural pursuits is greater than students of that of colleges of law or of other professional colleges who follow their chosen profession. No one now questions the value of education to a lawyer or physician; why question its

value to a farmer? The educated man will go back to the farm if he is fitted to be a farmer.

We may now consider a third phase of the subject, whether it is really desirable that all the students from an agricultural college shall engage in agricultural pursuits. The first great contest of the agricultural college was to convince the public, particularly the agricultural public, that higher education is needed for agriculture. That contest is now merely a memory. The second epoch is now on — whether agricultural and country-life subjects can be made the means of educating a man broadly, independent of the particular vocation that he is to follow. In other words, shall agricultural education be severely technical and professional or shall it be broadly educational? It is evident that these subjects are considered to have excellent training and disciplinary value from the fact that fully thirty States, Territories, and provinces in North America have now taken some kind of official action looking toward the introduction of agricultural subjects into the common schools. The common public schools do not teach the professions and trades. The result of good industrial education is to put the pupil into contact with his own problem, to place him near the load, to develop his creative and constructive instincts, to give his schooling purpose and meaning, to awaken a living sympathy with the moving questions of the time, to fit him to live. The whole trend of education is to put the scholar into the actual work of the world; therefore nothing can prevent the introduction of agricultural topics into the schools except a fundamental change in our point of view on the needs and progress of civilization.

The colleges and universities are leading in industrial training; but presently the methods of the primary and secondary schools will reshape themselves (without sacrificing the literary and so-called cultural phases of education), so that there will be harmony throughout the entire system. Then we shall find that the industrial courses will be pursued for their true educational and cultural value, as well as for their technical value. There is now a marked tendency, I am told, for young men of means, who are not pressed

by the necessity of a trade or profession, to pursue the courses in colleges of mechanic arts, because they feel that such courses provide a liberal and inspiring education. Whatever one's convictions as to the desirableness or undesirableness of this tendency, its significance is nevertheless apparent: it means that these subjects are now fully established in popular regard, and are considered to be worthy partners of traditional academic courses. When departmental or semi-professional education reaches this stage, it is able to make public sentiment rapidly, and to aid in creating a new leadership and meaning for the subjects for which it stands. Some persons still contend that only the pursuit of the group of subjects known as "the humanities" leads to the highest educational results. All education will lead to what we ought to know as culture.

I well remember the efforts, in my college days, to try to account for every student that has passed through an agricultural college as engaged in agriculture. We shall soon be equally proud of every graduate of such a college who turns out to be a useful citizen in any walk in life, in country or city. The agricultural colleges are rapidly developing a system of education for country life, meaning, by that phrase, the utilizing of agricultural and outdoor subjects to develop the student into a man of sensitiveness and power. The home, the school, the church, the road, the rural community, the relation of all this to citizenship and politics, the love of nature, the development of the art sense and the love of literature—all these, as well as the specific agricultural subjects, are comprised in the curriculum of the modern agricultural college. These new subjects are expressed in such courses as "rural economy," "rural engineering," "the farm home," "home economics," "rural sociology," and the like.

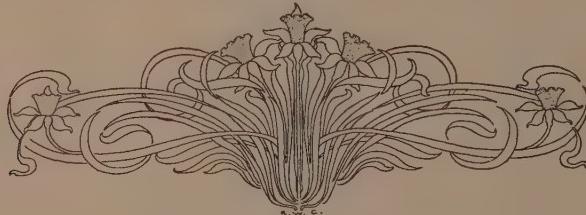
Along with this broadening of the course, there has also been an astonishing intensifying and deepening of it in technical agricultural subjects, so that in every way the agricultural colleges are becoming most effective institutions. They are rapidly developing leadership. It will therefore be seen that the student in these colleges has no narrow outlook.

These institutions are becoming the special guardians of education for country life as distinguished from education for town and city life. They are sure to exert a great influence in the reorganizing of education in general.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the rise of the agricultural industries into commanding position and the awakening of a general interest in rural subjects. Every one seems to be aware that agriculture is making great progress. Now, all progress in the arts and industries rests on knowledge and the imparting of knowledge; in this case, it rests very largely on the activities of experiment stations and colleges. The work of these institutions, accumulating slowly and methodically, has leavened the lump. If there is an agricultural problem, these institutions are to make the heaviest contributions toward solving it. Now and then pieces of this great body of work are

hit upon by a magazine writer as "discoveries," and he runs wild about them; but the real advance is the result of small accretions.

With all the awakened interest and the exploiting of individual instances, the townsman is not yet aware of the tremendous rise in the tone and efficiency of the entire agricultural industry, which may well be likened to the gradual elevation of a geological stratum of continental extent. At the same time, the agricultural population is retaining its old-time vigor, independence, and native philosophy. The student who enters this field will most assuredly not succeed unless he has good talents and efficient training and properly estimates the problem; but it is nevertheless perfectly evident not only that an educated man can succeed in agricultural arts, but that in time this type of man will be the only one who can hope for the best results.



THE WORKERS

BY LILY A. LONG

FORGING a soul in the dark,
They strive, and sob, and die;
And, wrung from the pain of the age-long strain,
Goes up a bitter cry.

Cruel the daily need,
And salt with tears their bread,
And long the road and weary the load
Before they are happily dead.

Blinded, they cannot see
That bread may be but a lure
To lash their will into striving still
For things that shall endure.

Once they are happily dead,
They 'll turn again and mark
How in the strajn of the age-long pain
They were forging a soul in the dark.



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: STAGE FRIGHT

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Caen.



EAREST MAMA :
We are still here, and I 'm so happy. Uncle is in bed, and at first he thought he was paralyzed, but now he says he 's only refusing to take chances. It 's so nice having him in bed, because Lee is here, and uncle makes it all right without knowing anything about it. It was yesterday that he thought he was paralyzed; he sent for me before I was awake to tell me. I was so dreadfully stiff and lame that I thought at first that I could not get up ; but of course I did, and went to him as soon as I could. He told me that he was paralyzed, really paralyzed ; but I was n't frightened, because, when he explained his feelings, I knew every one of them, and of course I knew that I was n't paralyzed. Only when he rolled around upon his pillows and said he certainly would end his days right here in Caen, I could n't help wishing that he had left me to enjoy my pillows, also.

But he wanted to talk, so I listened for ever so long ; and then he wanted to sleep, so I came away to write you, and there was a note from Lee in my room. He was down-stairs waiting, and I went right down, and, my but it was good to see him ! I did n't kiss him, because it was a hotel parlor, even if we don't know any one in Caen ; but I told him about uncle, and he said it was fine and that he

hoped he would be in bed a week, but no such luck. The yacht has broken a thumb-screw, or whatever it is on a yacht, and they have all come here to meet some automobile people. Lee looks real well ; he says he 's had no end of fun lately, and that it is a shame I can't go, too.

While we were talking, Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley came in. I did n't know that she was in Europe, and Lee was dreadfully put out for she sat right down and asked all about us. Lee explained that he was here with a yacht and that I was here with uncle ; but she did n't seem to believe us, and shook her head, and asked about Mrs. Clary. She said Mr. Chigley was here, too, and they have seen a monument in the cemetery here that is just what they want for Mr. Catherwood. She says Mr. Catherwood was so clear-cut and Doric in his ideas that it has been very hard to find the right thing. She said Mr. Chigley was out making a sketch of the monument then. She says Mr. Chigley is devotion itself to Mr. Catherwood's memory, and cabled a beautiful wreath on his wedding anniversary and palms tied with purple the day he died. She said she was very happy, and Mr. Chigley just loves to hear her tell stories about Mr. Catherwood by the hour. Lee was awfully rude and kept yawning, and I know she did n't like it by the way she looked at him. It was awfully trying to have her just then, because, of course, there 's no telling how long Uncle will stay paralyzed. We really thought she would stay until lunch-time, but Lee yawned so that she went at last.



"LEE WAS AWFULLY RUDE AND KEPT YAWNING, AND I KNOW SHE DID N'T LIKE IT
BY THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT HIM"

Lee said that we ought to join them in the touring-cars and do Brittany that way, but he did n't like to tackle Uncle. He says Uncle is a very tough proposition, because he is so deucedly observing, and he never begged my pardon for saying it, either. Of course Uncle brought me, and I must do as he wishes, but I do wish that he liked Lee. Lee says he wishes he liked him, too; he says it would be so deucedly convenient just now, and he did n't beg my pardon that time, either.

I ran up, and Uncle was still asleep, so I had lunch with Lee at the table d'hôte. Mr. Chigley and Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley sat opposite, and she does look so funny with her wedding-rings and engagement-rings alternating on the same finger. Mr. Chigley said he should call on Uncle, and Lee and I were frightened to death until I remembered that Uncle would n't be able to read the card or

understand the waiter without me. After luncheon I ran up again, and Uncle was still asleep, so we went out to walk. We had a lovely walk, and never looked at a sight, and when we came back I ran up again, and Uncle was still asleep; so Lee and I sat down in the parlor, and we were just going to be so happy when Pinkie and Bunnie Clemens came in. Well, really, I hardly knew either, they have changed so, and Pinkie has a beard and Bunnie is over six feet high. They are on a bicycle tour with eight men, and they saw Elfrida and her sister yesterday, headed for Bayeux. Pinkie says it 's been such bad weather they 've had to tie umbrellas and waterproofs to them, too. He says Elfrida looks half-witted, and her sister looks like a full idiot. I was so glad that I had on a Paris frock. They wanted me to go to the theater with them, but of course I could n't, for I could n't be sure about Uncle's staying paralyzed.

Next day.

He slept till eight o'clock last night, and then he had dinner and went right to sleep again, so I could have gone to the theater after all; but how could I dare to risk it?

Lee and the men from the yacht are at another hotel, so he did n't come very early this morning, and it was fortunate, because Uncle sent for me about nine to explain Mr. Chigley's card, which they poked under the door last night. Uncle was so curious to know what it was that he got out of bed and found he could walk. He said he had never felt sure that it was paralysis, only he wanted to be on the safe side, and he is in bed still, only he is so lively that I am half crazy over Lee. If Uncle concludes he 's all right, and comes down and finds Lee, I know he is n't going to like it at all. Pinkie and Bunnie have gone on to Mont St. Michel, and the Catherwood-Chigleys took the train for Dol right after breakfast. Mr. Chigley was very sorry not to see Uncle, and Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley said she should write you all about how well and happy I was looking. I know that what she really means to write about is Lee; but you know all about him, so I don't care.

Lee says if there was time he 'd go to Paris and get a nurse and an electric-battery and have Uncle kept just comfortably paralyzed for a few more days, but there is n't time, and I am so worried. If Uncle loses any more patience with Lee, he won't have any patience left at all, and I 'll have to go all of the rest of the trip that way. We took a walk this afternoon to consult, and we saw Elfrida and her sister. They have cut off their hair, because it bothered them so, coming down in their eyes, and Elfrida says she feels all the freedom of a man thrilling through her—you know how funny she always

talks. They have seven calloused places on the inside of each hand from the handle-bars, and Elfrida says she 's sure their insteps will arch forever after. They were coming out of St. Stephen Church, and the only way to get rid of them was to say that we were just going in: so we said it, and went in.

It was really very interesting, and the tomb of William the Conqueror is there. He built St. Stephen, and Mathilde built La Trinité at the other end of the town, partly as a thank-offering for conquering England and partly as a penance for being cousins. There was a monastery with St. Stephen and a convent with La Trinité until the Revolution changed everything. William's tomb is just a flat slab in front of the altar, but he really is n't there any more, for they have dug him up and scattered him over and over again. The church is tremendously big and plain, and every word you even whisper echoes so much that Lee and I thought we 'd better come out where we could talk alone.

When we came back to the hotel, I ran up, and the mail had come from Paris; so Uncle said if I 'd fill his fountain-pen, he 'd just spend the afternoon letting a few people in America know what Europe was really like. I 'm a little bit troubled, for I 'm all over

that climbing, and yet he seems to feel almost as mean as ever. He has his meals in his room, for, although we 're on the first floor, he says he cannot think calmly of a stair-case even yet. He says that Talbot's Tower seems to have settled in his calves, and Heaven knows when he 'll get over it. Lee says I ought not to worry, but to make the most out of the situation; but I do worry, because Uncle is so uncertain. And I 'm perfectly positive that there will be an awful scene when he



"WE HAD A LOVELY WALK AND NEVER LOOKED AT A SIGHT"

finds out that during his paralysis I 've been going all over with Lee.

Lee and I went to walk this afternoon, and we visited the old, old church of St. Nicolas. It said in the book that the apse still had its original stone roof, and Lee said it would be a good chance to learn what an apse was; so we set out to go there, but we forgot all about where we set out for, and it was five o'clock before we finally got back to where it was. It stands in an old cemetery, and it says in the book that it has been secularized; so we climbed up on gravestones till we could see in the windows and learn what that meant, also. The gravestones were all covered with lichen and so slippery that in the end Lee gave up and just helped me to look. We did n't learn much, though, for it was only full of hay.

When we got back to the hotel, I ran up, and Uncle was gone! I never was so frightened in my life, and when I ran back and told Lee, he whistled, so I saw that he was upset, too. He said I 'd better go to my room and wait, and he 'd dine at his hotel to-night; so I went to my room, and Uncle was there, hunting all through my things for the address-book. I was so glad and relieved that I did n't mind a bit the way he had churned everything up, although you ought to see my trunk, and I kissed him and told him it was just splendid to see him beginning to go about again. He looked pleased, but he says the backs of his legs are still beyond the power of description, and so I proposed having dinner with him in his room, which we did very comfortably, and he told me that he should remember this trip till the day he died, without any regard for the grease I spilt on his hat. After dinner he was very fidgety, and I can see that the confinement is wearing on him; but I don't know what to do.

More letters came by the evening mail, and Mrs. Clary is so in raptures over the dinner that when Uncle asked me if I had heard from her I thought it was wisest to say no, because I knew that if he read how happy M. Sibilet was making her, he surely would n't like it at all.

Lee sent me a note by a messenger about eleven o'clock, with instructions in French on the outside about their delivering it to me when I was not with Uncle.

They delivered it all right, and I read it. He just said that the automobiles had come, and that he was going to cast his die clean over the Rubicon to-morrow morning at eleven. That means that he is going, of course, and that I am to be left here all alone. I do feel very badly over it, for Uncle will be almost sure to find out about Lee whenever he can get downstairs again, and then I 'm sure I don't know what will happen. Of course I 've not done anything that I should n't have done; but, dear me! doing right does n't help if Uncle chooses to decide that it is wrong. And if he can't walk, to let us go on traveling, he 's going to keep getting more and more difficult to get along with. I don't like to tell Lee how troubled I am, because if Lee gets worked up and decides to take a hand in while I 'm traveling with Uncle, I might as well be Mr. Pickwick when he rushed between just in time to get the tongs on one side and the shovel on the other. I don't want Lee trying to defend me from Uncle, because I know Uncle would never forgive him for thinking I needed defending. You know yourself just how Uncle is, and now that his legs are so stiff he is more that way than ever. Lee does n't understand, and I can't make him understand, and perhaps it 's just as well that he should go on to-morrow. Maybe Uncle will be better in a few days, so that we can visit Bayeux. He 's crazy to go to Bayeux and see the tapestry, and it is n't so very far. But what shall we do if we come to any town again where there are no cabs! It would be awful.

However, I shall not worry, for it 's no use. Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley wrote me her address on one of her cards, and Lee took it and sent it to me with some beautiful flowers. He thought it was such a clever, safe idea; but just suppose we meet them again! If I did n't think Lee was just right, I 'd think he had almost too many clever ideas; and, anyhow, I know that I 'm sure that he has too many while I 'm traveling with Uncle.

Now, good night, it 's so very late. Don't ever feel troubled over me, for I 'm having a splendid time, and it was so kind of Uncle to bring us.

Your own loving
Yvonne.

X

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Vire.

DEAR MAMA:

I am the happiest thing in the whole wide world, and Lee is the grandest fellow! I must write you everything, and you will see.

The morning after I last wrote, Uncle had me waked up at seven and wrote on a scrap of paper, "We leave for Bayeux at 8:30." I was just about sick, for I knew he was n't able to, and then, besides if we left so early, I surely should n't see Lee again. But I got up and dressed immediately. Then I was beside myself to find some way of sending Lee a scrap of a good-bye before we took a cab for the *gare*. Uncle was in high spirits over getting out again, and all went well until it came the minute to get him on to the train.

Well, I do believe he was scared himself. Getting on to a French train is almost like going up a ladder that slopes the wrong way, I always think, and it took two commissionaires to hoist Uncle into the coupé. He was awfully worried over it, I could see, for he talked about what an outrageous idiot Mr. Chopstone was all the way to Bayeux. We had to get out there, of course, and I was beside myself to know how to manage. In the end Uncle came down so suddenly that he nearly crushed me and a meek, good-hearted little Frenchman who had kindly offered to help assist.

The *gare* at Bayeux is quite a walk from the part of the town where the

sights are and there was n't a cab or a thing on wheels. I did n't dare look at Uncle, for there is no train back till four in the afternoon. He seemed a bit staggered at first, and then he said well, it was level, and we'd go leisurely along and enjoy the fresh, pure, sweet air of the country. So we walked along, but I could see he was n't enjoying it a bit, and it took us a half hour to get to where we were going. We went to the cathedral first, and Uncle sat right down and said he wanted

time enough to enjoy the ground-work of the vaulting and that I could just leave him and go around alone. It was my first chance to look at anything as slow as I liked, and I really did enjoy myself very much.

It's a really wonderful old cathedral, and I found a nice old sacristan behind the altar, and he took me underneath into the crypt, and the crypt is the original church where Harold took the oath.

It was slowly buried by the dirt of centuries, and when they started to put a furnace in a few years ago, they found it and dug it out again. It is n't very large, and the walls are of stone several feet thick, with little bits of arched windows set up too high to see from.

When I came back we went to see the tapestry in the museum, and it is n't really tapestry at all: it's a long, long strip of linen about a foot wide, with scenes embroidered on it in Kensington, and over and over. It's really very well done, and it is n't a bit badly worn out—only a few little holes here and there. The scenes are very interesting, and some of them are awfully funny—the



"HE HAS MEALS IN HIS ROOM FOR HE SAYS HE CAN'T EVEN THINK CALMLY OF A STAIR-CASE YET"

way they hauled the horses over the sides of the boats when they landed in England, for example. The Saxons have beards, and the Normans are shaven. I could n't help thinking how funny it was that the Normans, who were regarded as barbarians by the French, were looked upon as tremendously effete by the English. Uncle took a deal of pleasure studying the whole thing, and we were there till it was time for lunch. We had a nice lunch at a clean little place, and then came the rub. There was nothing to do till train time, and that terrible walk to the gare. I had brought a book along, so I could read aloud, but Uncle said only a woman would come to Bayeux and read a novel, and that I reminded him of Aunt Jane. You know how terrible it is when any one reminds him of Aunt Jane; so I closed the book at once, and said I 'd do anything he liked. He said that that was more like Aunt Jane than ever, to just sit back and throw the whole burden on to him; and then he shook his watch and held it to his ear and said "Hum!" too, one right after the other. I was almost beside myself to know what to do or what to suggest, and just then something came puffing up behind us and stopped right at our side. It was a big automobile, with three men in it, and one jerked off his mask and jumped out over the wheel and grabbed Uncle by the hand. And it was Lee!

You never saw anything like Uncle's face! He seemed re-paralyzed for a few seconds, and Lee kept shaking his hand and telling him how glad he was to see him, and how he *must* get right into the automobile and go on with them to Caen. My heart just about stopped beating, I was so anxious, but Lee never stopped shaking, and the other men took off their masks and got out, too, and told Uncle he really must

do them the honor and give them the pleasure, and in the end we got him in, and Lee won out.

Oh, it was such fun! We had the most glorious trip back to Caen. They had an extra mask along, and Uncle wore it and sat on the front seat, and Mr. Peters, the man who owns the automobile, was really lovely to him. The other man and Lee and I sat behind, and the other man is Mr. Peters's mother's son by her second husband. His name is Archie Stowell, and I should judge that Mr. Peters's mother's second husband was a lot livelier than the first, but not so clever. Mr. Peters is really awfully clever, and the way he talked to Uncle was wonderful. Uncle said it was a very smooth-riding automobile, and Mr. Peters said it did him good all through to meet some one who recognized the good points of a good machine at once; he said not one man in a thousand had brains enough to know a good machine when they were in it, and that he was overjoyed to have accidentally met the one man who did discriminate. And Uncle said he should judge that automobiling was a very easy way of getting over the ground when one was traveling in Europe, and Mr. Peters said it was perfectly bewildering how the breadth and scope of Uncle's mind could instantaneously seize and weigh every side of an intricate proposition and as instantaneously solve it completely. By the time we reached Caen Uncle was so saturated with Mr. Peters that he even smiled on Lee as we got out and asked them all three to dine with us at eight. They accepted, and went to their hotel to dress and Uncle went to his room without one word of any kind to me.

They came, and we had a very nice dinner in a little separate room, and the way Mr. Peters talked to Uncle was worth listening to surely.



THE CATHEDRAL AT BAYEUX



"LEE KEPT SHAKING HIS HAND AND TELLING HIM HOW GLAD
HE WAS TO SEE HIM"

And when Uncle was talking he leaned forward and paid attention as if his life depended on every word. By ten o'clock Uncle was happier than I have almost ever seen him, and Mr. Peters said it was no use, we just simply must join their party and go on in the automobile. Lee began to laugh when he said that, and said: "Now, Peters, you 'll learn the sensation of getting turned down cold." It was an awful second for me, because I just felt Uncle's terrible battle between not wanting to go on with Lee and wanting to contradict him; but in the end the wanting to contradict overpowered everything else, and he said: "Young man, when you are as old as I am you 'll be less ready to speak for other people than you seem disposed to do now."

And then he accepts Mr. Peters's invitation! So will you only please to think of it—we are touring with Lee, and to-day we came up through the lovely valley of the Vire to this little town of the same name. It is all too nice for words; Uncle sits on the front seat all

the time, and when he gives Mr. Peters advice, Mr. Peters always thanks him and says that he never met any one before with sense enough to have figured that out.

We passed Elfrida and her sister to-day, paddling along for dear life. They did n't know us, and they are getting to look so awful that I think it 's just as well. Uncle says he thinks they are seeing Europe for thirty cents a day now.

It is raining, and I must go to bed,
Your very happy
Yvonne.

XI

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

DEAREST MAMA:

Vire.

We are still here in Vire, and we cannot go on, for it is raining awfully. It rained all yesterday, and we had more fun. About ten in the morning an automobile arrived with a lady Lee knows named Mrs. Brewer and three men, and about twelve another automobile arrived with

Clara and Emily Kingsley and their aunt Clara Emily and Ellsworth Grimm and Jim Freeman and a chauffeur, and about half-past one a runabout automobile came in with the two Tripps. We are like a big house-party, and Mr. Peters plays poker with Uncle every minute, so we can all have no end of a good time.

I must explain to you about Mr. Peters, because Lee explained to me. I was so troubled over Mr. Peters being so devoted to Uncle and never winning a single jack-pot once himself that Lee told me all about how it is. It seems that Mr. Peters's mother was married to Mr. Peters's father for quite awhile before he died and that Mr. Peters's father was n't very well off and was very hard to live pleasantly with on account of Mr. Stowell's father, who lived next door and was very well off and very easy for Mr. Peters's mother to get along with always. Mr. Peters's father died when Mr. Peters was about twelve years old, and just as soon as it was perfectly ladylike, Mr. Peters's mother married Mr. Stowell's father and went next door to live and had Mr. Stowell. Lee says Mr. Stowell's father never liked Mr. Peters much because he reminded him of all those years that Mr. Peters's and Mr. Stowell's mother lived next door instead of living with him; but Lee says Mr. Peters is very clever, and he saw how much his father lost from not being easy to get along with, and so he made up his mind to be easy to get along with himself. He gets along so well with Mr. Stowell that they travel together all the time, and Lee says he told him that if he could get along well with Uncle he'd make it well worth his while; so he's getting along beautifully with Uncle, and Lee is making it ever so well worth his while.

Clara Kingsley has fallen in love with one of the men who came with Mrs. Brewer—the tall, dark one, who does not talk much and reads German in his room most of his time. There are so many that I get names mixed, but Emily Kingsley is the same as ever, and such a joy to meet again. She says she does n't fall in love the way Clara does; she only gets badly spattered. The two Tripps are both devoted to Emily, and I think they are all sort of keeping along together. Miss Clara Emily asked after

every one in our family, even Aunt Jane. Of course I told her that Aunt Jane had been dead two years, and you ought to have seen her jump and look at Uncle. She asked me if Uncle lived alone in the house, and she looked so reflective that I felt quite uncomfortable. I told Lee about it, but he says Uncle must take his chances the same as the rest of the world when it comes to Miss Clara Emily. I wish Lee would n't make light of anything so serious as the way Miss Clara Emily looked reflective. You know you would n't like her having all Aunt Jane's lace, and I'm sure that after Uncle was completely married to her, he would n't like it at all, either.

I don't know what Mrs. Brewer is, but the men that came in the automobile with her are just devoted to her, and she makes every one have a good time. We played cards and Consequences all the afternoon, and Mrs. Brewer told our fortunes from tea-leaves in the evening. She told Uncle to beware of a long, pointed nose which she saw in his cup, and Miss Clara Emily did n't know whether to be mad or glad. She saw a wedding-ring in Lee's cup, and I blushed terribly and tried to cough, and sneezed instead; and Lee said it was an automobile tire, and meant a breakdown. I do think Lee is always so nice. But about eleven we all got a terrible shock, for the handsome man that Clara has fallen in love with suddenly came to the door with his German book in his hand and said to Mrs. Brewer, "Come to bed, Bert. I'm dead sleepy."

You never saw anything like poor Clara! I thought that she would faint for you know when Clara falls in love how it goes all through her. She went upstairs a little later, and, as luck would have it, she had the next room to the Brewers, and she says it just about killed her to hear him brushing his teeth, and I promised her I'd never tell but she says he called her and Emily the "Yellow Kids" and laughed and laughed and laughed. I do think it was very horrid of him, for they can't help having Mr. Kingsley's ears, and I comforted Clara all I could, and told her that the way she puffs her hair is ever so becoming. It is n't a bit, but I had to be as nice as I knew how, for she was crying so that I



"WE PASSED ELFrida AND HER SISTER TO-DAY, PADDLING ALONG FOR DEAR LIFE"

was afraid Mr. Brewer would call her *Cyrano de Bergerac* if she did n't stop.

I had the room between Uncle and the two Tripps, and the two Tripps calculated their money for two solid hours, I do believe, trying to see whether they 'd have to draw on Paris behind them or could wait for London ahead. The big Tripp said Mr. Peters had a hard row to hoe and the little Tripp said Lee had a soft snap, and then they added and subtracted and divided for another hour. I was almost insane when finally the little Tripp said: "Tell me what fifteen times nine is, and then I 'll go to sleep," and some one across the hall called: "In Heaven's name tell him what fifteen times nine is, and then we 'll all go to sleep." There was deadly stillness after that.

Next day.

DEAREST MAMA:

Vire.

You see, we are still here and it is still raining. Every one telegraphed for mail yesterday and every one got it to-day. I had your letters and one from Edna and one from Mrs. Clary. They are going

on a coaching trip with the man who was n't a duke, and Edna has bought three new hats. Mrs. Clary says I am an angel and that she and Edna think it right out of heaven the way Lee has turned up. I had three letters from Mr. Edgar, and he says he is thinking of making a trip into Brittany and joining us. I told Lee, and Lee says he is n't thinking anything of the kind, not on his life. I don't really think that Mr. Edgar and Lee would get on very well together. I feel almost sure that they would n't like each other. Indeed, I feel quite sure.

Poor Clara came to my room while I was reading letters, and she says she is blighted by Mr. Brewer and knows she can never get over it. She says she would n't have him know that she has the next room and can hear every word for anything, for she says it 's perfectly awful all she 's overhearing. She says he called Mrs. Brewer "Ladybug," and it sounded so sweet that she cried for fifteen minutes with the pillow around her head to keep them from hearing her. I 'm awfully sorry about Clara, because she is always so sincere. Don't you remember that time that she was so sincere that they

were afraid that she would commit suicide over Cleever Wiggins—and that awfully sincere time she had with young Prof. Cook? She says she could stand anything if she could feel that she was reciprocated; but she says she can't feel that Mr. Brewer reciprocates one bit, for he told his wife that he bet Clara would be an older maid than her aunt before she got through with life, and Clara says that's no compliment, however you work it.

When we went down-stairs, Mr. Peters and Uncle were playing poker and Miss Clara Emily was sitting by them looking rapt. Heavens! I do hope it will stop raining and let us get away soon, for Uncle told me this noon that she was more unlike Aunt Jane than any woman that he had seen in years. Lee says he hopes we can get away very soon, too; he does not like Ellsworth Grimm. It is a pity, because Ellsworth has grown so nice, and with his pointed beard he is really very handsome. He has done a beautiful sketch of me that every one but Lee thinks is splendid, and I'm going to send it to you when it is finished. Uncle is very good-tempered, and has won over a hundred and fifty francs from Mr. Peters at poker. Mr. Peters says he's played poker for years without meeting such a rattling winner as Uncle, and Uncle believes him. The two Tripps want to go on, too, because they decided to wait for their money at London, and they are afraid they are going to run short. Mr. Brewer wants to go, too, because he has finished his German book. I think we all want to go, because two days is a long while to spend in Vire. Clara says if they cannot go on in the automobile, she must take a train, for she is getting more and more sincere the more she is hearing Mr. Brewer talking to his wife through the wall. Clara says he said that he was going to snip her nose off when they were dressing this morning, and she says he calls her "Puss" till Clara feels as if she should expire in agony. She does n't get any sympathy from Emily, because Emily has another room, and Emily is n't sincere, anyhow. Emily has thrown over the two Tripps and taken Mr. Stowell, and thrown over Mr. Stowell and gone back to the big Tripp, all in just these two days. Emily asked me if I ever saw such a fool as

Clara; she says it almost kills her to have such a sister and such an aunt. She asked me if I'd noticed her aunt looking at my Uncle, and I had to say yes. Then she said she did hope that it would stop raining pretty soon, for she wants to get to Granville and meet a man and get letters from three more.

Uncle came into my room this afternoon and said the more he saw of Europe the better he liked it, and that Mr. Peters was the sort of friend that was worth making. He said he had decided to go on with them to Mont St. Michel, because they were so urgent that he could n't well get out of it. He says he hopes I won't consider that he has changed his opinion of Lee because he has n't, but that he will say this much, and that is, that the fact that a man like Mr. Peters will call Lee his friend proves that he must have some good in him somewhere. Uncle said the Kingsleys seem to be nice girls, and then he coughed, but I did n't say anything, so he dropped the subject. I must tell you, though, that Miss Clara Emily is getting very much in earnest, and every one is noticing it, and Uncle seems pleased.

We all played cards to-day and wrote letters and Lee told Ellsworth Grimm he was a blank idiot under his breath. I don't know what was the trouble, and Lee says it is n't any of my business, but I think we are all getting cross from being shut up so much in this little country hotel. Elfrida and her sister arrived about noon, but there was n't any spare room under two francs, and so they went to the other hotel. Ellsworth Grimm has gone to the other hotel, too. He says it rains in his ceiling and he's afraid he'll get pneumonia.

It's getting awful about poor Clara and Mr. Brewer, for he said something about her to-day that almost killed her, and that is so bad that she won't repeat it to me. She says Mrs. Brewer just shrieked with laughter over it, and told him he was the dearest, horridest thing alive. Clara says I cannot possibly guess the torture of being sincere over a married man that howls with laughter over you in the next room. She says she can't help hearing, and she's taken an awful cold standing with her ear to the wall, too. Poor Clara!



Mayleison Preston '06

"MISS CLARA EMILY IS GETTING VERY MUCH IN EARNEST,
AND EVERY ONE IS NOTICING IT"

Emily and the big Tripp went out and walked in the rain most all the afternoon, and I thought she must be very fond of him to be willing to get so wet; but she says all she 's done here she 's done to make Jim Freeman jealous. I was so surprised when she told me that, for Jim has spent the entire two days with the chauffeur under the automobile. They have only come out to eat and sleep, and if he is in love with Emily, he is certainly taking it easy.

Vire (12 M next day.)

OH, Mama, we are so tired of this place! Clara has cried herself sick, and her aunt sent for the doctor. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer heard through the wall when he came, and heard that it was Clara, and of course they knew that Clara must have heard them just as well as they could hear the doctor, and they nearly went crazy. Mrs. Brewer came to me in a sort of mad despair and said Mr. Brewer was almost wild. She says she has mimicked Clara and Emily and their aunt over and

over, and she never dreamed that the wall was so thin. She says Mr. Brewer talks all the time he dresses and undresses and says anything that comes into his head. They felt perfectly unable to face Clara again, and it was raining so hard that they could n't go on, so they moved over to the other hotel.

Vire (2 P. M. same day.)

IT 's very funny, but it seems that the little Tripp was dreadfully taken with Mrs. Brewer, so the two Tripps have moved over to the other hotel, too. Mr. Stowell and Emily want to go, too, but they are with parties, and cannot do as they please. The big Tripp came back for his soap, and said he had a fire-place and now Uncle wants to move, too.

Vire (4 P. M. same day.)

WE did move, and Lee said if we went, he was going. So he and Mr. Peters and Mr. Stowell came, too. So we are all here except the Kingsleys and Jim Freeman. I had to go back for Uncle's soap,

and the little Tripp left his pajamas, so we went back together to get both, and poor Clara is delirious, screaming, "Yellow kids, yellow kids!" every minute. Every one thinks she is thinking of shopping in Paris, and I didn't explain; but while we were there, Mr. Brewer came back for their soap and heard Clara, and, as a result, he and his wife went on in the automobile, rain or no rain. They left one of their men named Scott McCarthy, and took Ellsworth Grimm. Ellsworth wanted to go, and Scott wanted to stay, so it happened very nicely.

Vire (6 P. M. same day).

THEY have just moved Clara over here. She had a fresh fit when she heard Mr. Brewer getting the soap, and Miss Clara Emily thought that a change of scene would benefit her; so they all moved over. Emily told me (I walked over with Emily when she went back to get their soap) that it really was n't Clara

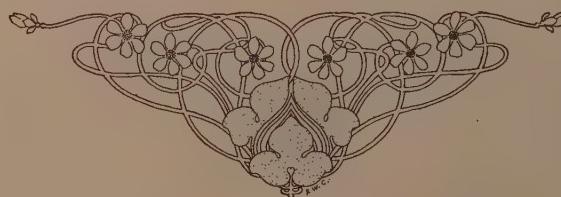
at all: it was that her aunt wanted to keep close to my Uncle. Is n't it awful? And Uncle is so flatt red, too! I do hope that it will stop raining to-morrow. Lee does n't like Scott McCarthy, and it is a pity, for he seems to be such a nice man. It's terribly dull without Mrs. Brewer, she was so lively. Mr. Peters is beginning to look real pale, and Lee says he ought to have a monument to patience erected to him. Jim Freeman is worried over the automobiles; he's afraid something will happen to them on account of our all changing hotels. Would n't that be awful?

Lovingly,
Yvonne.

Vire (6 P. M. same day).

p. s. Just a line to say that the sun has come out, and that we are all going on by train, except Jim Freeman and the chauffeur. Some one slashed all the automobile tires last night. Is n't that awful?

(To be continued)



NOON

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE cloud-ships anchor on the over-sea;
Nor song nor motion, now, in shrub or tree;
Brooks—none running;
All are sunning
Them among the rocks;
The bankside willow has bound up her locks.

Dream, with her sleep-vials and her ivory reed,
Charms every little wind that waved the weed;
No wind stirring,
No wing whirring;
Hark! the pine is still,
And all that sweet grief sighing on the hill.



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE AMATEUR—"MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS"

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

MICHEL EXPOUNDS HIS PHILOSOPHY

HAT summer was long remembered in Chamonix. July passed with a procession of cloudless days; valley and peak basked in sunlight. August came, and on a hot starlit night in the first week of that month Chayne sat opposite to Michel Revailloud in the balcony of a café which overhangs the Arve. Below him the river, tumbling swiftly amidst the boulders, flashed in the darkness like white fire. He sat facing the street. Chamonix was crowded, and gay with lights. In the little square just out of sight upon the right, some traveling musicians were singing, and up and down the street the visitors thronged noisily—women in light-colored evening frocks, with lace shawls thrown about their shoulders and their hair; men in attendance upon them, clerks from Paris and Geneva upon their holidays; and every now and then a climber with his guide, come late from the mountains, would cross the bridge quickly and stride toward his hotel. Chayne watched the procession in silence, quite aloof from its light-heartedness and gaiety. Michel Revailloud drained his glass of beer, and, as he replaced it on the table, said wistfully:

"So this is the last night, Monsieur. It is always sad, the last night."

"It is not exactly as we planned it," replied Chayne, and his eyes moved from the throng before him in the direction of the churchyard where a few days before his friend had been laid among the other Englishmen who had fallen in the

Alps. "I do not think that I shall ever come back to Chamonix," he said in a quiet and heart-broken voice.

Michel gravely nodded his head.

"There are no friendships," said he, "like those made among the snows. But this, Monsieur, I say: your friend is not greatly to be pitied. He was young, had known no suffering, no ill-health, and he died at once. He did not even kick the snow for a little while."

"No doubt that's true," said Chayne, submitting to the commonplace rather than drawing from it any comfort. He called to the waiter. "Since it is the last night, Michel," he said, with a smile, "we will drink another bottle of beer."

He leaned back in his chair and once more grew silent, watching the thronged street and the twinkling lights. In the little square one of the musicians with a very clear, sweet voice was singing a plaintive song, and above the hum of the crowd, the melody, haunting in its wistfulness, floated to Chayne's ears, and troubled him with many memories.

Michel leaned forward upon the table and answered not merely with sympathy, but with the air of one speaking out of full knowledge, and speaking, moreover, in a voice of warning.

"True, Monsieur, the happiest memories can be very bitter—if one has no one to share them. All is in that, Monsieur—if"—and he repeated his phrase—"if one has no one to share them." Then the technical side of Chayne's proposal took hold of him.

"The Col Dolent? You will have to start early from the Pavillon de Lognan, Monsieur. You will sleep there of course to-morrow; you will have to start at midnight, perhaps even before. There

is very little snow this year. The great *bergschrund* will be very difficult. In any season it is always difficult to cross that *bergschrund* on the steep ice-slope beyond, it is so badly bridged with snow. This season it will be as bad as can be. The ice-slope up to the col will also take a long time; so start very early."

As Michel spoke, as he anticipated the difficulties and set his thoughts to overcome them, his eyes lighted up, his whole face grew younger.

Chayne smiled.

"I wish you were coming with me, Michel," he said; and at once the animation died out of Michel's face. He became once more a sad, dispirited man.

"Alas! Monsieur," he said, "I have crossed my last col, I have ascended my last mountain."

"You, Michel?" cried Chayne.

"Yes Monsieur, I," replied Michel, quietly. "I have grown old. My eyes hurt me on the mountains, and my feet burn. I am no longer fit for anything except to lead mules up to the Montenvers and conduct parties on the Mer de Glace."

Chayne stared at Michel Revailloud. He thought of what the guide's life had been, of its interest, its energy, its achievement. More than one of those aiguilles towering upon his left hand into the sky had been first conquered by Michel Revailloud. And how he had enjoyed it all! What resources he had shown, what cheerfulness! Remorse gradually seized upon Chayne as he looked across the little iron table at his guide.

"Yes, it is a little sad," continued Revailloud; "but I think that toward the end life is always a little sad if"—and the note of warning once more was audible—"if one has no well-loved companions to share one's memories."

The very resignation of Michel's voice brought Chayne to a yet deeper compunction. The wistful melody still throbbed high and sank, and soared again above the murmurs of the passers-by, and floated away upon the clear, hot starlit night. Chayne wondered with what words it spoke to his old guide. He looked at the tired, sad face, on which a smile of friendliness now played, and his heart ached. He felt some shame that his own troubles

had so engrossed him. After all, Lattery was not greatly to be pitied. That was true. He himself, too, was young. There would come other summers, other friends. The real, irreparable trouble sat there before him on the other side of the iron table—the trouble of an old age to be lived out in loneliness.

"You were married, Michel?" he said.

"No. There was a time long ago when I should have liked to," the guide answered simply; "but I think now it is as well that I did not get my way. She was very extravagant. She would have needed much money, and guides are poor people, Monsieur—not like your English cricketers," he said with a laugh. And then he turned toward the massive wall of mountains.

Here and there a slim rock spire, the Dru or the Charmoz, pointed a finger to the stars, here and there an ice-field glimmered like a white mist held in a fold of the hills; but to Michel Revailloud the whole vast range was spread out as on a raised map, buttress and peak and dome of snow, from the Aiguille d'Argentière in the east to the summit of Mont Blanc in the west. In his thought he turned from mountain to mountain and found each one majestic and beautiful, as dear as a living friend, and hallowed with recollections. He remembered days when they had called, and not in vain, for courage and endurance; days of blinding snow-storms and bitter winds which had caught him half-way up some ice-glazed precipice of rock or on some long, steep ice-slope crusted dangerously with thin snow, into which the ax must cut deep hour after hour, however frozen the fingers or tired the limbs. He recalled the thrill of joy with which, after many vain attempts, he, the first of men, had stepped on to the small topmost pinnacle of this or that new peak. He recalled the days of travel, the long glacier-walks on the high level from Chamonix to Zermatt, and from Zermatt again to the Oberland; the still, clear morning and the pink flush upon some high, white cone which told that somewhere the sun had risen; and the unknown ridges where expected difficulties suddenly vanished at the climber's approach, and others where an easy scramble suddenly turned into the most difficult of

climbs. Michel raised his glass in the air.

"Here is good-by to you," he said, and his voice broke. And abruptly he turned to Chayne, with his eyes full of tears, and began to speak in a quick, passionate whisper, while the veins stood out upon his forehead and his face quivered:

"Monsieur, I told you your friend was not greatly to be pitied. I tell you now something more. The guide we brought down with him from the Glacier des Nantillons a fortnight back, all this fortnight I have been envying him—yes, yes, even though he kicked the snow with his feet for a little before he died. It is better to do so than to lead mules up to the Montenvers."

"I am sorry," said Chayne.

The words sounded, as he spoke them, lame enough and trivial in the face of Michel's passionate lament; but they had an astonishing effect upon the guide. The flow of words stopped at once, he looked at his young patron almost whimsically, and a little smile played about his mouth.

"I am sorry," he repeated—"those were the words the young lady spoke to you on the steps of the hotel. You have spoken with her, Monsieur, and thanked her for them?"

"No," said Chayne, and there was much indifference in his voice.

Women had as yet not played a great part in Chayne's life. Easy to please, but difficult to stir, he had, in the main, just talked with them by the way and gone on forgetfully; and when any one had turned and walked a little of his road beside him, she had brought to him no thought that here was one who might be a companion for all the way. His indifference roused Michel to repeat, and this time unmistakably, the warning he had twice uttered.

He leaned across the table, fixing his eyes very earnestly on his patron's face. "Take care, Monsieur," he said. "You are lonely to-night—very lonely. Then take good care that your old age is not one lonely night like this, repeated and repeated through many years. Take good care that when you in your turn come to the end, and say good-by, too,"—he waved his hand toward the mountains,—"you have some one to share your memories.

See, Monsieur,"—and very wistfully he began to plead,—"I go home to-night, I go out of Chamonix, I cross a field or two, I come to Les Praz Conduits and my cottage. I push open the door. It is all dark within. I light my own lamp, and I sit there a little by myself. Take an old man's wisdom, Monsieur: when it is all over and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in the room and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories." He rose as he ended, and held out his hand. As Chayne took it, the guide spoke again, and his voice shook:

"Monsieur, you have been a good patron to me," he said with a quiet and most dignified simplicity, "and I make you what return I can. I have spoken to you out of my heart, for you will not return to Chamonix, and after to-night we shall not meet again."

"Thank you," said Chayne, and he added: "We have had many good days together, Michel."

"We have, Monsieur."

"I climbed my first mountain with you."

"The Aiguille du Midi. I remember it well."

Both were silent after that, and for the same reason. Neither could trust his voice. Michel Revailloud picked up his hat, turned abruptly away, and walked out of the café into the throng of people. Chayne resumed his seat, and sat there, silent and thoughtful, until the street began to empty and the musicians in the square ceased their songs.

Meanwhile Michel Revailloud walked slowly down the street, stopping to speak with any one he knew however slightly, that he might defer his entrance into the dark and empty cottage at Les Praz Conduits. He drew near to the hotel where Chayne was staying and saw under the lamp above the door a guide whom he knew talking with a young girl. The young girl raised her head. It was she who had said "I am sorry." As Michel came within the circle of light, she recognized him. She spoke quickly to the guide, and he turned at once and called.

When Revailloud approached, the guide presented him to Sylvia Thesiger.

"He has made many first ascents in the range of Mont Blanc, Mademoiselle," he added.

Sylvia held out her hand with a smile of admiration.

"I know," she said. "I have read of them."

"Really?" cried Michel. "You have read of them—you, Mademoiselle?"

There was as much pleasure as wonder in his tone. After all, flattery from the lips of a woman young and beautiful was not to be despised, he thought, the more especially when the flattery was so very well deserved. Life had perhaps one or two compensations to offer him in his old age.

"Yes, indeed. I am very glad to meet you, Michel. I have known your name a long while, and envied you for living in the days when these mountains were unclimbed."

Revailloud forgot the mules to the Montenvers and the tourists on the Mer de Glace. He warmed into cheerfulness, this young girl looked at him with so frank an envy.

"Yes, those were great days, Mademoiselle," he said with a thrill of pride in his voice. "But if we love the mountains, the first ascent or the hundredth—there is just the same joy when you feel the rough rock beneath your fingers or the snow crisp under your feet. Perhaps Mademoiselle herself will some time"—

At once Sylvia interrupted him with an eager happiness.

"Yes, to-morrow," she said.

"Oho! It is your first mountain, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

"And Jean here is your guide. Jean and his brother, I suppose?" Michel laid his hand affectionately on the young guide's shoulder. "You could not do better, Mademoiselle."

He looked at her thoughtfully for a little while. She was fresh—as fresh as the smell of the earth in spring after a fall of rain. Her eyes, the alertness of her face, the eager tones of her voice, were irresistible to him, an old, tired man. How much more irresistible, then, to a younger man! Her buoyancy would lift such an one clear above his melancholy, though it were as deep as the sea. He himself, Michel Revailloud, felt twice the fellow

he had been when he sat in the balcony above the Arve.

"And what mountain is it to be, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

The girl took a step from the door of the hotel and looked upward. To the south, but near by, the long, thin ridge of the Aiguille des Charmoz towered jagged and black against the starlit sky. On one pinnacle of that ridge a slab of stone was poised like the top of a round table on the slant. It was at that particular pinnacle that Sylvia looked.

"L'Aiguille des Charmoz," said Michel, doubtfully. Sylvia swung round to him, and argued against his doubt.

"But I have trained myself," she said. "I have been up the Brévent and the Flégère. I am strong—stronger than I look."

Michel Revailloud smiled.

"Mademoiselle, I do not doubt you. A young lady who has enthusiasm is very hard to tire. It is not because of the difficulty of that rock climb that I thought to suggest—the Aiguille d'Argentière."

Sylvia turned with some hesitation to the younger guide.

"You too spoke of that mountain," she said.

Michel pressed his advantage.

"And wisely, Mademoiselle. If you will let me advise you, you will sleep to-morrow night at the Pavillon de Lognan and the next day climb the Aiguille d'Argentière."

"Sylvia looked regretfully up to the ridge of the Charmoz, which during this last fortnight had greatly attracted her. She turned her eyes from the mountain to Revailloud and let them rest quietly upon his face.

"And why do you advise the Aiguille d'Argentière?" she asked.

Michel saw her eyes softly shining upon him in the darkness, and all the more persisted. Was not his dear patron, who must needs be helped to open his eyes since he would not open them himself, going to sleep to-morrow in the Pavillon de Lognan? The roads to the Col Dolent and the Aiguille d'Argentière both start from that small mountain inn; but this was hardly the reason which Michel could give to the young girl who questioned him. He bethought him of another argu-

ment, a subtle one, which he fancied would strongly appeal to her. Moreover, there was truth in it.

"I will tell you why, Mademoiselle. It is to be your first mountain. It will be a day in your life which you will never forget. Therefore you want it to be as complete as possible, is it not so? It is a good rock climb, the Aiguille des Charmoz, yes; but the Argentière is more complete. There is a glacier, a rock traverse, a couloir, a rock cliff, and at the top of that a steep ice-slope. And that is not all. You want your last step up to the summit to reveal a new world to you. On the Charmoz, it is true, there is a cleft at the very top up which you scramble between two straight walls, and you pop your head out above the mountain. Yes, but you see little that is new; for before you enter the cleft you see both sides of the mountain. With the Argentière it is different. You mount at the last, for a considerable time, behind the mountain, with your face to the ice-slope; and then suddenly you step out upon the top, and the chain of Mont Blanc will strike suddenly upon your eyes and heart. See, Mademoiselle, I love these mountains with a very great pride, and I should dearly like you to have that wonderful white revelation of a new, strange world upon your first ascent."

Before he had ended, he knew that he had won. He heard the girl sharply draw in her breath. She was making for herself a picture of the last step from the ice-slope to the summit ridge.

"Very well," she said; "it shall be the Aiguille d'Argentière."

Michel went upon his way out of Chamonix and across the fields. They would be sure to speak, those two, to-morrow at the Pavillon de Lognan. If only there were no other party there in that small inn! Michel's hopes took a leap and reached beyond the Pavillon de Lognan. To ascend one's first mountain, yes, that was enviable and good; but one should have a companion with whom in after times one can live over again the raptures of that day. Well, perhaps, perhaps.

Michel pushed open the door of his cottage and lighted his lamp without, after all, bethinking him that the room was dark and empty. His ice-axes stood in a corner, the polished steel of their adz-

heads gleaming in the light; his rück-sack and some coils of rope hung upon pegs; his book, with the signatures and the comments of his patrons, lay at his elbow on the table, a complete record of his life; but he was not thinking that they had served him for the last time. He sat down in his chair and so remained for a little while; but a smile was upon his face, and once or twice he chuckled aloud as he thought of his high diplomacy. He did not remember at all that to-morrow he would lead mules up to the Montenvers and conduct parties on the Mer de Glace.

VI

AT THE PAVILLON DE LOGNAN. SYLVIA IS INSTRUCTED IN THE LAW

The Pavillon de Lognan is built high upon the southern slope of the valley of Chamonix under the great buttresses of the Aiguille Verte. It faces the north, and from the railed parapet before its door the path winds down through pastures bright with Alpine flowers to the pine woods and the village of Les Tines in the bed of the valley. But at its eastern end a precipice drops to the great ice-fall of the Glacier d'Argentière, and night and day from far below the roar of the glacier streams enters in at the windows and fills the rooms with the music of a river in spate.

At five o'clock on the next afternoon Chayne was leaning upon the rail looking straight down to the ice-fall. The din of the torrent was in his ears, and it was not until a foot sounded lightly close behind him that he knew he was no longer alone. He turned round and saw, to his surprise, the over-dainty doll of the Anne-masse buffet, the child of the casinos and the bathing beaches, Sylvia Thesiger. His surprise was very noticeable, and Sylvia's face flushed. She made him a little bow and went into the chalet.

Chayne noticed a couple of fresh guides by the door of the guides' quarters. He remembered the book which he had seen her reading with deep interest in the buffet. And in a minute or two she came out upon the earth platform, and he saw that she was not overdressed to-day. She was simply and warmly dressed in a way which suggested business. On the other hand, she had not made herself un-

gainly. He guessed her mountain, and named it to her.

"Yes," she replied. "Please say that it will be fine to-morrow!"

"I have never seen an evening of better promise," returned Chayne, with a smile at her eagerness. The brown cliffs of the Aiguille du Chardonnet, on the other side of the glacier, glowed red in the sunlight; and only a wisp of white cloud trailed, like a scarf, here and there in the blue of the sky. The woman of the chalet came out and spoke to him.

"She wants to know when we will dine," he explained to Sylvia. "There are only you and I. We should dine early, for you will have to start early," and he repeated the invariable cry of that year: "There is so very little snow, it may take you some time to get off the glacier on to your mountain. There is always a crevasse to cross."

"I know," said Sylvia, with a smile—"the bergschrund."

"I beg your pardon," said Chayne, and in his turn he smiled, too. "Of course you know these terms. I saw you reading a copy of the '*Alpine Journal*.'"

They dined together an hour later, with the light of the sunset reddening the whitewashed walls of the simple little room and bathing in glory the hills outside. Sylvia Thesiger could hardly eat for wonder. Her face was always to the window, her lips were always parted in a smile, her gray eyes bright with happiness.

"I have never known anything like this," she said. "It is all so strange, so very beautiful."

Her freshness and simplicity laid their charm on him, even as they had done on Michel Revailloud the night before. She was as eager as a child to get the meal done with and to go out again into the open air before the afterglow had faded from the peaks. There was something almost pathetic in her desire to make the very most of such rare moments. Her eagerness clearly told him that such holidays came but seldom in her life. He urged her, however, to eat, and when she had done, they went out together and sat upon the bench, watching in silence the light upon the peaks change from purple to rose, the rocks grow cold, and the blue of the sky deepen as the night came.

"You, too, are making an ascent?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "I am crossing a pass into Italy. I am going away from Chamonix altogether."

Sylvia turned to him; her eyes were gentle with sympathy.

"Yes, I understand that," she said. "I am sorry."

"You said that once before to me on the steps of the hotel," said Chayne. "It was kind of you. Though I said nothing, I was grateful"; and he was moved to open his heart to her, and to speak of his dead friend. The darkness gathered about them; he spoke in the curt sentences which men use who shrink from any emotional display; he interrupted himself to light his pipe. But none the less she understood the reality of his distress. He told her, with a freedom of which he was not himself at the moment quite aware, of a clean, strong friendship which owed nothing to sentiment; which was never fed by protestations, which endured through long intervals, and was established by the memory of great dangers cheerily encountered and overcome. It had begun among the mountains, and surely, she thought, it had retained to the end something of their inspiration.

"We met first in the Tyrol eight years ago," he explained to her. "I had crossed a mountain with a guide, and came down in the evening to a valley where I had heard there was an inn. The evening had turned to rain, but from a shoulder of the mountain I had been able to look right down the valley, and had seen one long, low building about four miles from the foot of the glacier. I walked through the pastures toward it, and found sitting outside the door in the rain the man who was to be my friend. The door was locked, and there was no one about the house nor was there any other house within miles. My guide, however, went on. Lattery and I sat out there in the rain for a couple of hours, and then an old woman, with a big umbrella held above her head, came down from the upper pastures, driving some cows in front of her. She told us that no one had stayed at her inn for fourteen years. But she opened her door, lighted us a great fire, and cooked us eggs and made us coffee. I remember that night as clearly as if it were yesterday.

We sat in front of the fire, with the bedding and the mattresses airing behind us until late into the night. The rain got worse, too. There was a hole in the thatch overhead, and through it, as I lay in bed, I saw the lightning slash the sky. Very few people ever came up or down that valley, and the next morning, after the storm, the chamois were close about the inn, on the grass. We went on together. That was the beginning."

He spoke simply, with a deep quietude of voice. The tobacco glowed and grew dull in the bowl of his pipe regularly, the darkness hid his face; but the tenderness, almost the amusement, with which he dwelt on the little, insignificant details of that first meeting showed her how very near to him it was at this moment.

"We went from the Tyrol down to Verona and baked ourselves in the sun there for a day under the colonnades, and then came back through the St. Gotthard to Göschenen. Do you know the Göschenen Thal? There is a semicircle of mountains, the Winterberg, which closes it in at the head. We climbed there together for a week, just he and I, and no guides. I remember a rock ridge there. It was barred by a pinnacle which stood up from it—"a gendarme," as they call it. We had to leave the arrête and work out along the face of the pinnacle at right angles to the mountain. There was a little ledge. You could look down between your feet quite straight over the precipice to the glacier 2000 feet below. We came to a place where the wall of the pinnacle seemed possible. Almost ten feet above us there was a flaw in the rock, which elsewhere was quite perpendicular. I was the lightest. So my friend planted himself as firmly as he could on the ledge, with his hands flat against the rock-face. There was n't any hand-hold, you see, and I climbed out on his back and stood upon his shoulders. I saw that the rock sloped back from the flaw or cleft in quite a practicable way. Only there was a big boulder resting on the slope within reach, and which we could hardly avoid touching. It did not look very secure, so I put out my hand and just touched it—quite, quite gently. But it was so exactly balanced that the least little vibration overset it, and I saw it begin to move very slowly, as if it meant no harm

whatever. But it was moving, nevertheless, toward me. My chest was on a level with the top of the cleft, so that I had a good view of the boulder. I could n't do anything at all. It was much too heavy and big for my arms to stop; and I could not move, of course, since I was standing on Jack Lattery's shoulders. There did not seem very much chance, with nothing below us except 2000 feet of vacancy. But there was just at my side a little bit of a crack in the edge of the cleft, and there was just a chance that the rock might shoot out down that cleft past me. I remember standing and watching the thing sliding down, not in a rush at all, but very smoothly, almost in a friendly sort of way, and I wondered how long it would be before it reached me. Luckily, some irregularity in the slope of rock just twisted it into the crack, and it suddenly shot out into the air at my side with a whizz. It was so close to me that it cut the cloth of my sleeve. I had been so fascinated by the gentle movement of the boulder that I had forgotten altogether to tell Lattery what was happening; and when it whizzed out over his head, he was so startled that he nearly lost his balance on the little shelf, and he was within an ace of following our rock down to the glacier. Those were our early days." And he laughed, with a low, deep ring of amusement in his voice.

"We were late that day on the mountain," he resumed, "and it was dark when we got down to a long snow-slope at its foot. It was new ground to us. We were very tired. We saw it glimmering away below us. It might end in a crevasse and a glacier for all we knew, and we debated whether we should be prudent or chance it. We chanced the crevasse. We sat down and glissaded in the dark, with only the vaguest idea where we should end. Altogether we had very good times, he and I. Well, they have come to an end on the Glacier des Nantillons."

Chayne became silent; Sylvia Thesiger sat at his side and did not interrupt. In front of them the pastures slid away into darkness. Only a few small, clear lights shining in the chalets told them there were other people awake in the world. Except for the reverberation of the torrent deep in the gorge at their right, no

sound at all broke the silence. Chayne knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have been talking to you about one whom you never knew. You were so quiet that I seemed to be merely remembering to myself."

"I was so quiet," Sylvia explained, "because I wished you to go on. I was very glad to hear you. It was all new and strange and very pleasant to me, this story of your friendship. As strange and pleasant as this cool, quiet night here, a long way from the hotels and the noise, on the edge of the snow; for I have heard little of such friendships, and I have seen still less."

Chayne's thoughts were suddenly turned from his dead friend to this, the living companion at his side. There was something rather sad and pitiful in the tone of her voice, no less than in the words she used, she spoke with so much humility. He was aware, with a kind of shock, that here was a woman, not a child. He turned his eyes to her, as he had turned his thoughts. He could see dimly the profile of her face. It was as still as the night itself. She was looking straight in front of her into the darkness. He pondered upon her life, and how she bore with it, and how she had kept herself unspoiled by its associations. Of the saving grace of the dreams he knew nothing. But the picture of her mother was vivid to his eyes—the outlawed mother, shunned instinctively by the women, noisy and shrill, and making her companions of the would-be-fashionable loiterers and the half-pay officers run to seed. That she bore it ill, her last words had shown him. They had thrown a stray ray of light upon a dark place which seemed a place of not much happiness.

"I am very glad that you are here tonight," he said. "It has been kind of you to listen. I rather dreaded this evening."

Though what he said was true, it was half from pity that he said it. He wished her to feel her value. And in reply she gave him yet another glimpse into the dark place.

"Your friend," she said, "must have been much loved in Chamonix."

"Why?"

"So many guides came of their own accord to search for him."

Again Chayne's face was turned quickly toward her. Here indeed was a sign of the people among whom she lived and of their unillumined thoughts. There must be the personal reason always, the personal reason or money. Outside these, there were no motives. He answered her gently:

"No; I think that was not the reason. How shall I put it to you?" He leaned forward, with his elbows upon his knees, and spoke slowly, choosing his words: "I think these guides obeyed a law—a law that what you know that you must do, if by doing it you can save a life. I should think nine medals out of ten given by the Humane Society are given because of the compulsion of that law. If you can swim, sail a boat, or climb a mountain, and the moment comes when a life can be saved only if you use your knowledge, well,—you have got to use it. That's the law. Very often, I have no doubt, it's quite reluctantly obeyed; in most cases, I think, it's obeyed by instinct, without consideration of the consequences. But it is obeyed, and the guides obeyed it when so many of them came with me on to the Glacier des Nantillons."

He heard the girl at his side draw in a sharp breath. She shivered.

"You are cold?"

"No," she answered. "But that, too, is all strange to me. I should have known of that law without the need to be told of it. But I shall not forget it."

Again, humility was very audible in the quiet tone of her voice. She understood that she had been instructed. She felt that she should not have needed it. She faced her ignorance frankly.

"What one knows that one must do," she repeated, fixing the words in her mind, "if by doing it one can save a life. No, I shall not forget that."

She rose from the seat.

"I must go in."

"Yes," cried Chayne, starting up; "you have stayed up too long as it is. You will be tired to-morrow."

"Not till to-morrow evening," she said, with a laugh. She looked upward at the starlit sky. "It will be fine, I hope. Oh, it must be fine! To-morrow is my one day. I do so want it to be perfect," she exclaimed.

"I don't think that you need fear."

She held out her hand to him.

"This is good-by, I suppose," she said, and she did not hide the regret the words brought to her.

Chayne took her hand and kept it for a second or two. He ought to start an hour and a half before her,—that he knew very well,—but he answered:

"No; we go the same road for a little while. When do you start?"

"At half-past one."

"I, too. It will be daybreak before we say good-by. I wonder whether you will sleep at all to-night. I never do the first night."

He spoke lightly, and she answered him in the same key:

"I shall hardly know whether I sleep or wake, with the noise of that stream rising through my window; for so far back as I can remember I always dream of running water."

The words laid hold upon Chayne's imagination and fixed her in his memories. He knew nothing of her really except just this one curious fact—she dreamed of running water. Somehow it was fitting that she should. There was a kind of resemblance: running water was in a way an image of her. She seemed in her nature to be as clear and fresh; yet she was as elusive; and when she laughed, her laugh had a music as light and free.

She went into the chalet. Through the window Chayne saw her strike a match and hold it to the candle. She stood for a moment looking out at him gravely, with the light shining upward upon her young face. Then a smile hesitated upon her lips and slowly took possession of her cheeks and eyes. She turned and went into her room.

VII

THE ASCENT OF THE AIGUILLE D'ARGENTIÈRE

CHAYNE smoked another pipe alone, and then walking to the end of the little terrace, looked down at the glistening field of ice below. Along that side of the chalet no light was burning. Was she listening? Was she asleep? The pity which had been kindled within him grew as he thought about her. To-morrow she would be going back to a life

she clearly hated. On the whole, he came to the conclusion that the world might have been better organized. He lighted his candle and went to bed, and it seemed that not five minutes had passed before one of his guides knocked upon his door. When he came into the living-room Sylvia Thesiger was already breakfasting.

"Did you sleep?" he asked.

"I was too excited," she answered. "But I am not tired." Certainly there was no trace of fatigue in her appearance.

They started at half-past one and went up behind the hut.

The stars shimmered overhead in a dark and cloudless sky. The night was still; as yet there was no sign of dawn. The great rock cliffs of the Chardonnet, on the opposite side of the glacier, and the towering ice slopes of the Aiguille Verte beneath which they passed, were all hidden in darkness. They might have been walking on some desolate plain of stones flat from horizon to horizon. They walked in single file, Jean leading, with a lighted lantern in his hand, so that Sylvia, who followed next, might pick her way among the boulders. Thus they marched for two hours along the left bank of the glacier, and then descended upon the ice. They went forward partly on moraine, partly on ice, at the foot of the crags of the Aiguille Verte. Gradually the darkness thinned. Dim masses of black rock began to loom high overhead, and, to all seeming, very far away. The sky paled, the dim masses of rock drew near about the climbers, and over the steep walls the light flowed into the white basin of the glacier as though from every quarter of the sky.

Sylvia stopped, and Chayne came up with her.

"Well?" he asked; and as he saw her face his thoughts were suddenly swept back to the morning when the beauty of the ice-world was for the first time vouchsafed to him. He seemed to recapture the fine emotion of that moment.

Sylvia stood gazing with parted lips up that wide and level glacier to its rock-embattled head. The majestic silence of the place astounded her. There was no whisper of wind, no rustling of trees, no sound of any bird. As yet, too, there was no crack of ice, no roar of falling

stones. And as the silence surprised her ears, so the simplicity of color smote upon her eyes. There were no gradations. White ice filled the basin, and reached high into the recesses of the mountains, hanging in rugged glaciers upon their flanks, and streaking the gulleys with smooth, narrow ribbons. And about the ice, and above it, circling it in, black walls of rock towered high, astonishingly steep, and broken at the top into pinnacles of exquisite beauty.

"I shall be very glad to have seen this," said Sylvia, as she stored the picture in her mind—"more glad than I am even now. It will be a good memory to fall back upon when things are troublesome."

"Must things be troublesome?" he asked.

"Don't let me spoil my one day," she said, with a smile.

She moved on, and Chayne, falling back, spoke for a little while with his guides. A little farther on Jean stopped.

"That is our mountain, Mademoiselle," he said, pointing eastward across the glacier.

Sylvia turned in that direction.

Straight in front of her a bay of ice ran back, sloping ever upward, and around the bay there arose a steep wall of cliffs, which in the center sharpened precipitously to an apex. The apex was not a point, but a rounded, level ridge of snow which curved on the top of the cliffs like a billow of foam. A tiny black tower of rock stood alone on the northern end of the snow ridge.

"That, Mademoiselle, is the Aiguille d'Argentière. We cross the glacier here."

Jean put the rope about her waist, fixing it with the fisherman's bend, and tied one end about his own, using the overhand knot, while his brother tied on behind. They then turned at right angles to their former march and crossed the glacier, keeping extended the twenty feet of rope which separated each person. Once Jean looked back and uttered an exclamation of surprise; for he saw Chayne and his guides following across the glacier behind, and Chayne's road to the Col Dolent, at the head of the glacier, lay straight ahead upon their former line of advance. However, he said nothing.

They crossed the bergschrund with less

difficulty than they had anticipated, and, ascending a ridge of debris by the side of the lateral glacier which descended from the cliffs of the Aiguille d'Argentière, they advanced into the bay under the southern wall of the Aiguille du Chardonnet. On the top of this moraine Jean halted, and the party breakfasted; and while they breakfasted, Chayne told Sylvia something of that mountain's history. "It is not the most difficult of peaks," said he, "but it has associations, which some of the new rock climbs have not. The pioneers came here." Right behind them there was a gap, the pass between their mountain and the Aiguille du Chardonnet. "From that pass Moore and Whymper first tried to reach the top by following the crest of the cliffs, but they found it impracticable. Whymper tried again, but this time up the face of the cliffs farther on to the south, and just to the left of the summit. He failed, came back again, and conquered. We follow his road."

Then while they looked up, the dead white of that rounded summit-ridge changed to a warm rosy color, and all about that basin the topmost peaks took fire.

"It is the sun," said he.

Sylvia looked across the valley. The great ice-triangle of the Aiguille Verte flashed and sparkled. The slopes of Les Droites and Mont Dolent were hung with jewels; even the black precipices of the Tour Noir grew warm and friendly: but at the head of the glacier a sheer unbroken wall of rock swept round in the segment of a circle, and this remained still dead black, and the glacier at its feet dead white. At one point in the knife-like edge of this wall there was a depression, and from the depression a ribbon of ice ran, as it seemed from where they sat, perpendicularly down to the Glacier d'Argentière.

"That is the Col Dolent," said Chayne. "Very little sunlight ever creeps down there."

Sylvia shivered as she looked. She had never seen anything so somber, so sinister, as that precipitous curtain of rocks and its ribbon of ice. It looked like a white band painted on a black wall.

"It looks very dangerous," she said slowly.

"It needs care," said Chayne.

"Especially this year, when there is so little snow," added Sylvia.

"Yes, twelve hundred feet of ice at an angle of 50°."

"And the bergschrund 's just beneath."

"Yes; you must not slip on the Col Dolent," said he, quietly.

Sylvia was silent a little while, then she said with a slight hesitation:

"And you cross that pass to-day?"

There was still more hesitation in Chayne's voice as he answered:

"Well, no. You see, this is your first mountain, and you have only two guides."

Sylvia looked at him seriously.

"How many should I have taken for the Aiguille d'Argentière? Twelve?"

Chayne smiled feebly.

"Well, no,"—and his confusion increased,—"two as a rule are enough, unless—"

"Unless the amateur is very clumsy," she added. "Thank you, Captain Chayne."

"I did n't mean that," he cried. He had no idea whether she was angry or not. She was just looking quietly and steadily into his face and waiting for his explanation.

"Well, the truth is," he blurted out at last, "I wanted to go up the Aiguille d'Argentière with you." He saw a smile dimple her cheeks.

"I am honored," she said, and the tone of her voice showed, besides, that she was very glad.

"Oh, but it was n't only for the sake of your company," he said 'and stopped. "I don't seem to be very polite, do I?" he said lamentably.

"Not very," she replied.

"What I mean is this," he explained. "Ever since we started this morning, I have been recapturing my own sensations on my first ascent. Watching you, your enjoyment, your eagerness to live fully every moment of this day, I almost feel as if I, too, had come fresh to the mountains, as if the Argentière were my first peak."

He saw the blood mount into her cheeks.

"Was that the reason why you questioned me as to what I thought and felt?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I thought you were testing me," she said slowly. "I thought you were trying whether I was worthy"; and once again humility had framed her words and modulated their utterance. She recognized without rancor, but in distress, that people had the right to look on her as without the pale.

The guides packed up the rucksacks, and they started once more up the moraine. In a little while they descended to the lateral glacier which, coming down from the recesses of the Aiguille d'Argentière, in front of them, flowed into the great basin behind. They roped together now in one party, ascending the glacier diagonally, rounding a great buttress which descends from the rock ridge and bisects the ice, and drawing close to the steep cliffs. In a little while they crossed the bergschrund from the glacier to the wall of mountains, and crossing the easy rocks at the foot of the cliffs, came at last to a big, steep gully filled with hard ice which led up to the ridge just below the final peak.

"This is our way," said Jean. "We ascend by the rocks at the side."

They breakfasted again and began to ascend the rocks to the left of the great gully, Sylvia following second behind her leading guide. The rocks were not difficult, but they were very steep and at times loose. Moreover, Jean climbed fast, and Sylvia had much ado to keep pace with him. But she would not call upon him to slacken his pace, and she was most anxious not to come up on the rope, but to climb with her own hands and feet. Thus they ascended for the better part of an hour, and Jean halted on a convenient ledge. Sylvia had time to look down. She had climbed with her face to the wall of rock, her eyes searching quickly for her holds, fixing her feet securely, gripping firmly with her hands, avoiding the loose boulders. Moreover, the rope had worried her. When she had left it at its length between herself and the guide in front of her, it would hang about her feet, threatening to trip her or catch, as though in active malice, in any crack which happened to be handy. If she shortened it and held it in her hands, there would come a sudden tug from above, as the leader raised himself

from one ledge to another, which almost overset her.

Now, however, flushed with her exertion and glad to draw her breath at her ease, she looked down and was astonished, so far below her already seemed the glacier she had left, so steep the rocks up which she had climbed.

"You are not tired?" said Chayne.

Sylvia laughed. Tired, when a dream was growing real, when she was actually on the mountain wall! She turned her face again to the rock, and in a little more than an hour after leaving the foot of the gully she stepped out upon a patch of snow on the shoulder of the mountain. She stood in sunlight, and all the country to the east was suddenly unrolled before her eyes. A steep snow-slope dropped to the glacier of Saleinaz. The crags of the Aiguilles Dorées and some green uplands gave color to the glittering world of ice, and far away towered the white peaks of the Grand Combin and the Weisshorn in a blue, cloudless sky, and to the left, over the summit of the Grande Fourche, she saw the huge battlements of the Oberland. She stood absorbed while the rest of the party ascended to her side. She hardly knew, indeed, that they were there until Chayne, standing by her, asked:

"You are not disappointed?"

She made no reply. She had no words wherewith to express the emotion which troubled her to the depths.

They rested for a while on this level patch of snow. To their right the ridge ran sharply up to the summit. But not by that ridge was the summit to be reached. They turned over toward the eastern face of the mountain and traversed in a straight line the great snow slope which sweeps down in one white, unbroken curtain toward the glacier of Saleinaz. Their order had been changed: first Jean advanced, while Chayne followed, and after him came Sylvia.

The leading guide kicked a step or two in the snow, then he used the adz of his ax. A few steps more, then he halted.

"Ice," he said, and from that spot to the mountain-top he used the pick.

The slope was at a steep angle, the ice very hard, and each step had to be cut with care, especially on the traverse,

where the whole party moved across the mountain upon the same level and there was no friendly hand above to give a pull upon the rope. The slope ran steeply down beneath them, then curved over a brow, and steepened yet more.

"Are the steps near enough together?" Chayne asked Sylvia.

"Yes," she replied, though she had to stretch in her stride.

Jean dug his pick in the slope at his side, and turned round.

"Lean well away from the slope, Mademoiselle, not toward it. There is less chance then of slipping from the steps," he said anxiously, and then there came a look of surprise to his face; for he saw that already of her own thought she was standing straight in her steps, thrusting herself out from the slope by pressing the pick of her ax against it at the level of her waist. And more than once thereafter Jean turned and watched her with a growing perplexity.

Chayne looked to see whether her face showed any sign of fear. On the contrary, she was looking down that great sweep of ice with actual exultation. And it was not ignorance which allowed her to exult. The evident anxiety of Chayne's words, and the silence which since had fallen upon one and all, were alone enough to assure her that here was serious work. But she had been reading deeply of the Alps, and in all the histories of mountain exploits which she had read,—of climbs up vertical cracks in sheer walls of rock, balancings upon ridges as sharp as a knife, crawlings over smooth slabs, with nowhere to rest the feet or hands,—it was the ice-slope which had most kindled her imagination—the steep, smooth, long ice-slope, white upon the surface, grayish-green or even black where the ax had cut the step, the place where no slip must be made. She had lain awake nights listening to the roar of the streets beneath her window and picturing it, now sleeping in the sunlight, now enwreathed in mists which opened and showed still higher heights and still lower depths, now whipped angrily with winds which tore off the surface icicles and snow and sent them swirling like smoke about the shoulders of the peak. She had dreamed of herself upon it, half-shrinking, half-eager; and now she was

actually there, and she felt no fear. She could not but exult.

The sunlight was hot upon this face of the mountain, yet her feet grew cold as she stood patiently in her steps, advancing slowly as the man before her moved. Once, as she stood, she moved her foot and scratched the sole of her boot on the ice to level a roughness in the step, and at once she saw Chayne and the guide in front drive the picks of their axes hard into the slope at their side and stand tense, as if expecting a jerk upon the rope. Afterward they both looked round at her, and seeing she was safe, turned back again to their work, the guide cutting the steps, Chayne polishing them behind him.

In a little while the guide turned his face to the slope and cut upward instead of across. The slope was so steep that instead of cutting zigzags across its face, he chopped pigeon-holes straight up. They moved from one to the other as on a ladder, and their knees touched the ice as they stood upright in the steps. For a couple of hours the axes never ceased, and then the leader made two or three extra steps at the side of the staircase. On to one of them he moved out. Chayne went up and joined him.

"Come, Mademoiselle," he said, and he drew in the rope as Sylvia advanced. She climbed up level with them on the ladder and waited, not knowing why they stood aside.

"Go on, Mademoiselle," said the guide. She took another step or two upon snow and uttered a cry. She had looked suddenly over the top of the mountain upon the Aiguille Verte and the great pile of Mont Blanc, even as Revailloud had told her that she would. The guide had stood aside that she might be the first to step out upon the summit of the mountain. She stood upon the narrow ridge of snow; at her feet the rock cliffs, plastered with bulging masses of ice, fell sheer to the glacier.

Her first glance was downward to the Col Dolent. Even at this hour, when the basin of the valley was filled with sunshine, that one corner at the head of the Glacier d'Argentière was still dead white, dead black. She shivered once more as she looked at it, so grim and so menacing the rock wall seemed, so hard

and steep the ribbon of ice. Then Chayne joined her on the ridge. They sat down and ate their meal and lay for an hour sunning themselves in the clear air.

"You could have had no better day," said Chayne.

Only a few white scarfs of cloud flitted here and there across the sky, and their shadows chased one another across the glittering slopes of ice and snow. The triangle of the Aiguille Verte was over against her, the beautiful ridges of Les Courtes and Les Droites to her right, and beyond them the massive domes and buttresses of the great white mountain. Sylvia lay upon the eastern slope of the Argentière, looking over the brow, not wanting to speak, and certainly not listening to any word that was uttered. Her soul was at peace. The long-continued tension of mind and muscle, the excitement of that last ice-slope, were over, and had brought their reward. She looked out upon a still and peaceful world, wonderfully bright, wonderfully beautiful, and wonderfully colored. Here a spire would pierce the sunlight with slabs of red rock interspersed among its gray; there ice-cliffs sparkled as though strewn with jewels, bulged out in great green knobs, showed now a grim gray, now a transparent blue. At times a distant rumble like thunder far away told them that the ice-fields were hurling their avalanches down. Once or twice she heard a great roar near at hand, and Chayne, pointing across the valley, would show her what seemed to be a handful of small stones whizzing down the rocks and ice gullies of the Aiguille Verte.

But, on the whole, this new world was silent, communing with the heavens. She was in the hushed company of the mountains. Days there would be when these sunlight ridges would be mere blurs of driving storm, when the wind would shriek about the gullies, and dark mists would swirl around the peaks; but on this morning there was no anger on the heights.

"Yes, you could have had no better day for your first mountain, Mademoiselle," said Jean, as he stood beside her. "But this is not your first mountain?"

She turned to him.

"Yes, it is."

Her guide bowed to her.

"Then, Mademoiselle, you have great gifts; for you stood upon that ice-slope and moved along and up it as only people of experience stand and move. I noticed you. On the rocks, too, you had the instinct for the hand-grip and the foothold and with which foot to take the step. And that instinct, Mademoiselle, comes, as a rule, only with practice." He paused and looked at her in perplexity.

"Moreover, Mademoiselle, you remind me of some one," he added. "I cannot remember who it is or why you remind me of him; but you remind me of some one very much." He picked up the rucksack, which he had taken from his shoulders.

It was half-past eleven. Sylvia took a last look over the wide prospect of jagged ridge, ice pinnacles, and rock spires. She looked down once more upon the slim snow peak of Mont Dolent and the grim wall of rocks at the col.

"I shall never forget this," she said, with shining eyes—"never."

The fascination of the mountains was upon her. Something new had come into her life that morning which would never fail her to the very end, which would color all her days, however dull, which would give her memories in which to find solace, longings wherewith to plan the future. This she felt, and some of this her friend understood.

"Yes," he said. "You understand the difference it makes to one's whole life. Each year passes so quickly, looking back and looking forward."

"Yes, I understand," she said.

"You will come back?"

But this time she did not answer at once. She stood looking thoughtfully out over the ridge of the Argentière. It seemed to Chayne that she was coming slowly to some great decision which would somehow affect all her life. Then she said, and it seemed to him that she had made her decision:

"I do not know. Perhaps I never shall come back."

They turned away and went carefully down the slope. Again her leading guide, who on the return journey went last, was perplexed by that instinct for the mountain-side which had surprised

him, the technic came to her so naturally. She turned her back to the slope, and thus descended; she knew just the right level at which to drive in the pick of her ax, that she might lower herself to the next hole in their ice-ladder. Finally, as they came down the rocks by the great couloir to the glacier, he cried out:

"Ah! Now, Mademoiselle, I know who it is you remind me of. I have been watching you. I know now."

She looked up.

"Who is it?"

"An English gentleman I once climbed with for a whole season many years ago. A great climber, Mademoiselle. Captain Chayne will know his name—Gabriel Strood."

"Gabriel Strood!" she cried, and then she laughed. "I, too, know his name. You are flattering me, Jean."

But Jean would not admit it.

"I am not, Mademoiselle," he insisted. "I do not say you have his skill,—how should you?—but there are certain movements, certain neat ways of putting the hands and feet. Yes, Mademoiselle, you remind me of him."

Sylvia thought no more of his words at the moment. They reached the lateral glacier, descended it, and crossed the Glacier d'Argentière. They found their stone-encumbered pathway of the morning, and at three o'clock stood once more upon the platform in front of the Pavillon de Lognan. Then she rested for a while, saying very little.

"You are tired?" said Chayne.

"No," she replied; "but this day has made a great difference to me."

Her guides approached her, and she said no more upon the point. But Chayne had no doubt that she was referring to that decision which she had taken on the summit of the peak. She stood up to go.

"You stay here to-night?" she said.

"Yes."

"You cross the Col Dolent to-morrow?"

"Yes."

She looked at him quickly and then away.

"You will be careful? In the shadow there?"

"Yes."

She was silent for a moment or two, looking up the glacier toward the Aiguille d'Argentière.



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE STOOD UPON THE NARROW RIDGE OF SNOW"

"I thank you very much for coming up with me," and again the humility in her voice, as of one outside the door, touched and hurt him. "I am very grateful,"—and here a smile lightened her grave face,—"and I am rather proud."

"You came up to Lognan at a good time for me," he answered as they shook hands. "I shall cross the Col Dolent with a better heart to-morrow."

They shook hands, and he asked:

"Shall I see no more of you?"

"That is as you will," she replied simply.

"I should like to. In Paris, perhaps, or wherever you are likely to be. I am on leave now for some months."

She thought for a second or two, then she said:

"If you will give me your address, I will write to you. I think I shall be in England."

She took his card, and as she turned away she pointed to the Aiguille d'Argentière.

"I shall dream of that to-night."

"Surely not," he replied, laughing down to her over the wooden balustrade: "you will dream of running water."

She glanced up at him in surprise that he should have remembered this strange quality of hers. Then she turned away and went down to the pine woods and the village of Les Tines.

(To be continued)



HEY-DAY

BY WITTER BYNNER

COME and go a-berrying,
Would you wiser be!
Come and learn that everything
Younger is than we,—

We who almost dared to think
In our wearying
There were no more springs to drink,
No more pails to swing!

We were dusty with our books.
Come and let us go
Out among the lyric brooks,
Where the verses grow,

Where the world is one delight
Made of many a song
Lasting till the nod of night,
Lovely all day long,

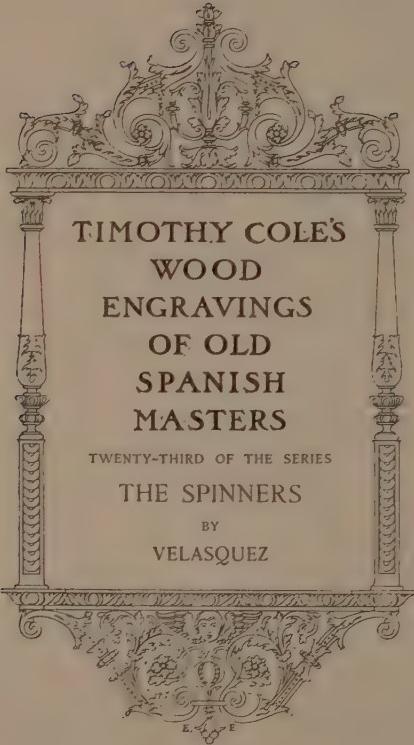
Till the smallest glimmering nook
Holds the moon in glory;
And the heavens are the book
And the stars the story!

There the peaceful earth is sweet,
Either way it lies—
Under unacquainted feet
Or on tired eyes.



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole, from the painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters"

"THE SPINNERS." BY VELASQUEZ



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

TWENTY-THIRD OF THE SERIES

THE SPINNERS

BY

VELASQUEZ

L. E.

"Third Edition"

By Grace S. H. Tytus

FIGURE BY ROBB DEP. TYTUS.



LAST bar of sunlight fell through the western window of the attic in the rue Bonaparte and struck slantwise across the ink-blotted, dented surface of the desk where M. Alphonse sat writing—or, to be more exact, whereon M'sieu' Alphonse's shabby elbows rested as he meditatively chewed the butt end of a penholder, seeking inspiration. He was having a hard time with his refractory muse, this poor, little, out-at-elbows Frenchman, with his thin, pointed features, plaintive of a none too elaborate menu, his stiffly waxed mustache and nervous black eyes, suggestive of shoe-buttons in perpetual motion. Fate had been serving him meanly, and had left him so depressed in spirit that even the charm of soliloquy palled.

"Ah, what a pen! How can genius rise superior to such an instrument! 'La ville lumière,' en vérité! I wonder if ce bon Victor Hugo would have called Paris the City of Light had he lived in 58th rue Bonaparte au cinquième, on an October day. Bah! that Michonnet, that low, fat, bombastic bourgeois! I enrage myself when I think of him. What right, what earthly right, I say, had he to refuse me the hand of his daughter? She is pretty, Ma'm'selle Marie, with a little air of I don't know what, and a most respectable dot. I will try again, parbleu. Courage, Alphonse, courage! The great Napoleon had courage."

The greatness of his greatest hero is the private property of every Frenchman. M'sieu' Alphonse's personality assumed the imperial tinge as easily as his body would have donned a fall over-

coat, had he had one. Besides, did he not live in the rue Bonaparte?

"Tiens!" he continued, "but I was stupid, oh! of a stupidity! He was only waiting, ce Michonnet, for me to show my perseverance, to flatter his pride by a little gentle urging, then a bold demand, and finally a high-handed insistence. And I will beard him once again—ah, what a glorious cause! I, the struggling genius, the novelist of the future, braving the sordid materialism of that Auteuil cochon—art conquering the bourgeoisie, the battle-cry of culture scaling the ramparts of ignorance! Superb!"

At this juncture even mixed metaphor proved inadequate, and gasping for breath, the waxed ends of his mustache quivering with excitement, M'sieu' Alphonse snatched up his hat and dashed down the narrow stairs and out into the street.

Dusk was falling now, and with it that thin, indescribable veil that seems to drop between one's ears and outside sounds at close of day, when the roar of the great city is not yet hushed, merely blurred. Through the streets and along the *quai* lights peeped out like myriad fireflies, while the tiny *bateaux mouches* went back and forth on the dark surface of the water with a motion as of black things crawling to and fro.

On one of them, to Auteuil, went M'sieu' Alphonse.

The family Michonnet were sitting at supper in the garden, advisedly so called. Given twenty square feet of green space,



in one corner an apple-tree, and over yonder a straggling row of beets and parsley, call it a yard, and it is only a fit place for clothes to dry in: call it a garden, and it becomes a veritable bower, the apple-tree an orchard, the vegetable bed a stately pleasaunce. As before observed, the family Michonnet was at supper in the garden, and the garden was only twenty feet square. Papa Michonnet was tilting back his chair and gazing meditatively at the bare branches above him, when a gay, "Bonsoir, M'sieu', Madame, Mademoiselle," broke the silence. Down came the front legs of Papa Michonnet's chair, squarely and decisively.

"Oh, it 's you, is it? Bonsoir!" he responded, and up went the chair legs again.

"M'sieu', Madame, I am surprised—that you are surprised—to see me heré. I had thought, as we had reached no decision concerning a matter—a matter which deeply interests us all—"

"Pardon, Monsieur," grunted Papa Michonnet, "I thought I had made my meaning sufficiently clear."

"And he certainly was very forcible," sighed Mama Michonnet.

M'sieu' Alphonse felt his courage oozing, they were so big and fat. The moral force of embonpoint is very obvious to the thin and little, and M'sieu' Alphonse had already begun to quake, when, like a flash of light, the idea struck him that Napoleon had been thin and little, too, once, and the thought braced him to a fresh attack.

"I think M'sieu' and Madame misunderstand what I have to offer," he exclaimed. Here the whole Michonnet family sat bolt upright, and even the apple-tree seemed to straighten out its bare boughs and stand at attention.

"To be the famous wife of a famous man, whose name shall ring from end to end of France, of Europe, is that not a rare distinction, *je vous demande?*"

Papa Michonnet lighted his pipe.

"Very rare," he observed.

His wife applauded with a fat and uncouthous sigh.

"And then," went on M'sieu' Alphonse, "the sacred fire of genius—"

"Will not cook a dinner," broke in Papa Michonnet, rising to his feet. "You have no capital to show, and though latent genius may be a good investment, as

far as I can see, it pays no dividends. When you can come to me and say: 'Monsieur, my book—has reached a third edition,' then my daughter shall be yours, not before. As you see, she has done you already the honor of several tears; surely you can expect no further encouragement."

Precisely what happened after that M'sieu' Alphonse never knew. He came to his senses long after midnight in his own garret, with the moon streaming in the narrow window, and his hat still on his head. He had a confused remembrance of angry exhortations on his part, firm retorts from Papa Michonnet, sighs and gasps from his ponderous spouse, the whole culminating in a fainting fit, with Ma'm'selle Marie in the leading rôle.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS DE X—had never penned a period in his life. He inhabited a very "chic" apartment in the neighborhood of the Champs-Elysées. His excuse for so doing was a porcelain bathtub and modern improvements, and the fact that he needed an excuse proved that his blood was truly cerulean, and that his family, whose very noses were Bourbon, had never forgiven him for deserting the Faubourg for "ce quartier mal habité."

How he happened to be in Paris during the hottest August of the century is a subject Monsieur le Marquis disliked to dwell upon. It was of a sadness, truly,—one *chère amie* at Deauville, another at Dinary, and Monsieur le Marquis grilling in Paris. And why? Parbleu, because he had been imbecile enough to pass through Paris on his way from "the waters" to the sea, *ma foi*,—and that low step at Armentonville, where he had slipped and broken his leg, of course—oh! but he had made a foolishness altogether!

And now here he was, with the offending limb in plaster, wedded to his couch and an infinite boredom. It was small comfort to him to reflect that he was one of a million sweltering citizens, for even rival newspapers united in one huge complaint. Paris was a vasty wilderness of heat—the streets almost deserted, the chestnut-trees in the Champs-Elysées were seared and scorched and brown, while

dead, dry leaves sprinkled the pavement with premature autumn. Here and there a weary fiacre crawled past, the horse's tongue hanging out of his mouth; the *cochers* had all dropped their shiny hats for straw ones or none. And, worst of all, a deadly insomnia had fastened itself on the people, and the stifling nights brought no relief. It seemed as if from dusk till dawn there rose from all the city a long, low murmuring, as of tossings on hot pillows, and restlessness in place of rest. Even Monsieur le Marquis was not exempt, and the gesture with which he turned on the pink-shaded electric light by his bedside was eloquent of futility.

He had been lying in the twilight, trying to absorb the lethargy of the dying day, but the great drone of the city was not soothing or drowsy, but incisive with nerves on edge and tense submission. On the table by his side, he knew, were books—a pile of them, culled from the book-stalls by his valet; but he had tried so many evenings to read, and each new pile of novels had seemed so much duller than its predecessor, that he had only read himself wide-awake and very cross. There was no reason why this evening's quota should be different, so he had lain in the dusk till he could stand it no longer; even now, as the light shone down on a row of volumes, he never even looked at the titles, but picked up the first one at hand, and started to read with a hopelessness bred of habit.

It was a novel called “*Le Trottoir*,” by Alphonse Moreau,—Monsieur le Marquis, who prided himself on being more or less of a modern Mæcenas, had never heard of Alphonse Moreau, which was in itself enough,—neither did he *want* to hear of him,—but the listlessness of the long, hot day and the sleepless nights had entered into him, and it was less physical effort to keep on reading than to put down the book and pick up another; so he read on.

How it happened he never knew, but when he awoke, the morning sun was streaming in the room, the electric light by his bedside was still burning, and “*Le Trottoir*” lay open at page 28!

He tried it again the next night, and again the same thing happened—and still again. As an insomnia-cure, “*Le Trottoir*” seemed to be infallible, and one

chapter taken on retiring appeared to be about the dose. Monsieur le Marquis was as enchanted as if he had discovered America; so when his friend of the “*Mercure*” called, looking tired and haggard, Monsieur le Marquis assumed the grand manner of sympathy. “But my old one, what hast thou?”

The visitor meditatively smoothed a crease from his pearl-gray trousers, and chose his words carefully. There are times when, in default of sixteen quarterings, one's ailments can be converted into a source of distinction, and Monsieur le Marquis's friend, alas! had not a Bourbon nose—both distinctly and distinctively not. He drew a deep breath, and let it hiss out slowly between his teeth before he spoke.

“Ah, you notice, vrai? I regret.”

“Notice! A thousand thunders, yes!”

The visitor leaned forward as if imparting a confidence.

“You see, it is now nearly fourteen nights that I sleep not—and the work of the intelligence by day, mon dieu! it exhausts one!”

Monsieur le Marquis grew quite radiantly benign: “And if I could cure you, voyons?”

“Ah, my friend, that is impossible. I have tried everything, but—*everything!*” and his pearl-gray waistcoat swelled with the importance of such comprehensiveness. He was *all* pearl-gray, save the pink carnation in his button-hole.

M. le Marquis said nothing, but he reached out a fine white hand to the little table by his bedside, and taking up “*Le Trottoir*,” held it out to his friend.

“Try that.”

“A novel? Pah! I mock myself of them—a *protégé* of yours, perhaps?” The words trickled between his lips with the inciseness that only the French language can lend to polite insinuation. But he took the book and noticed the name, nevertheless, balancing it on his knee while he turned the talk into other channels.

An hour later, when he left the house, he was careful to waylay Etienne, Monsieur le Marquis's valet, in the ante-chamber, and ask him at what shop he had bought the book.

Thirty-six hours later there appeared in the morning issue of the “*Mercure*” an

editorial which took Paris by storm. It was called "A bas l'insomnie!" and set forth how the "Mercure," always aiming to help its patrons and humanity at large, had for many weeks been trying to devise some method of procuring restful nights for the suffering population at its doors. At last it was able to demonstrate, through the patient efforts of Monsieur the editor-in-chief, the author of this article, that even in the domain of medical and physical science the pen was still supreme, and that in telling the sleepless thousands of Paris to buy and read "Le Trottoir,"—dose: one chapter taken on retiring for adults, a glance at the title-page for children,—the "Mercure" was proving once again that in all their troubles they must look to the power of the press for aid.

Now it happened that Monsieur Chardon, head of the great publishing house of Chardon et Cie., was a very early riser, and that on the morning when "A bas l'insomnie" appeared in the "Mercure" he had risen even earlier than usual. He read it once, twice, then swallowed his coffee, and catching up his hat, hailed the first fiacre that came along, and ordered the man to drive like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, to 58^{bis} rue Bonaparte, where he jumped out and with unlikely haste, scaled the succeeding flights of stairs to M'sieu' Alphonse's apartments. When Monsieur Alphonse himself, in a shabby dressing-gown, opened the door, he drew a sharp breath of relief: there was still time then, for M'sieu' Alphonse had *not* been out to get his morning paper, and consequently had not seen the article.

Monsieur Chardon sank into a chair to recover his breath, while M'sieu' Alphonse stood bowing and wondering to what he owed the honor of such an early visit. His poor little underfed heart was thumping madly beneath the shabby dressing-gown, for, if the truth were told, he had offered the manuscript of "Le Trottoir" to at least ten different publishing houses, only to have it meet with ten equally enthusiastic rejections, and finally, his faith still unshattered, had bravely sought out the great Chardon and without waiting for the chance of a refusal, had told him he wished to have the book published at his own expense, pay-

ing so much down as a guarantee, and the rest two months after the book appeared. What he did *not* tell the great Chardon was that he had sold a life-insurance policy to pay the guarantee deposit, and that he had trusted to the returns from the sales to furnish the rest. Had Chardon repented of his bargain? If so, M'sieu' Alphonse was ruined; but he still stood and bowed and smiled nervously, while the great Chardon sat and gasped.

Finally he spoke.

"Monsieur Moreau, what think you of selling to me the rights of your book?"

The words shot through M'sieu' Alphonse like an electric shock, and his knees felt queer.

"Mais, Monsieur," he stammered, "I—"

"Voyons!" went on the great Chardon, "I have read it with the most great attention since it appeared, and I could almost say—er—that for a *début*—er—that it has possibilities and perhaps,—here he examined his finger-nails,—“if Monsieur would trust himself frankly to me, we should try to discover perhaps a moderate sale—a very moderate one. But it would help to make Monsieur known, and, as I interest myself for you, I will give you 3000 francs for all the rights to the book, and if there is any loss,”—magnanimously,—“it is I who lose.”

M'sieu' Alphonse began to collect himself. “I had not thought of selling the book,” he said, blushing violently; then, timidly: “It was my—my own venture, you see.”

“Precisely,” said the great Chardon, “but as such you were bound to lose, whereas *we* would advertise the work, and give it a sale. I pray you to decide quickly, as I am pressed,” and the pointed finger-nails drummed on the chair arm like a woodpecker’s beak on a hollow limb.

Now M'sieu' Alphonse was no fool, and he also knew that the great Chardon never did anything for love; so while he stood shifting nervously from one carpet slipper to another, he revolved in his own mind what he should do. If Chardon offered 3000 francs for "Le Trottoir," it was worth at least double that amount; besides, for some strange reason, Chardon wanted it, and wanted it at once, or he

never would have climbed those stairs instead of sending for M'sieu' Alphonse.

“I am sorry, Monsieur, but I could not think of selling my book for that.”

“5000, then,” said the other.

M'sieu' Alphonse shook his head with still greater regret.

“Mais, voyons, we must understand each other—7000, perhaps?”

Again a negative from the carpet slippers. The great Chardon looked at M'sieu' Alphonse's timorous little person, and grew first red, then purple. He sprang from his chair, and brought his fat hand down on the table with such a bang that both carpet slippers left the floor at once.

“Saperlipopette!” he screamed, “are you mad? what do you think your fichu book is worth?”

“50,000 francs,” said M'sieu' Alphonse, soothingly, with a gentle, reassuring smile.

He acknowledged afterward that for a moment he was really quite concerned lest the great Chardon should faint, and he had no idea what to do for fainting persons. He had vague recollections that you should quickly unlace their stays, and tickle their nostrils with a feather; but he was glad that the great Chardon did not faint, for he had an uneasy feeling that neither of those remedies would have exactly suited the patient.

It took the publisher fully five minutes to collect himself. I think he would have struck M'sieu' Alphonse had he dared, but he realized that at that very moment his press was in all likelihood being besieged with orders for “Le Trottoir,” and that, with all sleepless Paris in quest of it, not to speak of the provinces, it would be cheap even at 50,000 francs. If he could get two or three editions out

in rapid succession, with just enough time in between to stimulate the demand, he would not only make money, but do the best bit of advertising he had ever done, to boot. But it must be clinched at once: any day the hot wave might break, and the population sleep normally again. So controlling his anger, he drew out a piece of paper, and sitting down at the very same ink-blotted desk where M'sieu' Alphonse had begun “Le Trottoir” ten months before, he drew up a contract and offered it to him without a word to sign.

THREE weeks later the heat was still unabated, and “Le Trottoir” had had the most unprecedented run in all the range of modern literature. The presses of Chardon et Cie. had been kept running day and night to satisfy the demands of a public crowding to escape from the purgatory of wakefulness. And not once had “Le Trottoir” belied its fame. Countless thousands blessed the name of Alphonse Moreau, who, convinced against his will of his real literary worth, came boldly out, and in the columns of that same “Mercure,” now only too keen for an article from his pen, proclaimed that “Le Trottoir” had been originally written to accomplish the mission which it had fulfilled, and followed it up by an exhaustive treatise on the soothing properties of senseless sound as against the numbing paralysis of reiteration. His decoration by the government followed close on the heels of his first lecture before the medical faculty of the Sorbonne, and preceded by forty-eight hours his marriage in the parish church of Auteuil, “that fat Michonnet” giving him his daughter to wife.

It is not for nothing that one lives in the rue Bonaparte.



THE NEGRO BRAIN¹

BY ROBERT BENNETT BEAN, M.D.



HE race question in America has been treated recently from the standpoint of a former slave-owner, in the light of the Reconstruction period, in a mathematician's statistical way, and as an economic problem. Men from within have labored for the uplifting of their race, the philanthropy of the North has been liberally directed toward the education of the negro, and conservative statesmanship both North and South has been sorely tried time and again in the settlement of acute questions rising out of local conditions. In the ultimate settlement of this imminently critical question the facts of scientific investigation should not be ignored. Not only should an earnest philanthropy and an honest statesmanship be brought to the solution of the negro problem, but the fundamental physical and mental differences of the white and black races should be considered in any rational adjustment of the relations between them, and a just discrimination of the character and genius of each race should be made.

It is an undoubted fact that environment affects the individual more than the race, whereas heredity affects the race more than the individual. Individuals may be altered without altering the race. By both heredity and environment we may explain the greatness of certain men like Dumas, Booker Washington, Tanner, and Professor Dubois, who are classed as negroes, but are not pure negroes ethnically. Looked at in its broadest sense, the race question is not one of individuals or of local significance, but has assumed world-wide proportions by reason of existing conditions in Egypt, throughout Oceanica, in South Africa, Hayti,

San Domingo, South America, the Philippines, and other places, as well as in the United States.

The subject in all its phases cannot be considered here, but the attention of the reader may be directed to one or two significant facts. The first is that the negro race is now considered to be one of the oldest races in the world, evidences of its existence in prehistoric times having been recently discovered throughout Africa, Australia, and Oceanica. In historic times negroes are depicted on the monuments of Egypt thousands of years before the Anglo-Saxon had emerged from barbarism. They have been in contact continually with the highest civilizations of antiquity, but have never risen to the eminence of other nations, having retained their primitive condition, even as is now apparent in the Southern States, where they are isolated in large masses.

Another significant fact is that the negro brain is smaller than the Caucasian, the difference in size being represented in both gray matter (nerve cells) and white matter (nerve fibers), as I will attempt presently to demonstrate. Brain cells are the basis of brain power or mental ability, and their number is known to remain constant throughout life, so that there seems never to be a degree of mental development beyond the possible expression of the brain cells inherited. Development of mental activity by experience, education, etc., is considered to be correlated with the development of sheaths around the nerve fibers as they become active in the transmission of impulses. The efficiency of the brain depends upon the number and position of such nerve fibers, just as the efficiency of a telephone system depends

¹The purely scientific aspect of this subject will be treated at length by the present writer in the forthcoming volume of the "American Journal of Anatomy."

upon the number of its various connections and ramifications. The negro brain having fewer nerve cells and nerve fibers, assuming that gray matter and white matter respectively represent these numerically, the possibilities of developing the negro are therefore limited, except by crossing with other races. This has been done to such an extent in times past that it is difficult to determine whether a pure negro really exists in America.

Observations made on thousands of negroes throughout the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States, extending through many years, and the critical examination of more than one hundred brains from a representative element of the negro population, enable me to classify the American negro in two large groups. One group comprises the great majority of the negroes of the South, and the physical and mental characteristics of this group indicate purer negro blood than the other. This other group is decidedly in the minority, is largely distributed throughout the North, and shows traces of previous minglings of races, the individuals being commonly designated as mulattoes.

1. The first group includes three racial classes. The negroes of the lowest of these resemble the Hottentots or Bushmen of the southern and western coasts of Africa, whence they were probably derived. They have a gray or old-yellow skin resembling rough varnished oak; low, dwarfed stature, weak, or squat and muscular; long woolly hair in obliquely inserted tufts; very dark eyes, wide apart; broad, flat nose; large mouth, with thick, projecting, everted lips; enormous projecting jaws; heads extremely long, with probably the smallest brains of all human beings; and

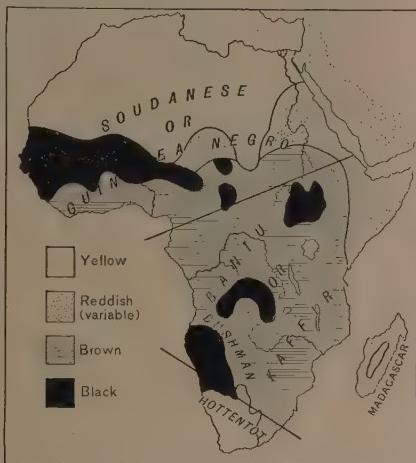
lastly, though not always present, the distinctive projecting masses of fat about the buttocks of the women. This class is comparatively rare, but a number may be seen here and there, usually in the lowest quarters of a city, or in some obscure corner in the country. Their intelligence is of the lowest grade, and their instincts are purely of the senses.

The next class is of a higher order, and is representative of the low-class Guinea Coast negro, the most ancient and the most classical negro type, having

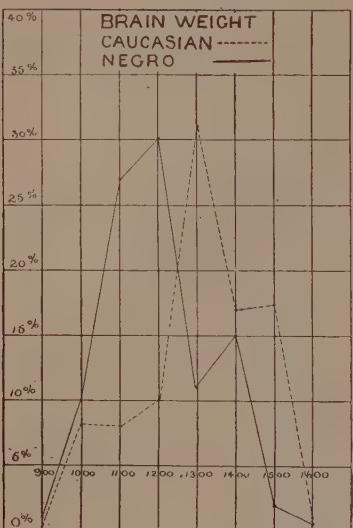
a cool, velvety skin, glossy, and varying from a reddish, yellowish, or bluish black to jet black; low stature, well knit and muscular; black eyes and black, kinky hair; broad, flat nose; thick lips; projecting jaws and face; beautifully white, sound teeth; small, square ears; long upper and short lower extremities; slender calves; flat feet; long, but sometimes broad, heads, and somewhat larger brains than the first class.

This contains the greater number of the negroes in the South. They have a moderate amount of intelligence, enough to make good laborers under compulsion, but are naturally indolent and shiftless.

The third class in this group is the high-class Guinea Coast negro, the Sudanese, similar to the low class, but developed along broader lines. Instead of being ugly, diminutive, with short and thick limbs, and a round or short face, they are comparatively handsome, taller, with well-proportioned limbs and a long face. They exist in fairly large numbers, but are much less numerous than the second class. They represent, perhaps, the best element of the negro race in America, having adaptability in various directions. They are good natural mechanics, and from their ranks are



MAP OF AFRICA SHOWING DEGREES OF COLOR OF THE GROUPS OF NEGROES FROM WHOM THE AMERICAN NEGRO WAS DERIVED



CURVES OF BRAIN WEIGHT FOR THE
CAUCASIAN AND THE NEGRO
(See table 1.)

NOTE.—These curves indicate that more than fifty percent of the Negro brains weigh about 1100 to 1200 grams, while more than sixty-five percent of the Caucasian brains weigh about 1300 to 1500 grams. The fact that fifteen percent of the Negro brains weigh about 1400 grams is an evidence that these brains represent an element which is the result of a crossing of the races. This is the usual biological curve of any morphological feature in cross breeds.

largely drawn the handicraftsmen—carpenters, blacksmiths, firemen, engine-drivers, etc.—to whom the South may look for aid in its material development.

2. The second group is made up of Kaffirs and mulattoes or mulattooids.

The Kaffirs are representative of the Bantus (Zulus and kindred tribes) from various parts of Africa, and show unmistakable traces of the Arab, in some parts even retaining a rude worship similar to Mohammedanism. They represent the Hamitic and Semitic peoples grafted upon the negro, and reverting to the primitive negro type with the strain of the other race persisting, and cropping out decidedly in certain instances. They are particularly noted for their height and intelligence, but are deceptive and dishonest, although they make good body-servants and house-servants. They are of various shades of dark-brown skin; very high stature, slim and well made; they have thick, woolly hair, and dark-brown eyes; broad, flat nose, sometimes aquiline or Arab-like; thick lips; long,

oval face; slightly projecting jaws and face, and narrow nasal apertures; long, high heads, with narrow foreheads, and median frontal protuberances; and large brains. They do not exist in large numbers except in Virginia and North Carolina, and a few isolated localities elsewhere. They have average intelligence, and are capable of undertaking small business enterprises. They are found as Pullman porters, in cafés, restaurants, and hotels, as waiters, and in occupations that do not necessitate manual labor or exposure to the elements. By far the greater proportion of the serving class in Virginia were of this type.

The mulattoes are a mixed lot, but three classes may be selected as representing the majority. There is a burly type, with all the negro features magnified except color, which is usually a muddy yellow. They are usually powerful muscularly and have heavy frames, long arms and legs, with unusually large lips, mouth, and nose, and a resonant vocal apparatus heard loudly on all occasions.

The second class of mulattoes resembles the first in many ways, but is inferior physically and mentally, and is distinguished by a peculiar mottling of the skin, mentioned by Professor Shaler (who has given a very good classification of the Southern blacks).

These two classes, in the worst individuals, represent one of the gravest menaces to society, one of the most dangerous elements of the population. They seem to inherit all the bad of both black and white. They have all the sensuality of the aboriginal African, and all the savage nature of the primitives from the wilds of Europe, without the self-control of the Caucasian or the amiability of the negro.

The third class of mulattoes so nearly resembles the Caucasian that one has to look twice to be sure. They are usually small, sparely built individuals, neatly made, and graceful. They have bright minds, and are capable of doing any ordinary tasks of the average individual. They are the most to be pitied of all classes of the negro population, because they have the inclinations and often the abilities of more favored individuals in

the white race, yet an inexorable law has decreed that they shall marry in their own race or die out. They are almost invariably of a delicate mold, and die young.

In addition to these more or less distinct classes, there are various grades of mixtures of them, and a few mixed bloods with Indian characteristics may occasionally be seen, or a Foulah from the heart of Africa, or a Dahomian from the region south of the Sahara, or an Ethiopian, or a Papuan, or a Negrito, or perhaps an Australian; but these are rare. A few Madagascar negroes (crosses between the Mongol and the negro) are also found in certain localities.

This classification of the American negro is based upon an intimate study at close range of thousands of individuals in various parts of the South and the North, and it has been confirmed by the careful inspection and measurement of one hundred and three brains, individuals of the various classes presenting, according to my observations, recognizable differences in their brain development. I do not purpose to enter into a discussion of these differences here, but desire to consider the larger questions as to differences of brain development in the negro and the white as demonstrated by a comparison of the negro brains mentioned above with forty-nine brains of American Caucasians. The brains I studied were accurately weighed, and the weights are classified as follows:

These brains were from a representative element of the American negro population, and from the lower classes of the whites, especially the white females, which are from a notably low social class. The brain of the negro male is demonstrably smaller than that of the Caucasian male. The brains from the females of the two races are virtually the same size. The brain weights of thirty-two negro brains collected from various sources in going over the literature of the subject are given here. The average weight of twenty-two male negro brains, weighed by sundry men, at various times, in divers places, with different systems and under dissimilar conditions, is 1256 grams. The average weight of ten female negro brains of a like assortment is 980 grams. Waldeyer, a German anatomist, gives the average weight of twelve negro brains in the fresh state as 1148 grams. These are European records, the brains being obtained from native tribes of Africa and elsewhere. It is evident that the brain of the American negro weighs more than the native African, which is no doubt because of the greater amount of white blood in the American negro. Sandford B. Hunt, M. D., and surgeon Ira Russell, of the 11th Massachusetts Volunteers (Civil war), represent by an ethnological table (part of which is reproduced below) that the weight of the brain in the American negro varies directly in proportion to the amount of

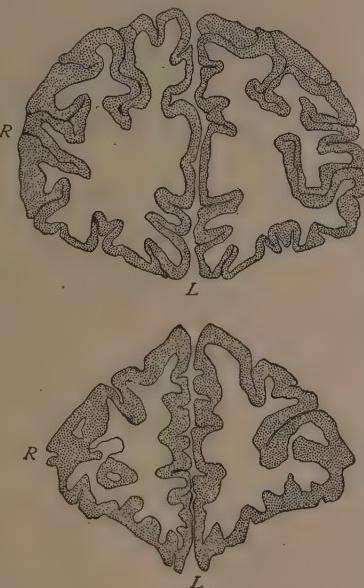


FIG. 1. VERTICAL CROSS SECTION
THROUGH THE BRAIN OF A NEGRO
(BELOW), AND A CAUCASIAN (A-
BOVE), IN THE REGION OF THE
ANTERIOR ASSOCIATION
AREA. R—RIGHT SIDE.
L—LOWER SURFACE

Average weight of 51 Caucasian	male brains	1341	grams
" " " 9 "	female "	1103	"
" " " 51 negro	male "	1292	"
" " " 28 "	female "	1108	"

white blood in the individual, those less than one half white having smaller brains than the pure negro. To this table are added the results of a similar classification of the brains weighed by me.

TABLE 2. ETHNOLOGICAL. ALL MALES

NUMBER OF BRAINS	GRADE OF COLOR	(H. & R.)	AVERAGE BRAIN WEIGHT (BEAN)	NUMBER OF BRAINS
24	White	1478 grams	1341 grams	
25	¾ "	1390 "		
47	½ "	1331 "	1347 "	3
51	¼ "	1315 "	1340 "	15
95	⅓ "	1305 "	1235 "	16
22	⅓ "	1275 "	1191 "	10
141	Black	1328 "	1157 "	7

The brain weights of more than 4000 individuals of various Caucasian nationalities collected by Marshall of England, Retzius of Sweden, Bischoff and Marchand of Germany, Matieka of Bohemia (Slavs), and others, show an average of about 1400 grams for males and about 1250 grams for females as follows:

Bohemians	male, 1455	female, 1311
Swedish	1400	1253
Hessian	1392	1260
Bavarian	1362	1220
English I	1335	1235
English II	1328	1225
French	1325	1144

It is evident, then, that the Caucasian brain is larger than the negro brain, and the above table demonstrates that in a mixture of the races the brain weight resulting is directly in proportion to the amount of Caucasian blood in the individual, other things being equal. The body weight and stature are in intimate relation to brain weight, intellectual ability is one of the components of brain weight, but sexual as well as racial relations are evident, so that brain weight is not a safe criterion of intelligence.

The size and weight of the brain, however, are not the only differences determined. The size and shape of the front end of the brain is different in the two races, being smaller and more angular in the negro, while it is larger and more rounded in the Caucasian. Figure 1 shows vertical sections taken through

the frontal lobes between 1.5 and 2 centimeters from the front end of the brain of a negro, and between 2 and 2.5 centimeters from the front end of the brain of a Caucasian. The section of

the Caucasian brain is larger, and more nearly circular than that of the negro, not exhibiting the narrow projecting sides, and pointed tips above and below, such as are seen on the negro brain. The convolutions of the Caucasian brain are more elaborate, and the fissures are deeper, than in the negro brain, while the relative amount of white matter is greater in the Caucasian brain.

Figure 2 shows the outlines of one side of a Caucasian brain and one side of a negro brain as seen from above and from the opposite side, looking down at an angle of 45° from the horizon, or in other words, here is represented a plane passing through one hemisphere of the brain from before backward at an angle of 45°. Here is seen the more rounded outline of the Caucasian brain and the squarer outline of the negro brain with the flat side toward the front end, this being eminently characteristic of the brain of the negro. This flat surface indicates a smaller anterior association area in the negro brain.

The racial difference is not only evident when looking at the brains, or drawings made from them, but can be demonstrated by actual measurements made from the middle point of each brain to a point over the middle of each association area, anterior and posterior, on outlines similar to Figure 2. The results of such measurements are given in averages in the following table:

TABLE 3

RACE-SEX	NUMBER OF BRAINS	FROM MIDDLE OF BRAIN TO MIDDLE OF ANTERIOR ASSOC'N AREA	FROM MIDDLE OF BRAIN TO MIDDLE OF POSTERIOR ASSOC'N AREA	RATIO
Caucasian male	34	70 mm.	72 mm.	97-100
Negro male	43	66 mm.	74 mm.	89-100
Caucasian female	8	65 mm.	67 mm.	97-100
Negro female	22	62 mm.	68 mm.	89-100

This difference is manifested not only in the apparent size of the anterior association area thus obtained, but also in its more intimate structure. The two ends of the corpus callosum, the great band of fibers that connects the two hemispheres of the brain, and associates the functions of the two sides of the brain, exhibit the same difference in a more marked way. In separating the two hemispheres, this band of fibers is cut squarely across, so that, by measuring the areas of the front and hind ends of this cut surface, one obtains an accurate representation of the size of the connecting link between the front and hind ends of the brain. The cross section area of the two ends of the corpus callosum being accurately measured, the results are given in averages.

this, then, let us consider the third proposition.

In the discussion of this proposition the word "subjective" is used in the sense of rational, and is related to judgment and reason, or the abstract qualities, whereas the word "objective" is used in the sense of perception, or the processes of reflex phenomena, or of association, meaning perception in the concrete. The known centers in the brain will be located according to function, then they will be discussed in relation to the facts just established. In the hind part of the brain are located the areas for sight, hearing, taste, and smell, and the body sense area that receives impressions from the whole surface of the

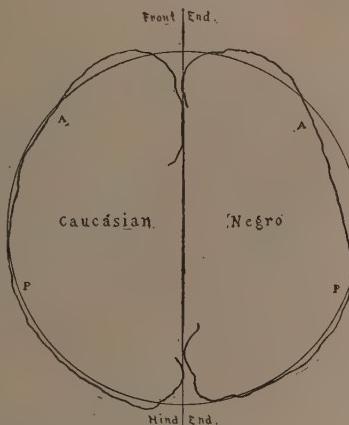


FIG. 2 LONGITUDINAL SECTIONS (AT 45°) THROUGH THE RIGHT HEMISPHERES OF THE BRAINS OF A NEGRO AND A CAUCASIAN. A—ANTERIOR ASSOCIATION AREA. P—POSTERIOR ASSOCIATION AREA

body, from the muscles, and from the viscera. Besides this, in the midst of these areas,

TABLE 4

RACE=SEX	N. OF BRAINS	FRONT END	MIND END	RATIO
Caucasian male....	42	3.70 sq. cm.	3.04 sq. cm.	122-100
Negro males.....	62	3.07 sq. cm.	3.02 sq. cm.	102-100
Caucasian female ..	9	3.17 sq. cm.	2.87 sq. cm.	110-100
Negro female.....	25	2.86 sq. cm.	2.86 sq. cm.	100-100

This suggests a probable difference in the relative power, or capacity, or activity, of the frontal lobes in the brains of the two races, there being a difference of 20% in favor of the Caucasian. This is much greater in many individuals.

Having established the facts (1) that the Caucasian brain is heavier than that of the negro, (2) that the relative quantity of the white fiber is greater in the Caucasian than in the negro, and (3) that the anterior association center (front end of the brain) and the front end of the corpus callosum are larger in the Caucasian than in the negro, let us consider their significance. The first two propositions corroborate the statement made previously, that the negro brain contains less gray matter (nerve cells) and white matter (nerve fibers) than the Caucasian. Dismissing

there is a large region called the posterior association area. The posterior association area is intimately connected with the special sense areas, just mentioned, and is considered to represent the objective faculties.

In the front part of the brain are located the motor area, part of the area for smell, and the great anterior association area. This association area is closely connected with the area that controls the muscles of the body, and contains definite bands of fibers to all other areas of the brain, and is connected with the lower centers of the nervous system. It represents the subjective faculties, the great reasoning center, the center for abstract thought. Lesions of the anterior association area are known to cause alteration or loss of ideas regarding personality, the subjective self; a loss of self-con-

trol, of the powers of inhibition, of will power; a diminution in the capacity for ethical and esthetic judgment. In simple lesions, or in the early stages of the lesion, when the person is "subjected to unaccustomed stimuli, especially to sexual excitement, anger, or vexation, he may lose all control of his movements and acts, so that simple influence may lead him to try to satisfy his desire without any regard to custom or good taste. In late stages of the disease imbecility may appear, with entire loss of the mental pictures regarding personality."¹ The individual may distort his own personality, and be unable to distinguish the imagined from the real: thus he may think himself of enormous dignity, of great importance, or that he is possessed of great wealth, or that he is a genius. The anterior association area in the front end of the brain, then, represents the "ego," the subjective self, the personality, orientation. Here probably reside the highest developed faculties of man, the motor speech-center for the command of language; will power, the power of self-control, the power of inhibition and perseverance; the ethical and esthetic faculties; and the power of thought in the abstract. The posterior association area in the hind part of the brain, on the other hand, represents the special senses—the appetites of man, sensuality, the passions. Here probably reside the artistic sense, the musical sense, the objective faculties, and the power of perception in the concrete. The anterior association area probably controls or directs the powers of the posterior association area. In the Caucasian the anterior association area is larger and better developed than in the negro. The posterior association area is about the same size in the two races. Let us see, then, if the known characteristics of the Caucasian and negro coincide with the relations of their brains.

The Caucasian has the subjective faculties well developed; the negro, the objective. The Caucasian, and more particularly the Anglo-Saxon, is dominant and domineering, and possessed primarily with determination, will power, self-control, self-government, and all the attributes of the subjective self, with a high development of the ethical and esthetic

faculties and great reasoning powers. The negro is in direct contrast by reason of a certain lack of these powers, and a great development of the objective qualities. The negro is primarily affectionate, immensely emotional, then sensual, and, under provocation, passionate. There is love of outward show, of ostentation, of approbation: He loves melody and a rude kind of poetry and sonorous language. There is undeveloped artistic power and taste—negroes make good artisans and handicraftsmen. They are deficient in judgment, in the formulation of new ideas from existing facts, in devising hypotheses, and in making deductions in general. They are imitative rather than original, inventive, or constructive. There is instability of character incident to lack of self-control, especially in connection with the sexual relation, and there is a lack of orientation, or recognition of position and condition of self and environment, evidenced in various ways, but by a peculiar "bumpitiveness," so called by Prof. Blackshear of Texas, this is particularly noticeable.

The white and the black races are antipodal, then, in cardinal points. The one has a large frontal region of the brain, the other a larger region behind; the one is subjective, the other objective; the one a great reasoner, the other preeminently emotional; the one domineering, but having great self-control, the other meek and submissive, but violent and lacking self-control when the passions are aroused; the one a very advanced race, the other a very backward one. The Caucasian and the negro are fundamentally opposite extremes in evolution.

Having demonstrated that the negro and the Caucasian are widely different in characteristics, due to a deficiency of gray matter and connecting fibers in the negro brain, especially in the frontal lobes, a deficiency that is hereditary and can be altered only by intermarriage, we are forced to conclude that it is useless to try to elevate the negro by education or otherwise, except in the direction of his natural endowments. The way may be made plain to the black people, and they may be encouraged in the proper direction, but the solution of the question still must come from within the race. Let them win their reward by diligent service.

¹Translation of Flechsig's "Gehirn und Seele," by Dr. Barker, Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, and Physician-in-Chief at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

THE RESURGENT MYSTERIES

BY EDGAR JEPSON



URING the six generations for which the history of the family is known, the Wiltons have been Tories and high churchmen. There is no reason to doubt that in their prehistoric times they were Tories and high churchmen, too, down possibly to the very days of Laud himself. During that part of the eighteenth century covered by the family's records, and during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, they held comfortable livings in the country or in the more reputable towns—towns unsmirched by factories, the abodes of gentlefolk. Their old age was, for the most part, spent in the retirement of a cathedral close, where several of them attained to the rank of canon, two of them to the rank of dean. None of the family ever rose to the rank of bishop, a failure which their enemies, if they can be said to have enemies,—perhaps I should rather say those who envy them,—attribute to their lack of conspicuous ability; their friends, to their lack of push. The Tractarian movement, though it brought no adherent to Rome from the Wiltons, since their sturdy Toryism prevented so thorough a break with the family tradition, nevertheless lifted them somewhat out of the groove along which they had moved for five generations; and it became the custom for a Wilton, on being ordained at the close of his university career, to become a curate in a slum in one of the more bloated towns, and work for two or three years among the very poor. The father and two of the uncles of Aloysius Wilton had followed this course, and when the time came, Aloysius himself became a curate

in the parish of Little St. Barnabas, in Stepney.

It is to be doubted that nature intended Aloysius for the church at all. If she did, assuredly she intended him for the church in the country. He stood six feet three in his stockings; he had gained his Blue for both cricket and football at Oxford; and had he thought it in keeping with his future calling, he might, with unusual ease, have been the amateur heavy-weight boxing champion. On taking orders, he had put these forms of the expression of his simple and direct personality behind him, and the sacrifice was doubtless the more regarded in that he made it cheerfully. Indeed, he was always of a cheerful spirit; and his smiling, fresh-colored face and great bulk made him a remarkable figure in the sordid Stepney slums where life goes a somewhat cheerless and stunted gait.

Aloysius, however, was inclined to regard his admirable body with a certain distress; he could not but feel that it was out of keeping with the more emaciated Anglican ideal. His curly hair, too, was hardly less of a trial to him, since by no efforts could he constrain it to the decent lankness which has to some degree become an outward sign of a devout spirit. He could never be sure what unbecoming appearance it would next assume; and worst of all, two little curly tufts on each side of his forehead had a most discomfiting habit of standing up like horns.

For all that his bulk and strength and his prevailing rude health distressed him somewhat whenever he gave thought to them, these gifts were of the greatest service to him. The population of the parish of Little St. Barnabas ebbs and flows; sometimes it is ten thousand, sometimes

twelve thousand souls. The spiritual needs of the bulk of these souls were in the care of Aloysius, his vicar, and Riley, his fellow-curate. The homes of dissent are few in the parish of Little St. Barnabas—fewer, indeed, than in many country towns of five thousand inhabitants, because its people are too poor to support the incumbents of tin chapels. On the other hand, it is uncommonly rich in heathen, not only in the practical heathen whose myriads crowd the slums of all our great cities, but also in the technical heathen from the East and the South. Ethnologists, indeed, and the students of comparative religion who go to the East to study their problems on the spot, might obtain a far greater and far more striking variety of facts in the parish of Little St. Barnabas at a vast saving of traveling expenses. A second-class return ticket from Fenchurch-Street Station costs fourpence.

The actual regular flock which attends the church itself is small, rarely exceeding three hundred and fifty members; but its clergy minister to the sick, succor the poor, and comfort the afflicted, with little regard to their religious opinions. Hence it comes about that they have made for themselves ten times as much work as they can possibly do. The admirable body of Aloysius enabled him to do twice as much of it as his two colleagues together, and his cheerful and abounding vitality was often of more use in a sick room than many drugs. But his colleagues, ascetics by temperament and conforming in appearance far more closely to the Anglican ideal, could never grow quite easy in their minds, any more than could Aloysius himself, about his bodily gifts. They were alive to their great usefulness; they admired his courage, endurance, and cheerfulness; they were even assured of his devout fondness for the Anglican ritual; but they could not free their minds of doubts of his real spiritual fitness for his office. Then of a sudden it became plain that he was exercising an amazing influence over the heathen within their gates, and their doubts fled.

This influence first became plain after a hard-fought fight between Aloysius and Thick Higgins, a notorious bully of the district. Aloysius came upon him one

evening in Stephen's street, dragging along Katusha, the little Jewish interpreter who made known to the outer world the wants and desires of families of the more benighted Russian tribes settled in the parish of Little St. Barnabas. It had occurred to Thick Higgins that her steady earnings would make an agreeable addition to his precarious income, and he was taking her home with him by way of beginning their partnership. Katusha was weeping and imploring the help of a crowd whose sympathy with her was much weaker than its dread of Thick Higgins, when Aloysius thrust through it, and bade him let her be. Higgins refused in words which do not lend themselves to print, and Aloysius scragged him with amazing promptness. Higgins loosed Katusha,—he had to,—and a savage fight followed. Aloysius, though he knew his parish, at first fought faithfully under the Queensberry rules; when he found that his opponent was fighting entirely by the light of nature, his plain English common sense asserted itself, with the result that Thick Higgins was presently taken to the East London Hospital suffering from a broken leg, two broken ribs, and a dislocated shoulder.

The vicar chanced upon the victor coming away from the fray, followed by an admiring crowd, and being a man of some little fancy, he told Riley, his other curate, that Aloysius, with his face alive with berserk fury, and his hair standing up like two horns over his forehead, reminded him of the god Thor returning to Asgard after a battle. He added, as an afterthought, "surrounded by a crowd of trolls." The crowd was not, indeed, of any such malignant composition; but there were in it a number of Lascars and Finns, the persons of all others in the parish most given to minding their own business and least given to swelling crowds.

On the Sunday after this notable victory, at the morning service, or, as the clergy of Little St. Barnabas themselves call it, high mass, some of the pews at the back of the church held foreigners. In one there were some Little Russians, in another some Finns, and in another, stranger still, some Lascars. These rare visitants behaved with unruffled propriety,

and Marriott, the lay helper, an Oxford man, who looked after that end of the church, declared at lunch that none of them had eyes or attention for any one or anything but Aloysius and his doings. At the end of the service the Lascars filed out in their noiseless Eastern fashion, but the Finns and Russians were talking to one another with the liveliest excitement. The vicar, supposing that an idle passing curiosity had brought them to the church, gave the matter no more thought.

During the next week Aloysius saw more of Katusha than usual. She was always more or less in touch with the clergy of Little St. Barnabas, for her intimate acquaintance with the lives of the more primitive dwellers in the parish brought to her knowledge many cases of sickness and distress which the sufferers, in the bonds of a strange tongue, had found no way of making known. When, in hard times, she had exhausted the charitable resources of the Jews in relieving the more acute suffering she had discovered, she came for aid to the Christians; and the clergy of Little St. Barnabas had come to regard her with great liking and respect as a most trustworthy and valuable helper. The vicar, indeed, had, to her great amusement, made a serious endeavor to convert her to Christianity. She was a curious fine flower of the race to find growing on its East-end dunghill: slim and pale, with large, appealing eyes, in which the vicar, a man of no little fancy, declared that he saw the reflection of the race's centuries of suffering. Her face, set in a frame of soft, waving hair, was a pure oval, and informed with a virginal innocence and candor vastly charming.

But for all that she had this face of a painter's dream, Katusha lived the strenuous life. She was a thrifty, hard-working creature who, out of her earnings as interpreter and letter-writer to the tongue-bound and illiterate Russians and Finns, kept her old mother and herself in a condition of decent comfort. They had, indeed, save when some starveling waif of Katusha's finding shared it with them, a whole room to themselves. She exacted her small fees from those who could afford to pay them with the most businesslike severity. Her work and her

charity, her influence with the magistrate as police-court interpreter, and with the relieving officer, and her connection with the clergy, made her by far the most important woman in the parish of Little St. Barnabas. Her untiring efforts to succor the unfortunate had won her no little affection among a people whose life is far too hard to lend itself to indulgence in the softer emotions.

During the week after the first attendance of the heathen at Little St. Barnabas Katusha sought out Aloysius four times, and carried him off on errands of mercy. By the end of the week he had fallen into the way of talking to her on their way in a cheery and comradelike fashion. Besides these four errands he came upon her at least another dozen times in the course of his work, and, if he was not in haste, stopped and talked to her about the unfortunates she had brought to his notice. On the next Sunday nine pews were filled with heathen: the number of the Finns and Russians had trebled, and the band of Lascars had grown to a score. Among the Finns were a man and woman of a family which had been deported for sorcery, so the story ran in the Russian slums of the parish, on the requisition of the Bishop of Helsingfors himself. Katusha told Aloysius that they still practised the black art in their house in Palmer's street. She seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world.

During the next few weeks the number of the heathen grew and grew until they filled all the back pews of Little St. Barnabas. They watched the service with grave decorum, and imitated the movements of the Christian worshipers. At least the Russians and the Finns did; the Lascars sat impassive from beginning to end. Marriott, the lay helper, still maintained that they had only eyes for Aloysius. One Sunday, at their late supper, he made the curious statement that the bulk of the Russians and Finns understood something of the ritual. The vicar said that that was doubtless owing to its likeness to the ritual of the Greek Church. Marriott said he did not believe it, that most of these benighted ones, the Finns at any rate, had certainly no understanding of the Greek ritual; that he had made up his mind that what they understood were

those portions of the Anglican ritual which have come down through Romanism and paganism from the religions of primitive man. The vicar denied with some heat that there were any such portions, and something of a wrangle followed. But no one attached any great weight to Marriott's opinion: he was not an Anglican, but an altruist of doubtful faith, who was devoting himself to the poor out of a passion for humanity, a very useful helper, but incompetent to discuss matters of religion.

During those weeks it became plain that Katusha had given up calling on the vicar for aid; now she always addressed herself to Aloysius. Little by little a comradeship grew up between them. She even fell into the way of consulting him about her rare business troubles; and twice, by dint of explaining to him by signs that he would thrash him if he did not, he made a reluctant client pay her the fees he owed. One night while they were sitting up with a child she had found dying of starvation, and nourishing it at the prescribed intervals, she told him of her life as a child on the border of Finland, where she had lived till she was twelve and gained that knowledge of the Finnish and Russian dialects from which she made her living. Little by little they fell into a way of doing much of their work among the sick together, and presently, from being seen so often together passing along the streets on their errands, they became associated in peoples' minds.

About this time, too, Aloysius found himself dogged at nights as he went about his work. It seemed to him that a little band of Lascars and Finns, some half-dozen, followed him wherever he went. They were not always the same Lascars and Finns. He did not quickly or easily persuade himself of this. Then a not-infrequent event in the lives of the clergy of Little St. Barnabas proved that this band did follow him, and proved, moreover, that it followed him as a body-guard. One night he was coming along one of the slums, when three violent Swedish sailors, who knew not Aloysius or his fists, fell upon him. Aloysius was thumping them with a proper regard to their drunken condition, when there was a rush of feet; the little band of Finns and

Lascars were upon them, and the three sailors were knocked senseless before Aloysius could save them. Their assailants, their task done, fled as quickly as they had come; and Aloysius, having satisfied himself that the thickness of the Swedes' skulls had prevented any serious injury, went on his way, bidding the first policeman he met give an eye to the victims. When at breakfast the next morning he told his colleagues of his adventure, Marriott said: "Your heathen have taken you under their protection. It looks as if they had elected you chief."

Meeting Katusha later in the day, Aloysius asked if she knew anything about it. She said with a somewhat constrained air: "Yes; they guard you. It is good. You go often where no coppers go."

"But why do these particular people, these Finns and Lascars, guard me?" said Aloysius.

Katusha only shook her head; she would say no word on that matter.

A few days later Aloysius was smoking a restful pipe in his sitting-room, when the servant ushered in Bungay, an old Hindu interpreter, who has lived so long in the parish of St. Barnabas that it is to be doubted that even he himself remembers his Hindu name. He is at all times a very shuffling old man, and on this occasion his manner was of the most suspicious. He set down on the table a large bunch of bananas and two small parcels, and said hurriedly, shuffling back to the door: "The wife of Bhopal Dass send you this rice and ghi and fruit, and pray you look favorably on her in her trouble. She want son."

"Here! What do you mean? What does she mean? What 's her trouble?" cried Aloysius.

Bungay was already out of the door. He stuck in his head, said, "She have baby next week," and fled.

Aloysius laughed a little ruefully at this new odd function suddenly thrust on him. He was for returning the offerings at once, when the temptation assailed him to take them to a hungry family to whom they would indeed be a godsend. After all, Bhopal Dass must be earning good wages, or his wife would not be able to spend eighteenpence on offerings. He took them to the hungry family. Coming

back he met Marriott, and told him of the visit of Bungay. Marriott opened his eyes wide, and walked along with him for some way without saying anything; then he laughed shortly, and said: "Really, you know, it's too odd. Of course it's utter nonsense."

"What is?" said Aloysius.

"Oh, an idea of mine. You would n't believe it. I don't myself; for, after all, this *is* London, and it *is* the twentieth century."

"You're as bad as Katusha, and the matter of the bodyguard. This making a mystery of things is rather tiresome," said Aloysius.

"You'd think my idea nonsense: I do myself," said Marriott, hastily. Then he added, in the tone of one thinking aloud, "Yet it would explain that puzzling attendance at church."

Then for a time nothing fresh happened, save that one Sunday when Aloysius had been called away to help celebrate mass at an Aldgate church the curates of which had fallen ill, the heat then fled quietly out of Little St. Barnabas as soon as it became plain that he was not there.

At the beginning of June began a spell of glorious hot weather. Unfortunately, a spell of glorious hot weather in the parish of Little St. Barnabas, though the warmth alone loosens the grip of poverty, brings with it a grievous increase of sickness among the babies and children. The workers were sorely tried by the press of work in the heat, and even Aloysius felt the strain. He saw that Katusha, too, was growing paler, and found her nervous and apt to grow absent-minded, to all seeming rapt suddenly away into some urgent train of thought.

Once, asking her what ailed her, he caught her off her guard. "Oh!" she cried impatiently, "that Finn witch troubles me."

"What's that? How does she trouble you?" said the astonished Aloysius.

But Katusha would say no more. Aloysius pressed her to tell him, and let him see if he could find a way to prevent it. She only looked at him oddly, and shook her head.

A few days later he was coming along Palmer's street. On your right hand, as you come up it, is a row of tall eight-

teenth-century houses, once the abodes of merchants and master mariners, now a warren of the poor. The sudden feeling that eyes were on him made him look up, and he saw, sitting at an open window on the first floor of one of them, Katusha and the Finn woman who had been deported for sorcery. He met their eyes fixed on him with a curious earnestness, and the picture impressed itself on his mind with a strange suddenness and vividness of detail. He saw that Katusha's lips were parted, that the setting sun had warmed her pale cheeks with its glow, that the Finn woman's eyes were shining exultantly, that her hand was raised to her breast as though she made the sign of the cross. For a breath they were dream figures seen in a dream; then Katusha waved her hand. The spell was broken, and he came back to the life of day. He raised his hat, and smiled up at her; but as he went on his way, he was invaded and oppressed by an odd fancy that the sight he had seen was of sinister portent.

When he met Katusha on the morrow, he asked her why she visited the witch, if the witch troubled her.

"She troubles me not any more. She is all right. We have agreed," said Katusha; and he thought that there was a strange ring in her soft voice. Then she added: "She has medicine very good for sick children. It is of plants."

Aloysius was not satisfied by the statement. Again and again during the next few days the vivid picture of the two figures at the window came into his mind, and always it filled him with a deep but vague uneasiness. He began to fear that overwork in the heat was making him fanciful.

On the 23rd of June, the Eve of St. John, the vicar and Riley, tired out by their work among the sick children, left the conduct of the evening service to Aloysius. Between luncheon and the service he found no time to eat anything; and after it, he came out of the church door faint and hungry and very, very thirsty. At the church door he found Katusha waiting for him with the news that he was needed at once in Palmer's street. With a sigh for his waiting supper, he turned and went with her.

They went quickly, and he gathered

that he was needed by a sick woman. There were the usual groups about the doors of the houses in Palmer's street, but before the door of the seventh of the tall houses there was a much larger group. At the sight of Aloysius and Katusha, a hush fell on it, and it was quite silent as they passed through it into the house. Katusha led the way up the stairs to the second floor, and knocked at a door. In the pause Aloysius heard the men who had been standing on the pavement filing into the house. Then a woman in the room said something in a strange tongue, and Katusha opened the door, and motioned to him to enter. He went in, and found himself in a room of fair size, looking the larger for its bareness, and dimly lighted by a candle. The air of it was laden with the pungent fragrance of some strange incense. By the little tables on the other side of the room stood the Finn woman. As Aloysius entered, she made a step forward, fell on her knees, and bowing her head till she nearly touched the floor with her forehead, poured forth a stream of words in a high, chanting key.

Aloysius was taken aback, and he stared stupidly from the kneeling woman to Katusha and back again.

"What is she saying? Tell her to get up," he said.

Katusha looked timidly at the woman, but said nothing.

"What is she saying?" said Aloysius, more sharply. He found the heavy, pungent air oppressing him.

"She give you honor," said Katusha in a hushed voice.

"Look here, what does she want? Where's the sick woman? Tell her to stop," cried Aloysius, almost querulously.

"Presently—very soon," said Katusha.

Aloysius stooped and lifted the woman to her feet. He found that she was trembling with violent excitement, and her shining eyes were almost frenzied.

"What's all this? What did you bring me here for?" he said, turning to Katusha.

"It's all right. You see soon," said Katusha; and of a sudden he saw that she was very pale and in as violent an excitement as the Finn woman.

Then the heavy, fragrant air took hold of him with a daze; a deep shadow, fill-

ing the room, dimmed the candle to his eyes; he passed his hand over them, and swayed unsteadily. The shadow cleared, and he saw the Finn woman pouring liquor from a jug into a glass; she brought it to him, and thrust it into his hand.

Katusha laid a hand on his arm and said, "Drink; it do you good."

An enticing, strange fragrance rose from the liquor, and Aloysius was very thirsty. He thought for a moment of foul play; but Katusha had bidden him drink. He sipped. The liquor was cool and delicious. Then he drank. He had taken three draughts and nearly emptied the tumbler when the woman snatched it from him and handed it to Katusha. Katusha took it and gazed at it for a breath, as if in doubt; then she raised her eyes to Aloysius. They seemed to grow resolute as she gazed, and she drank. Something in her air gave Aloysius the impression that her drinking was an act of grave meaning, and he cried: "Look here, Katusha, what does it all mean? What did you bring me here for?"

She leaned back against the wall and closed her eyes. Her arms hung down straight and nerveless by her side; the tumbler fell from her nerveless hand. The corners of her lips drooped, and for a breath her face was the face of one who has made a sacrifice and for the while repents.

Aloysius stared at her bewildered. Of a sudden a flood of strange, delightful warmth flowed through his body; a rosy mist filled the room; Katusha's eyes opened, shining with tears, and appealing. He laughed loud in a grotundless exultation. Then every thing swam before his eyes, the figures of Katusha and the Finn woman seemed to swell to superhuman size, waver, and recede; the world slipped away, and he knew no more.

He knew no more till he found himself walking along Church street fifty yards from the vicarage in the bright, clean light of the early morning. His head throbbed and ached; his throat pained him as if he had been shouting for hours; his legs were unsteady; and he was parched with thirst. His mind was in a dull confusion; he knew nothing of how he came there; his only thought was to get home.

He stumbled along to the vicarage door, let himself in, and stumbled upstairs to his bedroom. His first act was to drain the water-bottle. Then he undressed with fumbling fingers, put on his dressing-gown, and went to the bathroom. He could not wait for the bath to fill, but made haste to get his forehead under the tap. The cold water was very grateful. When the bath was filled, he lay still in the refreshing water while the throbbing and aching of his head lessened and lessened. Then he rubbed himself into a fine glow, and turned very drowsy. He went to bed, and slept for six hours.

When he awoke, his head still ached a little, and as he dressed and made his breakfast, he tried to call to mind the happenings of the night. He remembered going with Katusha to the Finn woman's house, and how they had drunk the strange liquor: he could recall its strange fragrance and flavor, and the strange, exhilarating flood of warmth it set flowing through him. He remembered Katusha's eyes very plainly. There his memory ceased, and rack it as he might, he could recall no more. He put the matter out of his mind, resolving that he would have the truth from Katusha, and went on with his breakfast. He was surprised to find himself so little hungry, seeing that he could remember eating nothing since luncheon the day before; he might have supped heavily for all the appetite he had.

As he went about his work, his mind, now that he no longer racked it, gave him now and again a blurred and hazy memory of the night—once a memory of a ring of faces of exultant, drunken men and women singing, once a memory of Katusha clinging to him. The brief glimpses of the faces that came to him showed them all foreign. Once in the afternoon he chanced on one of the many views of the Thames at the end of a slum, and as he paused to look at it, he had a sudden impression of men yelling "Yarilo! Yarilo! Yarilo!" with frenzied vehemence—an impression so vivid that he turned sharply to look for them. As he turned, his hearing cleared, and he heard only the noises of the slum.

All through the day he looked for Katusha, but found her nowhere. He

neither met her, nor had she visited any of the sick children under their common care. He did not get back to the vicarage till nearly dinner-time. He found Marriott in the common room and at once began to unburden himself of his story, and Marriott was soon listening with the liveliest interest. He did not interrupt, but as soon as Aloysius had done, he began to ask questions, one or two of them most disconcerting. When Aloysius told him of his fancy that he had heard men yelling "Yarilo!" he banged his hand down on the table and cried, "The key-word! The absolute key-word!"

But he would not any the more give Aloysius his explanation of what had happened. He said that it was only a rather mad idea of his, and there might be nothing in it.

"Well, at any rate, you can tell me what Yarilo means," growled Aloysius, whose sweet temper was for the while soured.

"Yarilo was probably a deity of the primitive Slavs; but we don't really know for certain," said Marriott.

"Look here, have I got mixed up in any sort of devil-worship?" said Aloysius.

"Oh, no; nothing so modern or so vulgar: there's no doubt of that. But I must be off and get a bath and change," said Marriott; and he went hastily to the door.

"Well, I shall get it out of Katusha," said Aloysius.

"That I'm sure you won't," said Marriott, and he went.

On the morrow there was an undiminished attendance of heathen at Little St. Barnabas. On Monday morning, having failed to find Katusha anywhere during the day, Aloysius went to the house where she lived. At his knock, her mother came to the door of their room, with her finger on her lips, and said, "She ill; she sleep."

Aloysius was forced to possess his soul in patience. He sent the doctor to her; and the doctor told him that her illness was only a passing weakness, due probably to the heat. He sent her some fruit every day. Little by little his disquiet and curiosity about his adventure on the Eve of St. John began to lessen. Then on the Thursday afternoon he chanced upon her in the street. At the sight of

him her face flamed a vivid scarlet, and then faded to a deeper pallor. They shook hands, and he found that she was trembling; at the touch of her hand he was seized by a violent desire to pick her up and kiss her. It amazed and shocked him; for both as an athlete, and as a hard-living curate, he had had a healthy carelessness of the charms of women.

They walked along the street, both very ill at ease, stammering disjointed questions and answers. Then as his wits cleared after the shock of the sudden temptation, Aloysius saw that Katusha had suffered a change; she seemed, during her illness or her rest, to have grown more beautiful: her skin had a finer luster; its pallor was warmer; her eyes were brighter; her lips were redder; her voice seemed deeper and richer. It might have been a real change, it might have been his fancy, born of his sudden discovery that he would like to kiss her.

They walked along, each timid of the other, talking of the sick children without being clearly aware of what they said, till they came to an empty street. Then Aloysius said, "Tell me what happened after I drank that curious drink on Friday night."

Katusha did not start or look ill at ease; she was plainly ready for the question. She rather gained the composure she had been lacking, and looking at him with eyes of a limpid innocence, said: "I do not know. I drank, too."

"Oh, yes; but you drank ever so much less than I did. Besides, you knew what would happen if we drank."

Katusha's lips set rather obstinately, and she said: "I went into dream. You went into dream."

"That's all very well, but what sort of dream?" said Aloysius.

"I do not know," said Katusha.

From this standpoint she would not budge; no questioning drew from her another gleam of light on the matter. Yet Aloysius felt that she knew more, much more. He made up his mind that he must grow content with his ignorance: the Finn woman would certainly not speak, even had she not been safe behind the barrier of her strange tongue.

He parted from Katusha in some anger, and it was some time before they worked together again in their old comradeship.

Aloysius was chiefly to blame for this. The amazing desire to pick her up and kiss her when he met her after his strange and unknown adventures at the house of the Finn woman had frightened him not a little. He feared its recurrence, and found that he had reason for the fear. Twice or thrice it did recur; therefore, for the while he shunned her. However, little by little the fear wore off, and he fell into the old habit of working with her.

Little by little, too, his disquiet and curiosity about his doings on the Eve of St. John died away. He said nothing of his adventure to the vicar; for it seemed to his practical good sense that nothing could come of doing so: it would only add to that good man's abundant worries. But though his curiosity died away, the unbroken attendance of the heathen at Little St. Barnabas kept that night in his mind. Two or three times, also, he found himself called upon to act as judge in disputes between dwellers in the Russian slums, and once in a quarrel between two Lascars. He took it as all in the day's work: it kept them out of the police court. But he was a little astonished to find that his judgments were accepted without question. In a somewhat exasperating fashion Marriott congratulated him on the success with which he discharged his double functions.

Then in the middle of September Katusha suddenly disappeared. She went away one afternoon with her mother, telling no one where she was going, giving no reason for her going. The clergy of Little St. Barnabas missed her sorely; they found themselves out of touch with that part of their flock whose needs were at once the greatest and the most difficult to come at. For his part, Aloysius missed her most of all; he was amazed to find what a gap her going had left in his life. Robbed of her stimulating and untiring companionship, he found that his work lost much of its interest. What was worse, it lost in value; and at last he realized how great a difference that quiet helper, undismayed by difficulties, endowed with the splendid patience and endurance of her race, had made to it; how her charming face and nature had thrown a mist of beauty, for him at any rate, over the squalor of its sphere.

He strove in vain to get news of her. No one knew anything. As a last re-

source, he went to the Finn woman in Palmer's street. She showed herself almost abject before him; he saw very clearly that he had some strange, hidden influence with her. But he could not wring a word of Katusha's whereabouts from her for all that influence, though he believed that she knew. In his distress at the fruitlessness of his search, his worried mind disgorged a little more of his doings on the Eve of St. John. Once coming up the stairs of the vicarage at night, his eye caught the bottom of the tall mirror on the landing, and as it traveled up it, he had a fleeting vision of himself in a strange outlandish dress with a bearskin flung over his shoulders, his face flushed fierce and terrifying, his eyes wild and mazed. And before the vision flashed swiftly away, he knew that so he had seen himself in some other such mirror at the Finn woman's house, and stood staring stupidly at the dull, black-garbed clerical figure which took its place in the glass. Once again, in a dream, he saw the faces of men and women, singing, and heard the yells of "Yarilo! Yarilo!"

The vision and the dream distressed him but little; the longing to find Katusha left small room in his mind for any other strong feeling. Once or twice he found himself debating seriously with himself whether he ought not to have married her and secured her as a helper in his work for good and all; and he found that he could not dismiss the absurd idea with the ridicule it deserved. With some odd fancy that it would bring him nearer to her, perhaps help him find her, he set himself to learn the mongrel dialect of the Russian slums. It was a somewhat pathetic sight, for he had all his life been very dull at languages. However, he found no lack of helpers in the task among those whom he had helped in sickness or poverty, and made some way with it.

The winter wore through, and through it the clergy of Little St. Barnabas maintained their untiring struggle against the misery and sickness of the parish. Time and work had somewhat blunted Aloysius's longing for Katusha, though he never failed to follow up a clue which might bring him to her. Then toward the end of January he was attacked by influenza. He had never known a day's ill-

ness since the measles of his childhood, and now he seemed to pay heavily for the years of immunity, and the attack left him weak and feeble. With some stubbornness he refused to go away for a change, and got to work again before he was fit for it. On the Sunday after he was about again, Marriott noticed a change in the manner of the heathen; they left the church talking vehemently with one another, frowning and distressed, some of them, to all seeming, almost terrified. During that week Aloysius also perceived a change in the people. The faces of the Finns and Lascars were no longer respectful and awed; their eyes were full of distrust and fear. He told Marriott of the change; and Marriott, with a serious face, begged him to go away till his strength came back.

"You're mixed up in a very curious primitive business," he said. "At least that's my idea. Part of it is that as long as a man is well and strong these people virtually worship him; as soon as he grows feeble in any way, they kill him."

Aloysius was somewhat daunted, but, with a sick man's obstinacy, he said that it was absurd, and refused to go. Three nights later his colleagues were out, and there came an urgent call to a dying child. In defiance of the orders of the doctor and the commands of the vicar, Aloysius put on his hat and coat and went. His way lay through the slums of the Russians; he went slowly, and presently a little crowd was following him. He thought it was the self-appointed body-guard which had followed him so long, and went along careless of it, when there was a sudden rush, and a blow on the back of the head sent him reeling against the wall. He twisted round, got his back against the wall, and hit out. They were near a lamp, and he found that the group attacking him was half Russians, half Lascars, and he read murder in their fanatic eyes. They were armed with sticks and sand-bags, and struck at his head. Their numbers hampered them, or the end would have come sooner, and he made some show of defense. In the middle of it he caught the flash of a knife in the hand of a Lascar dashing at him to stab; but a big Finn struck the man down, crying, "No blood! No blood!" Aloysius had only time to

think it an odd act, when a blow on the head knocked him senseless. A Lascar threw himself on top of him, set his thumbs in his throat, and strangled him.

Three minutes later two policemen, summoned by a Jewess whose sick child Aloysius had helped nurse, came dashing down the street, blowing their whistles, and the crowd fled. The policeman made no doubt that Aloysius was dead; but with the help of some of the slum-dwellers they picked him up and carried him to the doctor's. As they went, a loud wailing of women broke out not only in the slum they were in, but in the surrounding slums; all the women in that quarter seemed to be wailing.

When the doctor saw Aloysius, he shook his head and said, "No use." But he was young and an enthusiast, and when, on looking into his injuries, he found the black thumb-marks on his throat, he set about trying to get his lungs working again. The policemen were strong and willing, and the three of them worked his arms, and rubbed and kneaded him vigorously. They did not see a sign of life for nearly two hours, and another hour passed before he was breathing evenly with a fair pulse. Then the doctor found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain.

They carried him to the vicarage. He lay insensible for two days, and when he came to himself, he was slow mending. But at last the day came when the doctor talked of letting him eat chicken, and that afternoon his nurse went out to take the air. He lay drowsily watching the faint winter sunlight at the windows, enjoying a pleasant sense of getting again his grip on life, when there came a knock, and the maid ushered in Katusha.

Aloysius's eyes opened very wide in an unbelieving stare. She ran to the bedside, and caught his hand in both hers, crying, "They told me you were dead!"

Aloysius gripped feebly one of her hands, and said: "You've come back! You've come back at last!"

"Yes; I come back," said Katusha.

He lay still, staring at her, and saw that her eyes were heavy with weeping, that she was thinner and even paler.

"What on earth did you go away for? You knew how I should miss you," he said querulously.

He felt the little quiver of joy that ran through her; but she shook her head, and said, "I better go."

"What for? You knew I wanted you."

She shook her head again, and said: "That way only trouble come. You rich and Christian; I poor and Jewess. What good in it?"

"Nonsense! I want you. I'm going to have you. You'll have to marry me," said Aloysius, with something of his old masterfulness.

Katusha shook her head, but a sudden flame shone in her eyes. Aloysius began feebly to draw her down to kiss her; of a sudden she burst into tears, and cried: "You my lord! I do what you say! I try to run away; it no good." And she bent down, and they kissed.

Ten minutes later Marriott came into the room to find Katusha, flushed and with shining eyes, sitting on the bed with Aloysius's hand in hers.

"Hello! The wanderer returned! How are you, Katusha? We've missed you badly. I hope you're going to stay."

"She's going to stay with me, at any rate," said Aloysius. "We're going to be married."

"The dickens you are!" said Marriott. "Well, well, it's probably an excellent thing for both of you. You're both interested keenly in the same work, though I've no doubt, if you were n't an orphan, Aloysius, there would be a family row. I'm sure I congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Aloysius; and, after a pause, "And I shall know at last what happened on the Eve of St. John."

"I doubt it," said Marriott. "What does Katusha say?"

Katusha flushed, and shook her head.

"Oh, you're too tiresome with your mysteries, both of you!" cried Aloysius.

"That's just it; they *are* mysteries—the mysteries, indeed," said Marriott. "You leave them alone. It's for your own sake I won't tell you about them. You're a good Anglican, and the mysteries are unsettling. But I will tell you one thing; you've been

The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

And since you virtually were slain the other night, you're out of them."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Aloysius.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

TWO VIEWS OF THE SITUATION

THREE are two opinions as to the meaning of all the recent exposures and rectifications in private and public business,—in the mercantile and moneyed world, as well as in the realm, especially, of local government. One group of critics and moralists maintains that there is a change for the worse; another, that there is a change for the better, and that if the amount of wrong-doing has actually increased, it has increased in diminishing proportions; that, in fact, the percentage of evil is decreasing in the modern world.

There is no doubt as to the increase in the amount of evil; it is only a question as to whether there is a proportional increase or decrease. As to the amount, one has only to read the newspapers, and to glance at the periodicals which are given largely to the direct correction of abuses, whether from disinterested motives, or on the principle of reform for circulation and self-advertisement. The eloquent outpouring of the President, the daily proceedings of Congress, and the number of laws passed, in a single session, in correction of disreputable practices—these are evidences enough of unscrupulous doings on the part of business men; while official commissions and inquiries in different parts of the country, and reform movements in various States and municipalities, all pile up an aggregate of proof of evil actually staggering.

And the revelations of outrageous performance come upon us from every direction, and from the most unexpected quarters. Businesses and individuals that the general public looked upon as impeccable suddenly turn out to be morally rotten. One day we read about a prosecution for municipal rascality some thousands of miles away, and the next we have an account of four out of eight

aldermen, indicted, in our own neighborhood for cheerfully begging to be bribed.

It is interesting to note the various utterances on the subject which occurred in connection with the college commencement of 1906. Nine or ten years ago President Schurman of Cornell University stated his belief that an ethical revival was impending among us. The question recurs: Are the revelations of our immoral condition evidences that we are ethically more sensitive, or that in these nine or ten years, or in these ninety or a hundred years, we have sunk lower in the moral scale? Whatever side President Schurman might take in such a dispute, there is no doubt as to his view of present conditions, for no one sees these conditions more clearly or presents them with more conviction and force.

In his commencement address of 1906 he asked whether "the blight and malady of our time" is not "the mean and sordid conception of human life which everywhere prevails." And here is what may be called a solid chunk of moral fury flung by the orator into the camp of temporary business wickedness:

The idle rich are an excrescence in any properly organized community. And in a democratic republic, in which every man has a vote, be assured that the rights which convention grants to property will be swept away if the propertied classes become idle, luxurious, selfish, hard-hearted, and indifferent to the struggles and toils of their less fortunate fellow-citizens. And so I say that our young men of to-day, as always, are summoned to a life of industrious self-support and generous social service.

The vice of the age is that men want wealth without undergoing that toil by which alone wealth is created. Now, gifts apart, there is only one way in which you can get money or money's worth without working for it; and that is by stealing. And a generation which has set its heart on wealth as the

chief good in life and is insatiate in its desire of wealth has not scrupled under the cloak of specious names to procure it by "graft" and robbery. The very poor have little chance to steal, though they may scamp their work. But among the rich and well-to-do business and professional classes "grafting" has been so common that the very idea of commercialism has become a byword and a reproach. Financiers, capitalists, corporations may be the most conspicuous sinners; but equally guilty is the merchant who cheats his customers, or the lawyer who shows his client how to circumvent the laws, or the scholar who glorifies his patron's success in business irrespective of the methods by which that success was achieved, or the preacher who transfigures the ruthless oppressor and robber of six days into the exemplary Christian of the seventh. We are dealing with the virus of an universal infection. The whole nation needs a new baptism of the old virtue of honesty. The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it is undermining the national character. But the nation, thank God, is beginning to perceive the fatal danger. The reaction caused by recent revelations testifies to a moral awakening. At heart the nation is still sound, though its moral sense has been too long hypnotized by material prosperity. Without honesty and fair dealing no society can hold together. Dishonesty is the parent of anarchy. If I have already commended industry to you I now preach integrity. An honest man's the noblest work of God.

This seems to us a happy blend of law, gospel, and prophecy. We like President Schurman's righteous wrath, and we like the way he expresses it.

The view of those who think the modern world is really better than the world of the past was expressed a few days afterward by the eminent President of Lehigh University, in an address before the graduating class of the Central High School of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. President Drinker took issue with President Schurman on account of his dark picture of present conditions, adding to his argument as follows:

The conscience of the Nation, as a Nation, is keen, and its instincts are for the right. There has been no period of moral stagnation through which our people, as a people, have been passing, and from which they are now awaking. What has occurred, and is occurring, is that our glorious Nation is continually advancing. Gentlemen do not habitually become drunk at table as the after-dinner practice of a century ago sanctioned; maidens

are not called on to weep sympathetic tears over the woes of Clarissa, as a type of an existing and horribly loose and then accepted state of social morals in which a Lovelace could with impunity work his will; nor do we barbarously kill each other in duels on fantastic points of honor as is still the practice in some so-called enlightened countries. The Nation that stands still must soon move backward. The United States have steadily advanced and grown better. The fact is that our ideals are continually becoming higher, and the struggle is to bring our past practice up to our ideals of the present, and to conform in our social and business life to the enlightened and clarified public opinion of the day.

You girls and boys will find this world made up, as it ever has been, of all sorts and conditions of men; but you will find in our land far more good than evil—more charity than envy—more honesty than dishonesty—more honor than want of honor; and if you are true to yourselves and to those principles of right which are deep in the heart of our people and which have made us the great Nation we are, you will find that honest dealing and steady industry will bring their reward.

This world is a good old world in its way. It is growing better decade by decade, century by century; but it is ever growing larger, and as it grows business conditions change, our view-points change, and while the relative amount of evil to good is less, the sum of what may be classed as evil may well be greater than it was in a smaller world of fifty years ago. But the evil is not predominant, and the right is the right still, thank God! —and is so recognized by our people.

The two opinions of which we spoke above as to present moral conditions are not placed in exact antagonism by the quotations we have given from these two addresses, because President Schurman himself maintains that "at heart the nation is still sound," and he does not make a definite historical comparison, as does President Drinker; yet the general colors of the two views are well represented by the two distinguished speakers.

There is, however, a wholesome fundamental unity of tone; for both of these influential teachers uphold, in their different manners, those ethical standards which, if permitted to decline, in acquiescence with conscienceless practices, would make of our noble New-World experiment of free government a byword and reproach among the nations for all time.

OPEN LETTERS

A "Venue," or Country Auction in the Forties

A FEW of the objects depicted in the frontispiece of this number of the magazine may not be familiar to a large number of our readers.

The cupboard in the farther corner was called a buffet and commonly pronounced "bowfat."

On the table to the left of the young woman in yellow is a small mortar and pestle of lignum-vite such as were to be found in every house for the crushing of various herbs, spices, salts, etc. The reel in the foreground was known as the clock reel, and had a dial with a pointer, which registered the amount of yarn wound upon it.

On the bench in front of the figures in the foreground are old "flowing blue" dishes, a glass decanter used for liquors, and the little reddish-colored pitcher is what was known as gold-luster ware.

The old lady behind the table on the left wears a bonnet known as the calash. The string, called a bridle, held in one hand, holds it forward, otherwise it would shut up like a buggy top. These were usually of brown or green.

The couple in the foreground are seated upon an old hair trunk. These were generally in the form shown in the drawing, but occasionally were cylindrical in form, with the bottom flattened.

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"The Spinners" by Velasquez

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS. SEE PAGE 779)

THIS picture represents the factory of tapestries of Santa Isabella, at Madrid. In the alcove is seen a tapestry suspended, athwart which glances a ray of sunlight, and which is being inspected by visitors.

The canvas measures seven feet two inches high by nine feet, five and one-half inches wide, and is the last great work done by the artist. It is seen in the Velasquez room of the Prado Museum at Madrid.

R. A. M. Stevenson, in his book on Velasquez, says of this work:

"* * * the shadowed left acts as a foil

to the right, and in its treatment we feel the master even more, perhaps, than in the lively right half which contains the heroic figure of the spinning girl. It is because this left half is complete and dignified yet not obtrusive that we admire the art with which it has been organized. True, it contains about as strong local color as Velasquez ever painted, but the tints sleep in a rich penumbra, which serves to set off the highly illuminated figure on the right. In this comparatively tranquil side of the picture, the spindle, the stool, the floor and the objects on it, as well as the draped and shadowed figures, seem to quiver in a warm haze, silvered with cool glints of light. Here Velasquez has reached the highest point of telling suggestion, of choice touch, of nuanced softness, of comparative definition, and of courageous slashing force in the right place. But these two marvels do not quarrel; this rich circumambience of populous shadow and this dazzling creature emerging from shadowiness with the gesture of a goddess, set each other off and enhance each other's fascinations. Is not the magic of her exquisitely-turned head, and the magnificence of her sweeping gesture, due, in part at least, to the natural mystery with which the stray curls, the shining arm, the modeled neck and body slide into the marvelous shadow in the angle of the room? The cool light, slightly greened now, which pervades 'The Spinners,' comes to its culmination on this figure, and one should not overlook the painter's nice discrimination between the force of definitions in the passages from light to dark of the girl's chemise."

T. Cole.

Note on "The American Hero of Kimberley"

Readers of "The American Hero of Kimberley" in the June CENTURY will be interested to know that we are informed that about 1900 the DeBeers Company, by a resolution of its directors, voted the sum of £200 a year for the education of Mr. Labram's son, then about thirteen years old, the payments to continue until he became of age, and that, in accordance with this arrangement, he is now attending an American university.—THE EDITOR.

● ● IN LIGHTER VEIN ● ●

The Whim of a Woman

(A FARCE IN TWO ACTS AND SEVERAL HESITATIONS)

ROSE BURLING meant well, but she lacked stability. It is, of course, woman's prerogative to be changeable,—fickle, if you will,—and Rose exercised this prerogative to the utmost. One never knew just what turn her affections would take next; even she herself did not know that, though the fact seemed to trouble her less than it did the others. When Rollin Webster was with her, she was satisfied that she loved him with her whole heart and soul; when Walter Larrabee was present, he was the object of her affections. That is what made all the trouble.

She told Rollin that she would marry him, and Rollin immediately procured a marriage license. He knew a thing or two, did Rollin. With another girl he might have been content to wait and go through the customary formalities associated with a society wedding, but with Rose he preferred to take no chances. Lots of things could happen in the month that would precede such a wedding: her affections might shift to almost any one. So he procured the license and insisted upon an elopement.

"No use waiting," he urged. "We both know your parents won't object to me as a son-in-law, but there are so many preliminaries to a society wedding."

If he expected a protest from her, he was agreeably disappointed. She clapped her hands in an ecstasy of delight, and asserted that it was just the thing.

"So romantic!" she cried. "And I just hate the commonplace. Besides, my consent to such an improper proceeding will be in the nature of proof of my love for you, won't it? And that makes it more romantic—just like a novel; for I do love you, Rollin dear, indeed I do."

She spoke the truth, too; for just at that moment she did love him, although she insisted on postponing the elopement for a day or so. There were some things she had to get, and the secrecy and excitement and anticipation were so delightful that she wanted to revel in them for at least twenty-four hours. But unfortunately within that time she saw Walter, and Walter was importunate. He declared his love with such superb passion that she was instantly captivated. She always loved Walter, anyway—when he was with her.

"Now, isn't it just too bad!" she cried. "If you had only spoken yesterday, it would have been all right, and we might have been happily married by now. But Mr. Webster"—here she sighed—"pleaded so hard and seemed so desperate that I—I promised to be his wife. I thought I loved him, but—but—"

"But you love me," he interjected.

"Yes, dear Walter," she replied; "my heart now tells me that I do."

"Then we must elope!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, would n't that be just too romantic for anything!" she cried. "To plan to elope with one man and then run away with another! Oh, I never saw anything in a novel to equal it! We could use his license, too, for he left it here."

While that feature of the idea did not appeal to him, time was precious, and anything that seemed likely to hold her was preferable to nothing. So they went and he answered to the name of Rollin Webster.

It was all very exciting and delightful, and she was as rosy and happy as a girl could be when they returned. Webster, it happened was there; indeed, it was the time she had appointed for him to call for her, when they were to leave for a quiet stroll and be married before they came back.

"Oh, such a good joke on you!" she began the moment she saw him. "But you won't mind, I know; you always did have such a splendid sense of humor. We've just been married."

"Married!" cried Rollin.

"Yes; but it's all your fault," she asserted. If you'd been here, it never would have happened. That is n't the joke of it, though. We used your license."

For a moment only Rollin was apparently overcome; then he rallied and quietly took her hand.

"In that case," he said, "you are my wife."

"Sir," exclaimed Walter, angrily, "this is no time to jest! I am the man who married this girl."

"She is my wife," answered Rollin, firmly; "and I can prove it by the records."

"Why, that's so, of course," put in Rose, promptly taking his arm. "So glad to have the matter cleared up. I was really worried for a minute; but the records will show, won't they?"

"I can prove by the clergyman," asserted Walter, "that he married her to me."

"Dear me! so you can," cried Rose, in perplexity, as she dropped Rollin's arm and moved toward Walter. "And surely the clergyman ought to know whom he marries, so now it's all nicely settled."

"The license was mine, and I can prove that I took it out in person," insisted Rollin. "You had no license to marry any one, so how could you do it?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed Rose, "whose am I?"

"Mine!" cried the two men in unison.

"If you dare to touch my property," threatened Walter, "I'll sue you for trespass."

"If you do not surrender what is rightfully mine," retorted Rollin, "I'll get out a writ of replevin."

"Oh, please won't you match pennies for me?" pleaded Rose. "This uncertainty is awful. I don't know which to kiss."

"Me!" they both cried.

Then they glared at each other, while she buried her face in her hands and began to weep.

"How could you marry her when you were n't there?" demanded Rollin at last.

"The minister made her 'Mrs. Larrabee,' did n't he?" insisted Walter, hotly.

Each of these questions seemed to make so clear a case for the querist that Rose could only rock herself to and fro in an agony of doubt, and vehemently protest through her tears: "I'll never, never marry any one again—never as long as I live!"

"Suppose we let her decide the question," suggested Rollin, with the air of one who was reasonably sure of his ground.

"Agreed," replied Walter, promptly; for, in truth, it seemed the only way out of the dilemma.

"But I don't want to," wailed Rose.

"What!" cried Rollin, indignantly. "Are you so false as that?"

"Am I not your husband?" asked Walter, threateningly.

"I don't know; oh, I don't know!" sobbed Rose. "How can I tell?"

"Deceitful one!" thundered Walter; "you are unworthy of a man! I leave you to this fellow."

"I want no wife who denies her own husband," retorted Rollin. "Oh, heartless woman! go with your fellow-conspirator!"

Here, just as both were stalking toward the door, there was a diversion. A man was heard talking excitedly to the maid in the hall.

"I must see Mrs. Webster—I mean Miss Burling!" he cried, "or—or Mr. Burling—no, no, Mr. Webster! Oh, that boy! that boy!"

Then a man in clerical garb suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Which is which?" he asked anxiously, glancing from one to the other of the young men. "Which claims this young woman as his wife?"

"He married her," coldly responded Rollin, indicating Walter.

"But only as a proxy," the latter hastily put in. "There stands the principal!" And he pointed at Rollin.

"Oh, this is awful, awful, awful!" cried Rose. "To think of being like an unclaimed parcel in a department-store!"

"Perhaps you'd better be sent to the lost-and-found department," suggested Rollin, sarcastically.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the worried clergyman, "this is more complicated than I had supposed! Oh, that hair-brained nephew of mine! That conscienceless, irresponsible practical joker! He has given me the worst half-hour I ever had; but, thank heaven! he goes back to the West, where he lives, to-morrow. Why, you're not married at all!"

"Of course I'm not," asserted Rollin. "I was n't there."

"Who's not married?" demanded Walter.

"Nobody's married," said the clergyman. "Don't you understand? I'm the clergyman, and you did n't see me at all; you only saw that light-headed, jocular youth from the West who's visiting me. But fortunately I've found you, and I'll marry you right here. Oh, that irrepressible scamp! I'll never forgive him. Are you ready?"

The clergyman was still so greatly excited as to be somewhat irrational and jerky in his remarks, but as he prepared to go through with the marriage service he gradually regained his dignity and self-control. Meanwhile the two young men looked at each other and then at Rose; but both were still angry, and the fact that she made no move in the direction of either increased their indignation.

"Stand up with her; she is yours," Rollin finally said to Walter.

"The license is in your name," returned Walter, haughtily. "I would not deprive you of so true and steadfast a wife."

Rose threw herself on the sofa in a convulsive passion of tears.

"Five minutes ago," she cried bitterly, "I had two husbands, and now I have none!"

"But it is so romantic, you know—beats any novel," came the mocking reply from the hall, where the two young men were getting their coats and hats.

"Dear me!" commented the clergyman, who was now quite himself again, "this is certainly most extraordinary. I never in my life knew anything like it."

But the taunt from the hall had been too much for the girl. She started up angrily and hastily brushed the tears away.

"I don't care!" she cried; "I *will* marry again, so there! I 'll—I 'll— You 'll marry me, won't you?" And she turned appealingly to the only man left.

"With pleasure," replied the clergyman, in mild bewilderment; "but to whom?"

Misunderstood, she turned from him with flashing, determined eyes, and stamped her foot with such earnestness that he hastily retired.

"I said I would n't, but I will, I will, I will—if it's only to spite them!" she exclaimed.

And the chances are that she will.

Elliott Flower.

Eve

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN"

I ALWAYS love to picture Eve,
Whatever captious critics say,
As one who was, I do believe,
The nicest woman of her day;
Attractive to the outward view,
And such a perfect lady, too.

Unselfish—that one can't dispute,
Recalling her intense delight,
When she acquired some novel fruit,
In giving all her friends a bite.
Her very troubles she would share
With those who happened to be there.

Her wardrobe, though extremely small,
Sufficed a somewhat simple need;
She was, if anything at all,
A trifle underdressed, indeed;
And never visited a play
In head-gear known as "Matinée."

Possessing but a single beau,
With only one *affaire du cœur*,
She promptly married, as we know,
The man who first proposed to her;
Not for his title or his pelf,
But simply for his own sweet self.

He loved her madly at first sight;
His callow heart was quite upset;
He thought her nearly, if not quite,
The sweetest soul he ever met:
She found him charming—for a man;
And so their young romance began.

Their wedding was a trifle tame—
A purely family affair:
No guests were asked; no pressmen came
To interview the happy pair;
No crowds of curious strangers bored them;
The local papers quite ignored them.

They had the failings of their class,

The faults and foibles of the youthful;
She was inquisitive, alas!

And he was—not exactly truthful;
But never was there man or woman
So truly, so intensely human.

And, hand in hand, from day to day,
They lived and labored, man and wife;
Together hewed their common way
Along the rugged path of life;
Remaining, though the seasons passed,
Friends, lovers, to the very last.

So, side by side, they shared, these two,
The sorrows and the joys of living;
The man, devoted, tender, true,
The woman, patient and forgiving;
Their common toil, their common weather,
But drew them still more close together.

And if they ever chanced to grieve,
Enduring loss or suffering pain,
You may be certain it was Eve
Brought comfort to their hearts again.
If they were happy, well I know,
It was the woman made them so.

And though the anthropologist
May mention, in his tactless way,
That Adam's weaknesses exist
Among our modern men to-day;
In women we may still perceive
The virtues of their Mother Eve.

Harry Graham.

Half-Truths

(FOR DOMESTIC OR FOREIGN USE)

THE mother always counts one more child in the family than the father.

Most matrimonial failures arise from trying to fit square pegs into domestic circles.

The worst father is he who, in recalling his own youth, forgets that of his son.

America is called a wealthy nation, and yet is there a home in the land where there are enough comfortable chairs to go around?

Nothing disconcerts a social gathering so much as the intrusion of an idea.

A small brain that works is of more use than a massive intellect that balks.

Louise Herrick Wall.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

THE GOLDEN RULE

THE VISITOR: Ah! So you go to Sunday School. Do you know the Golden Rule?
THE CHILD: Yeth, thir: Little child'en shoud be theen an' not heard.

Transplanted Roses

IN reading o'er the wondrous screeds
 The publishers indite
 To tell the eager man who reads
 About the chaps that write,
 It pleases me to note the way
 They dub the new-fledged stripling:
 "The Mrs. Ward of Ioway,"
 "The Oklahoma Kipling."
 "The California Tennyson,"
 "Kentucky's Bernard Shaw,"
 "The Thackeray of Oregon,"
 "The Caine of Arkansaw,"
 "The Maupassant of Michigin,"
 "The Dickens of Nevada,"
 Are always ready standing in
 Our literary larder.

With pride it fills my soul to feel
 That in our wondrous land
 We've got somewhere a Richard Steele,
 Likewise a Sarah Grand;
 In Massachusetts Andrew Langs
 Are reckoned by the twenties;
 The air of Maine quite heavy hangs
 With Hawkinses and Hentys.

But I should walk with prouder eyes
 If British publishaires
 This method took to advertise
 Their fresh Britannia wares.
 I'd like to see the scheme reversed,
 So that their six best sellers
 Should have their claims to fame rehearsed
 In terms of Yankee fellers.

If he of Manxville-on-the-Gloom--
 The famous Mister Caine—
 Should such a title fair assume
 As "England's Laura Jane";
 If Henry James might see himself,
 From Sandwich to Ben Nevis,
 Dubbed on the literary shelf
 "The Piccadilly Davis."

If Alfred Austin, Muses' own,
 The laurel green should grab
 Because to all men he was known
 As "Fleet Street's Father Tabb";
 And (best of all) if F. Burnand,
 Dean of the Wits of Tooley,
 Could really earn that title grand
 "The Seven-Dials Dooley!"

John Kendrick Bangs.

How to Tell the Insects

IF, on a summer afternoon,
 You try to get a doze,
 And something rambles round your face,
 And strolls along your nose,
 No carping critic can deny
 That you have found The Common Fly.

If in New Jersey you should meet
 Some creatures mild and bland
 Who gaily round your ankles romp
 And eat out of your hand,
 Then seek no farther, for you've found
 Mosquitos on their native ground.

When, in the autumn, you get out
 Last winter's costly suit,
 And on its buttons find enthroned
 A hairy little brute,
 If he has eaten all the cloth,
 You may be sure he is a Moth.

When buzzing sounds float round your ear
 And brush across your face;
 When myriad specks before your eyes
 Go dancing off in space;
 If you indulge in frantic spats,
 You're likely to catch several Gnats.

If at a picnic in the woods
 You hear a lady scream
 A terrified, blood-curdling yell
 That's like a fearful dream,
 Be certain, when you hear this sound,
 A Spider must be somewhere round.

Carolyn Wells.



WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH

An old sea-dog on a sailor's log
 Thus spake to a passer-by:
 "The most onnatteral thing on earth
 Is the power o' the human eye—
 Oh, bless me! yes, oh, blow me! yes—
 It's the power o' the human eye!"

"We'd left New York en route for Cork
 A day and a half to sea,
 When Jeremy Tait, our fourteenth mate,
 He fastened his eyes on me.

"And wizzle me hook! 't was a powerful look
 That flashed from them eyes o' his;
 I was terrified from heart to hide
 And chilled to me bones and frizz.

"O Jeremy Tait, O fourteenth mate,
 I hollers with looks askance,
 Full well I wist ye're a hypnotist,
 So please to remove yer glance!"

"But Jeremy laughed as he turned abaft
 His glance like a demon rat,
 And he frightened the cook with his
 Piercin' look
 And he startled the captain's cat.

"Oh me, oh my! when he turned his eye
 On our very efficient crew,
 They fell like dead or they stood like lead
 And stiff as a poker grew.

"So early and late did Jeremy Tait
 That talent o' his employ,
 Which caused the crew, and the captain,
 too,
 Some moments of great annoy.

"For we loved J. Tait, our fourteenth mate,
 As an officer brave and true,
 But we quite despised bein' hypnotized
 When we had so much work to do.

"So we grabbed J. Tait, our fourteenth mate,
 (His eyes bein' turned away,)
 By collar and sleeve, and we gave a heave,
 And chucked him into the spray.

"His eyes they flashed as in he splashed,
But his glance it was sent too late,
For close to our bark a man-eatin' shark
Jumped after Jeremy Tait.

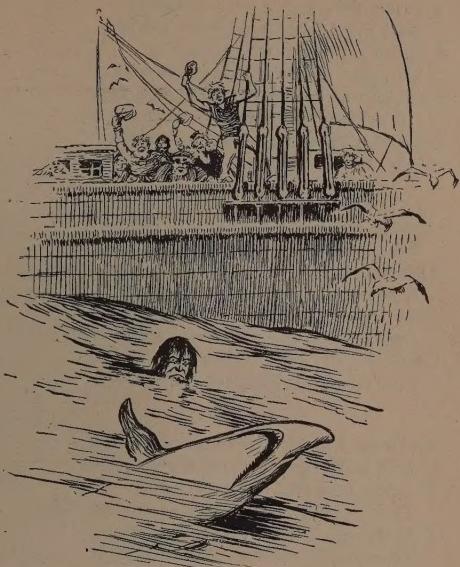
"And you can bet he would ha' been et
If he had n't have did as he done—
Straight at the shark an optical spark
From his terrible eye he spun.

"Then the shark he shook at Jeremy's look
And he quailed at Jeremy's glance;
Then he gave a sort of a sharkery snort
And fell right into a trance!

"Quite mesmerized and hypnotized
That submarine monster lay;
Meek as a shrimp, with his fins all limp,
He silently floated away.

"So we all of us cried with a conscious
pride,
'Hurrah for Jeremy Tait!'
And we hove a line down into the brine
And reskied him from his fate.

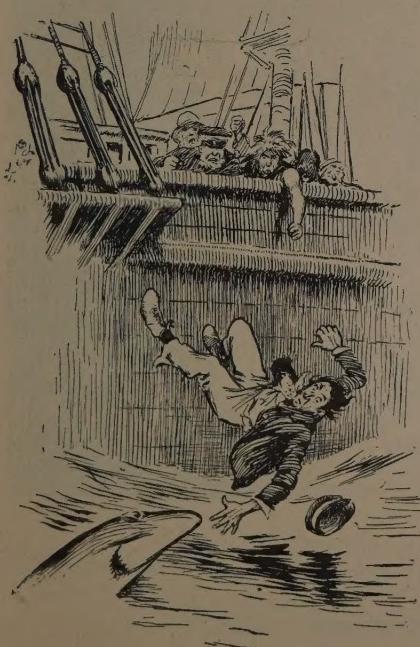
"And the captain cries, 'We kin use them
eyes
To mighty good purpose soon.
Men, spread the sails—we 're a-goin' for
whales,
And we don't need nary harpoon.



"For when we hail a blubberous whale
A-spoutin' the waters high,
We 'll sail up bold and knock 'im cold
With the power o' Jeremy's eye!'"

And thus on his log the old sea-dog
Sat whittling nautical chips:
"Oh, powerf'ler far than the human eye
Is the truth o' the human lips;
But rarest of all is the pearls that fall
From a truthful mariner's lips."

Wallace Irwin.



Our Simpsonvilles

ALONG a heavy, yellow road,
Five miles, they said,—it seemed much
more,—
From where my people lived and farmed,
Was Jones's Mill and shop and store.
We did our trading there, and when
They let me go with Paw or Bill,
I wondered if on earth there were
A grander place than Jones's Mill.

The grown-ups laughed at me and said,
Before I pledged to Jones's Mill,
That I should wait until I 'd gone
With some of them to Simpsonville.
Full twenty miles away it was;
As far away as heaven it seemed,
And as I could not go so far,
I staid at home and dreamed and dreamed.

The wonders that I read in books,
And what I knew at Jones's Mill,
I added up and threw in more
To make the sum of Simpsonville.
Each summer-time that followed fast,
I thought would see me on the way,
But something happened to prevent,
And I was told, "Some other day."

"Some other day, some other day;"
They said it always, just the same,
And that fair city was to me
A promise only, and a name.
Time stole my childhood years away,
And though my later hopes were still
Upon the city of my dreams,
I never got to Simpsonville.

And now I'm grown to man's estate,
And in the great world have a share
Of what it is and has and does,
Those childhood dreams are not so fair;
And though I could, if I desired,
Those early dreams of mine fulfil,
Alas! I'm changed; I do not want
To strike a town like Simpsonville.

William J. Lampson.

Oklahoma, and Others

Walk right in! Walk right in, Oklahoma!
You will make a bright young State.
Sure you promise to be great.
We reach out our hands to you—
Nothing else for us to do.
We are glad to put you through—
All the folks, from Boston City to Tacoma.

Don't you fret! Don't you fret, New Mexico!
You have mountains, rocks, and gold;
You are not so very old;
You are in your babyhood.
Cut your teeth and make more blood.
Spend your time in being good.
When you have grown up to par,
Come on—in your palace car—
And we'll stamp you with the star.
That delay was best you then will know.

Not just yet, not just yet, Arizona!
Dig your mines out for the gold;
Get more sheep into the fold;
Irrigate your arid land;
Show what can be done with sand;
Make the acres blossom out,—
You know well what you're about,—
Then you'll get a hearty shake,
And we'll dance you for the cake.
Bring along your banjo and Cremona!

Frank Hodge.



E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

LAWYER: Gentlemen of the Jury, this specimen, you observe, shows the imprint of a full set of teeth, while my client has no uppers.



From a painting by Orlando Rouland. Copyright, 1905, by E. H. Sothern

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS "PETRUCHIO" IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"